MRS. BROOKFIELD
AND HER CIRCLE

CHARLES &
FRANCES BROOKFIELD

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Jane Octavia Brookfield.
At the age of 30.
From the painting by George Richmond, R.A.

MRS. BROOKFIELD AND HER CIRCLE

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BY

CHARLES AND FRANCES BROOKFIELD

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To our Dear Son,
PETER BROOKFIELD
these Records of his Grandparents
are Dedicated.

PREFACE

We have endeavoured in arranging for publication the letters printed in this volume to let them speak for themselves as far as possible, being persuaded that their style and quality reveal the characters of their writers and the manners of the time—better than any *pot-pourri* made from them could possibly do.

It was our intention at first to cite their authority and to form a book upon that, but the charm of the documents won upon us to give them out as they were written. They tell their own tale so well, and with such singular and even piquant clearness elucidate current events that there seems no need for apology for this method of treatment.

With so large and varied a correspondence before us choice was difficult, and it was not long before we found it impossible, in the limits at our disposal, to reach more than the inner ring of the Circle of which Mrs. Brookfield was the centre, nor to take more than a portion of the letters which deal with an especial few of her friends; though in this especial few we venture to think the public as well as ourselves will be interested. Next we proceeded to select from these those of lighter vein, but, now the book is before us as a whole, we hope we have not wronged their writers by suppressing too rigorously the letters which give the more serious side of their natures—a side they all of them possessed.

Their bright *bavardage*, it is true, occasionally obscures the affection that lurks beneath their words, but such genial chatter must not always be taken *au serieux*.

As letters they have been singularly pleasant to deal with, most of them being written in the fairest of handwritings, while their style the reader will see for himself. They have not been chosen merely for their felicity of expression nor for their gay banter : in all cases we have given preference to those that contain some sequence either of emotions or of events. The quaint and variable spelling we have taken the liberty, except when it was likely to interfere with the spirit or the theme of the writer, to modify.

Whenever the words, " Mrs. Brookfield says, " occur, it indicates we are quoting from some manuscript notes in our possession written by herself at a time when she thought of compiling a book of Recollections.

For permission to use various letters and family papers, our grateful acknowledgments are due to His Grace the Duke of Rutland, K.G., etc., The Lord Monteagle, Sir Edmund Elton, Bart., Henry Taylor, Esquire, Alexander Carlyle, Esquire, and the Misses Spedding.

For the use of pictures as well as of letters, we heartily thank the Viscount Cobham and Sir Henry A. H. F. Lennard, Bart.; and for sketches by Thackeray and quotations from Thackeray's Letters to Mrs. Brookfield, Messrs. Smith, Elder & Company. The letters which appear by the kind leave of that firm will be found printed in italics. For Tennyson's Sonnet upon the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, we are

indebted to Messrs. Macmillan, and to all the above we desire to acknowledge our high appreciation of their kindness and courtesy.

The cases in which we are not able to express our thanks are those where we have, after using all means in our power, failed to trace the representatives of the writers; but these we pray will extend to us their gracious sanction when they discover that in no instance have we entered into or used family or private matter belonging to them.

CHARLES AND FRANCES BROOKFIELD.

Mitcham,
21*st September*, 1905.

(*See page* 243)

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MRS. BROOKFIELD AND HER CIRCLE

CHAPTER I

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William Henry Brookfield was born at Sheffield, August 31st, 1809. He was the second son of Charles Brookfield, a solicitor well known and greatly respected in that town and neighbourhood. His mother was a lady of unusual culture and intelligence, the daughter of the Rev. M. Preston, of the old Sheffield Parish Church.

He was one of a large family, most of whom possessed wit of a superior quality, though brought up in an atmosphere of Puritanism that was perhaps strict and rigid even for those days.

William Henry gave early evidence of a great versatility of talents. He was educated first by a clergyman at Cleckheaton, and later at the Grammar school at Leeds. Until his sixteenth year he was intended for the Church, but at that period it was decided he should go to the Bar; and with that intention he was articled to a solicitor in Leeds in order to

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gain practical experience of the working of the Law. But life in an office was in no way suited to his temperament—instead of reading "Coke" he wrote poetry; he yearned for a "literary life" and made many pathetic appeals to his parents to permit him to go to Cambridge. A struggle ensued—but ultimately he gained his point, and, after studying for a year or so with private tutors, he went up to Trinity College in 1829.

His mother writing to her brother on that occasion says:

"The fondly cherished remembrance of our dear sainted Father and Mother should bind us the closer to each other. You cannot think how I miss them, just now, but you *can* both think and feel how I miss them on William's removal to Cambridge—how much they would have felt interested for him, and how fervently they would have prayed that he might be able to escape the snares with which he will be surrounded. I feel more than I can express my dear Brother's kindness in going over to see him fixed, and to introduce him to some of his own valuable friends. I cannot but hope it will be a check to his forming other acquaintance incompatible with that of the excellent men who seem disposed to countenance him. He has lost time at Mr. Hemmingway's, (where he was articled) which I suppose can never be made up to him—but if he has resolution to keep out of gay company, I hope he may acquit himself respectably."

She did not foresee that he would at once be admitted into the most brilliant society of that most

brilliant time, indeed, had she been so enlightened, she would probably have prayed he might be kept in more conventional paths. And that he did not, in spite of his new circumstances, at once lose the awe he had of his own family—is proved by a letter to an uncle.

"I suppose that every Freshman is asked how he likes the University, and if all answered with me, Cambridge would have a very good report. I might amuse myself by giving you some account of the habits of the place—but I remember you must already know all that can be interesting to you. The individual eccentricities of the very young men (*quorum unus*) are too idle for your notice, or the nobler peculiarities of the Institution generally I should think you are better acquainted with than myself. In writing to one already cognoscent in University affairs, I am driven from the Freshman's favourite topic, and must seek in this fact an apology for a dull letter."

That his letters to his family were somewhat stilted at that time is no proof that he was dull himself. The letter-writer has in every age had more ease with strangers than with his own people; and from Mr. Brookfield's entrance into Cambridge there is no doubt but that he was gay, happy, and satisfied.

Admitted at once and apparently for the sake of his own charm into the inmost ring of the circle of which Thackeray, Tennyson, Arthur Hallam, Kinglake, Venables, Milnes, etc., were shining lights, he there held his own—and formed with those giants friendships which lasted their lives and his own.

He worked well, too—as, by the way, they all did

in those days ; and he took his degree, as well as the Oration Prize in '32 ; while '33 found him remaining in Cambridge for the benefit of some pupils he had taken. It was Whewell who in '34 recommended him as resident tutor to the eldest son of Lord Lyttelton —for the six months between Eton and Cambridge— and it is from this time we find his diaries kept with regularity, and his letters of ever increasing interest.

At Hagley, he was well received and well treated, and his pupil became at once to him, not only a pleasant companion, but a close friend. While here he continued the diary keeping begun in his early youth, and we get soon after his arrival :—

[Diary.] *May 2nd*, 1834. Hagley.

My father's birthday. Wrote to him enclosing notes to Mrs. Overend—my brother Charles, and to Thackeray. Franked by Ld. L.——

At the Sunday school fête, of that kind which one affirms at the time to have been " one of the prettiest sights in the world," Lord Lyttelton pointed out to me an old Laundress bringing in a pudding, as he said, but for my part I could not tell which was which. He said he had danced with her at a ball the year before, I think on the occasion of her having been fifty years in the family. He also told me that Hawkins Brown, who had been cured of stammering, managed to get through a sentence in a speech by singing it to a certain tune. If the sentence happened to be finished a few bars before the end of the melody still he went through

the latter in order to start fair with the ensuing sentence. The effect in the Commons was most ludicrous, and some wag one day echoed the dying strain. Sheridan called him in the House—" his melodious friend."

At dinner my lord asked if I knew anything of Montgomery, and spoke in complimentary terms of him, they had corresponded on the subject of lotteries. He was surprised to hear of his having been imprisoned for political offences. He enquired into whose hands *The Iris* had now fallen. I answered that it had become a low " Buckingham " paper. " Ah," said he—" I will give you a fact about Buckingham. Some years ago, he had the assurance to propose that a ship should be provided and manned for him to investigate the world. Now, how George John, Earl Spencer, a man clever-headed enough on most subjects, and possessing his faculties in the most perfect soundness should have subscribed £5 to this scheme is a problem which I cannot solve—so however, he did —which plunder Mr. Buckingham pocketed with many other similar sums, and thence returned no more."

Of things heard at dinner at this time Mr. Brookfield notes, that George Spencer had been used to say, " when anybody uses the phrase ' without vanity ' you must invariably understand the contrary." While Lady Lyttelton spoke of that gentleman as using a fly from Leamington to Althorp in great niggardliness, on Wesley's maxim, " Earn all, save all, and give all you can."

8th. Lord Spencer arrived to dinner. Talking of the many drops of colchicum the Duchess of

B——— had once taken—he said, "There are certain drops on His Majesty's jails that would do her much more good."

9th. Lord Spencer mentioned at dinner that Sir H. Halford had spouted to him the Duke of Wellington's Latin speech to the University of Oxford with so much energy and gesture that his lordship said "Come, that must be your own." Sir Henry answered with an affirmative shrug.

Lord Spencer also spoke of Eldon as having answered Brougham's enquiry as to Stowell's health in the Lords one day by saying "Oh, he was quite gone—no faculties left"—etc. A few days after some Bill was before the Lords in opposition to which Eldon was saying that he had to offer the authority of one of unquestionable judgment, whose opinion their lordships would hold in the highest esteem, and otherwise spoke in a manner, evidently alluding to Lord Stowell, against the Bill before the House. This anecdote of deliberate and roguish impudence, Brougham told himself to Lord Spencer.

He also told us that Bozzy (Boswell) used generally to come to the Johnson Club half drunk, and was loud and over-bearing in his conversation, and that he talked chiefly of Johnson.

To his brother Charles, who was living in London, Mr. Brookfield wrote:

HAGLEY,
17th May, 1834.

My dear Charles,

I was very happy in receiving your letter, which I

had thought very long in coming, but confess that I had no right to complain. Do not allow yourself a moment's annoyance about not having had a mandarin nodding bout from Thackeray's mother. What with short sight, short memory, and ignorance whether one is expected to move or not, out of ten "cuts"—not two have a drop of the sour milk of human unkindness in them. For Thackeray himself, he may or may not call—but in any case is a man utterly incapable of entertaining a moment's feeling towards any being on earth, which should give pain. I only asked him to call as a spontaneous wish of my own, and it is not yet long since it was expressed. You must learn not to confound negative and positive neglects.

21*st.*

At breakfast the story of Norbury saying as the ass brayed whilst a barrister was addressing the Court "One at a time, if you please" to which the barrister retorted when his lordship was interrupted by the same nuisance. "It is only the echo of the Court, my lord." Started at quarter to ten for Althorp. In the coach and four, Lord and Lady and Miss Lyttelton and myself. Outside George L., and a servant. In the carriage and pair, Miss L. L., Mademoiselle and a lady's maid. Arrived there at half-past four. At six dined. Lord Spencer said that a deer had died in the stall while being fed up—most likely of repletion. Lord L. remarked it was not the first time that an individual presented to a stall had died of apoplexy. Lord Spencer stated he had commissioned somebody at a late sale to bid for the first edition of Joe Miller,

but had not succeeded in being the purchaser. It was remarked how waggish an edition would be with Sam Rogers' notes, and how vexed Sam would be at such a joke; which led to his antipathy to Croker (Bull Croker, alias Bull Frog). Lord L. said that he had once said to Grattan (one of the present Grattans) how monopolizing Croker was of attention in company, as for instance at a dinner to Scott in London, when he would let nobody speak but himself. "Sir," said Grattan, "I don't know anyone of so much assurance on either side of the *wather*."

On the 24th, he writes to his mother from Althorp:

Althorp is not a fine external house, but is remarkable for its library and picture gallery. The former, the largest private library in Great Britain, 50,000 volumes and upwards, the latter with about 400 pictures, many of which are excellent and rare. I am in the room which was Mr. George Spencer's,* I don't know whether it contains any Roman Catholic influences or not. I am glad you enquire about Lady Lyttelton,† she is a person about whom it is agreeable to answer. I at first respected her more than I liked her—I hope this state of things will never be reversed, but I very soon learned to like her as much as respect her. She is a most excellent person; of quick and well-informed mind, and I believe of the soundest principles. She is high-bred and dignified without any discolouring of pride or affectation. She keeps

* The Hon. George Spencer, who became a Catholic in 1830, and a priest in 1832.

† Sarah, Lady Lyttelton, daughter of Lord Spencer, afterwards governess to the Princess Royal and Prince of Wales.

all the accounts of the family disbursements—rises at six, and spends the whole day usefully.

June 14*th*, 1834.

At dinner they mentioned the King's aptitude to ask people to dinner unceremoniously. Lord L. said he had shot an invite at Sir Charles Bagot as he was passing at levée—"Sir Charles you dine with me to-day,"—and alluded to his having in the early days of his reign used the popular expression "if you are not better engaged." I remember when I heard this at home I did not believe it.

They spoke of Sugden. Lord L. said he had had his hair cut by Sugden's father, who was the crack five shilling cutter of his day. He used to speak of having sent his son to Lincoln's Inn; and Lord Spencer said that he had by him a note which Lord Eldon, when Chancellor, had once sent him across the table during an appeal in the Lords, "the man who is speaking is the son of a Super Barber."

Such wretched seamen are the Neapolitans that it seems when some English captain or other was leaving Naples for a cruise in the Mediterranean, King Ferdinand blessed him as one he should never see more. This led to speaking of the superstition of Ferdinand. Lord Spencer has now a bittern's claw, presented him by Ferdinand when he was there, to wear as a charm when out shooting. He himself always wore one. Lord Spencer had it set in a little golden locket and always wore it when out with the King.

This evening Lord Essex dined at Althorp. He

is just like other folks. Captain Spencer arrived after dinner from town. They spoke, after coffee, of the letters Wateley quoted lately on the Finsbury Hustings between Lord Althorp and Brougham, of which Captain Spencer gave the following account, having received it from Lord Althorp :—The other day Lord A., being ill, wrote a short note to B. asking him to call on him to speak on the subject of some newspaper opposition, which Lord Brougham received in Court and replied begging to know on what subject Lord A. wanted to speak, that he might roll it over in his mind before meeting, as he should not be able to see him for more than a few moments when the Court broke up. To which Lord A. replied by one of the notes quoted. "Shall we make war on the *Times* or let it alone?" These two notes were carelessly torn up by Brougham, and at the rising of the Court there was the usual rush "for autographs"—as they say—and these notes were put together and carried to the *Times* office. The *Times* was "fine," and declined having anything to do with the notes; on which the bearer carried them to Mr. Wateley, who made the use of them alluded to. "Strange" said Captain Spencer, "that Lord Brougham should fall into a scrape of this kind, having himself been near suffering from the like carelessness on Lord Althorp's part." The former once wrote a letter or two of much import, Captain Spencer forgets on what subject, to Lord Althorp. The latter tore them carelessly and threw them, according to custom, into his basket. They were pasted together by some painstaking lump

of honesty, and it was announced by the individual to some one of the Ministers, that he had important papers in his possession. This was treated with contempt until the person was sent for who produced Brougham's letters, who stormed and said, "So much for Baskets." Lord Spencer said that when he was in the Admiralty, never was a scrap of public business destroyed, and there they all are now.

During this visit to Althorp the family made an excursion to London, to Spencer house, on which occasion Mr. Brookfield met many of his Cambridge friends; he seems to have done the town with Charles Buller, and to have been much with Spedding as well as Alfred and Frederick Tennyson.

[Diary.] *July 7th.*

Came from Althorp to Hagley in the same travelling order as before. I went outside for one stage. Somebody said that the carriage without luggage weighed 22 cwt.—with—3 tons, and that the four coach-horses Lord Spencer uses are jobbed at £72 a pair per annum; he *keeping* them.

While at Spencer House he had received a precious packet containing "The Remains of Arthur Hallam," about which he wrote to Mr. Hallam.

Sir,

I shall always feel myself very much indebted to your considerate kindness in sending me the volume which I received a day or two ago. It is needless to say how highly I shall ever prize so appropriate and delightful a memorial of the dearest friend I ever had. During

the last year of his residence at College our intimacy was one of the most unreserved confidence, and though I was the familiar repository of, I believe, his most secret thoughts, such was the excellent purity of his mind that death itself could do little to enhance the sacredness of the affection with which I regarded his character, and now revere his memory.

I feel what I have lost in him and though the first bitterness of that loss is past, I know that the more quiet regret to which it has given place must ever continue.*

I am afraid to write the little I am writing for I am afraid to disturb by aggravating your grief; but I am sure you will forgive me, if I cannot be quite silent about one of whom you have yourself recognised I was a friend.

And I am also sure that I cannot serve the memory of him that is gone better than by imploring for you every comfort under your sore bereavement, that the well being of the surviving members of your family can supply.

I am, Sir, with great respect,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

W. H. B.

Lord Lyttelton desires me to send his kindest remembrances.

9*th*, 1834. Hagley.

Sent the above franked by Lord L. to Mr. Hallam, 67 Wimpole Street.

17*th*.

It was mentioned at dinner by Lady L. how she

* On the 15th September that year he writes in his diary, "The anniversary, I think, of dear Hallam's death." Only that one line.

had danced with Speaker Sutton (then young) at Lady Scott's (since Lady Stowell) "on that occasion," said she, "I and my mother were the first people of any rank that entered the room—there were plenty of other people there. Lady Scott, who was a very odd woman, came up to me and said in a very loud whisper: "Will you let me introduce to you Mr. Manners Sutton, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury? I am expecting several young men of *very high rank* presently."

Lord L. related how one day in the Commons he got behind the Speaker's (Abbot's) chair, and, as he could imitate him very well, he put his face over the chair and cried out like Abbot, "Order, Order," and immediately turned with his head close up against that of the chair; he immediately saw the flaps of the Speaker's wig leaping round the sides of the chair, first one side, then t'other, and the ubiquitous "Order, Order."—

It was said at table (by W. H. B.).

"Why do they not sometimes, by way of doing a man great honour, bury him *alive* in Westminster Abbey."

19*th.*

Lady L. at breakfast told me about Lady H. She married first Sir G., and when in Italy became too much attached to Lord H., in consequence of which she was afterwards divorced. In order to secure to herself her young daughter (when she knew she should be divorced) she played the farce of isolating her child, saying it had a putrid fever—and of which she reported it to die—and buried a kid in pretence for it, and provided almost legal evidence of its death.

When the news reached Sir G. he was heartbroken and one thing or another so afflicted him that he shot himself.

She is terribly afraid of death (it was the tolling of the funeral bell for Mrs. Madley's infant that introduced the conversation) and never will be alone. Lord Essex remarked to Lady L. that he could not ask Lady H. because it was not easy to get ladies to meet her, and she could not leave table after dinner to sit alone. She talks infidelity, and at fifteen Gibbon said of her he had seen as pretty a little Atheist as could be seen. She cut with Lord K. (who is a coarse fellow) because he would talk of "John Thrustout" as he called death.

To his father Mr. Brookfield wrote about this time, telling him he thought he might adapt the latter part of Falstaff's speech to himself. "I am the cause of wit in others."

23rd.

Much talk last night and to-day with Mr. George Spencer. He is an honest, kind and single minded man. How truly he said that Humility and Charity made the real gentleman. He talked drolly of economy when I praised the sensible cut of an old great coat which he was wearing—and he replied that it was for economy that he wore it—and instanced people's false replies on such occasions, by that generally given as to travelling in or out of coaches. He said how he once carried his own bag from somewhere where he had slept in Northampton to the station,

they heard of it at Althorp and bullied him ;—he replied he had done it at 7 a.m., but in future he should do it at noon-day since there was no pleasing them.

Rather in a mess at breakfast to-day with talking about monks and priests with Miss L. Uncle George, whom we had forgot, sitting close by.

Talked to-day as to Rev. George Spencer. Told 'twas a sad nuisance to the family and continues a very sore point. They were exceedingly active in promoting Catholic Emancipation, and there are who have held George's Conversion a Judgment.

Just now Mr. Brookfield wrote a series of letters to Monteith, Venables, and Spedding.

HAGLEY,
17*th August*, 1834.

My dear Monteith,

I shall leave in October—when my youth goes to Cambridge. My residence here will not have been without either pleasure or advantage, but I shall be glad to be released from the As and Bs as well as the Ps and Qs of Tutorship.

We went in the middle of May to Althorp (Lord Spencer's) for six weeks, and thence to London. I saw in town Fred and Alfred Tennyson, the former talked of bolting to Greece, and offered to wait for me till October, if I would accompany him,—but I dare not promise anything so wild. Whether he be yet gone I know no more than I have known for the last six months, whether you and Garden had followed each other to a Malaria Charnel house. The Bishop of Worcester was here a few days ago. He is a picture of episcopacy. Cosy, not corpulent—rosy, not red—silky, not (very) silly.

I received from Mr. Hallam a copy of "Remains of A. H. H." The Memoir is by the Father, and is just what it should be—and the book altogether the most prizeable that any of us possess, you may have seen it, but if not, it contains 400 pages, of which the memoir occupies 40. The "Remains" comprise all that has been separately printed before—beside an Essay on "Sympathy"—"Theodicea Norissima." The Memoir contains a letter from Spedding to the father after the death of poor Arthur—written, I believe, for the purpose, and with all the unaffected good sense that you would expect from the dear fellow.

There were only 100 copies printed, of which there will, of course, be two for you and Frank and which for aught I know you may have gotten.

I must needs dance off to Paris last Easter for three weeks, with which I was hugely gratified, but lacked kindred chums, though I met several Cantabs. I returned by Rouen and Havre, but all alone. What would not yourselves or a Jesuit have been worth ?

We have had Mr. George Spencer (the Catholic Convict) here twice, and he comes again within the next fortnight. He knew a little of Milnes in Rome. I have had much talk and was much pleased with his exceeding humility and amiableness. He is not the least bit of a convert for the picturesqueness of the thing ; as might have been the case with certain duodecimals that I wot of. He is quartered as a priest about 10 miles hence—where he chooses to live in severe but quite unostentatious poverty for the sake of saving for the poor. If I may speak of myself as I am, I will speak of myself as one writing at this moment in a chamber which enjoys the imposing name of "The Damask Tower" where I am lulled by an Æolian harp of my own making.

My dear Venables,

Notwithstanding the proverbial irregularity of the English Mails and the infamous practice of Government in embezzling all private letters for the King's private reading, yours of the 17th eluded observation at the post office so as to reach me ; and was as acceptable as considering the wearisome frequency of your communications lately, could possibly be expected.

My last was a scrawl from Althorp — where we spent six weeks. That there are 60,000 volumes you know. I read them all excepting a Pamphlet in a Patois of the Sanscrit, written by a learned, but, I regret to add, profane Hindoo Sectarian, the blasphemous drift of which was to prove that Bramah's locks were not all patent.

We went to town to the fiddling* which it was the pill† of the day to cry down. I was much gratified by the show and altogether. I sate by the Duke of Wellington who was good enough to go out to fetch me a pot of porter. When " See the Conquering Hero comes" was sung in Judas Maccabeus, all eyes were turned upon me. I rose and bowed—but did not think the place was suited for any more marked acknowledgment. The King sang the Coronation Anthem exceedingly well, and Princess Victoria whistled the Dead March in Saul with, perhaps, rather less than her usual effect. But the *chef d'œuvre* was confessed by all to be Macaulay in " the praise of God

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* A musical festival which took place in Westminster Abbey.

† To Pill was a cant expression used a good deal by " the set," meaning, apparently, to talk, either pompously or trivially. It may have originated in the Glynne family, who had a language of their own, though Lord Lyttelton does not include it in his " Glynnese Glossary."

and of the Second Day." I rose a wiser and I think a sadder man.

Bishop of Worcester spent two days here last week. He begged me with tears in his eyes to be Bishop instead of him. I took a night to consider of it and to examine into my fitness for such a charge—but in the morning gave answer with the elaborateness which the occasion demanded that I would see him . . . . first.

I congratulate you on H. L.'s company, and beg to be very flatteringly remembered to him. Your pointing out the Argandi of Wit as burning in Brecon and Cambridge will make my very soul squint with gazing as I fail not to do longingly at both.—Your letter amused me much and gratified me more, but I wish such tokens were somewhat more rife.

My dear Spedding,

Of half a score that I should be willing and of half a dozen that I am anxious to keep well with to the last you are one. Perhaps if I had been a little more exclusive in my likings I might have been less unworthy of your esteem now ;—but after the long dissipation of mind which you have observed with less scorn than some others, I feel painfully that I have little left to offer you but the most kindly feelings,—which to you, I know, are as plentiful as blackberries. Thy servant is this day one score and five years old, but if I ask myself what I am—the answer is something between a quarter of a century and a quarter of a hundred weight. If I enquire what I am good for—'tis the right-hand side of the general form of a quadratic ;—if what I am likely to do beyond the Devil's praiseworthy and cosmopolitan employment of going to and fro upon the earth, the answer is still less distinct ;

—write my dear friend to a conscious bankrupt and pay me that thou owest for thy love is worth a million.

I called on Fred Tennyson the morning after I saw you, and found him in a very kindly spirit ; he wanted me to bolt with him to Greece ; but being peer bound (such mad wags as you would call him a chain pier) I was obliged to decline. By the merest chance I met Alfred at twelve the same night—" a man upon the Strand "—" all alone "—with his back homewards—Alack ! What are we !—We returned to Althorp the next day whence after a week's stay (in which I finished the last 49 of the 60,000 volumes) we came to Hagley—which has been full of visitors ever since, amongst others old Webb of Clare, who said he knew me very well by sight and character in Cambridge—luckily for the latter 'twas a lie.

I have a dream of life before me which, though it be yet an unoutlined speculation, I will tell you. 'tis a naval chaplaincy ; about the facility of obtaining which Captain Spencer, R.N., has written to the Admiralty, but there is yet no answer. Supposing me to get such an appointment I should have to be ordained to a title as the Bishops do not consider a ship as a title. Such an engagement would shew me the world with tolerably good pay. I have not communicated this to anybody but yourself and the Captain. Do you know of a title ?

I found the Memoir, etc., of dear Hallam waiting me at Spencer House the evening of the day I saw you. You know how I must value it.

Hagley. 31st August, 1834. W. H. B.

Sept. 1st. [Diary.]

At breakfast Lady L. designated me, L., and Boll, " the Society for the Propagation of Nonsense," which

I converted into "the Society for the Suppression of Common Sense."

6th.

At dinner sate between Lord Spencer and Lord L. After dinner—being at length *en famille,* we had much prate and sate up half an hour beyond Lord Spencer's usual time. He talked again of the Johnson Club—what a bore Bozzy was and still in his way amusing. Johnson had something of the overbearing pomp popularly ascribed to him, but Lord S. should be disposed to call it affectation of a character which he knew somewhat became him. Lord S. was present at a party when Mrs. (or Lady) Vesey came up to present the Abbé Rennault, whose book Johnson had read but not liked. He only said, "Yes, I see him, Madam."

Lord S. gave two hundred guineas for the Redfern Chalk Sketches for Haydon's picture, for which Lord Grey gave £500—he calls them "excellent chalks," and he cited to the credit of the independence of the Johnson Club that once Lord Liverpool (who was elected the same day with Butler the Catholic) went to the Club, which he was very fond of doing, and had it all solo. The club meets to dinner every Tuesday fortnight during Parliament.

Of Lord Spencer, Mr. Brookfield says, "He is a very benevolent old man, perfectly crippled by the gout, which, however, seems to have confined itself only to physical ravages."

10th.

The only men left are myself and Bibby. Sate at

the head of the table. Lady Lyttelton talked of Miss Edgeworth as forward and dictatorial in company, but unassuming in dress. She told a queer anecdote of herself calling on the Miss Berrys in town when she was *let in*. The servant, however, as usual garbled the name, and Miss Agnes Berry had no idea who Lady L. was, though they had been old friends. One does not in town ask after members of the family—and so the conversation went on without any discovery either of ignorance or recognition. At last Miss Agnes said, "if you would leave your card that my sister and I may know your address." Lady L. sent down to her carriage for a card, on receiving which Miss Agnes had the tact to discover no astonishment, but swallowed a great gulp—went rattling on but in quite a new strain. "Aye, you let Lord L. keep you in the country so that one sees nothing of you. And all those nice little children, etc., etc."—till on reaching the bottom of the stairs she said: "Well, now I must tell you the truth at once. I had not the least idea who you were."

12*th*.

Brought down my Æolian Harp this morning after breakfast, the ladies having requested me to do so yesterday—but there was then no wind. At breakfast the Princess Victoria was talked of as a very nice singer, but they had been forced to keep her music under the smotherings of less delightful studies or it would have run away with her. The Duchess of Northumberland has no sinecure of her Governess-ship but really fags with her pupil.

Mr. Brookfield described Lord Lyttelton as, "a man, I fancy, less known to the world than esteemed by those who know him, though, I believe he 'started' some five and twenty years ago, for a celebrated man—but for want of some qualities, not always the adjuncts of genius and information, he did not make the figure that was expected in the House of Commons. He is a lively courtly gentleman amongst his friends, and a very usefully kind neighbour to the poor." He told Monteith that Lord L. was a "kind and amiable man whose essential pill is thickly gilt with classic wit."

His six months of tutorship passed pleasantly and quietly, he was at ease and happy in the society of people so cheerful and cultured as the family at Hagley; and no doubt, during that period, was seriously turning over in his mind what was to prove his true vocation in life, and whether it was the Church. Mr. Brookfield was not one who wore his heart upon his sleeve, nor had he the habit of some diary writers who, unrestrained by the discretion which a sense of humour gives, record their innermost thoughts and most sacred feelings in expressionless black and white upon the pages of their journals. Certainly, as we see in the letter, given above, to Mr. James Spedding, the idea of a naval chaplaincy attracted him strongly. It had been originally suggested by Captain Spencer and was cordially encouraged by Lady Lyttelton. She and Mr. Brookfield had many a talk together upon the subject, each of which brought him nearer, if not to a life upon the sea, at all events to his ultimate destination, namely, holy orders. In the beginning

of September, 1834, he seems to have definitely made up his mind, for he writes then to his father to thank him for his prompt and kind consent to his ordination.

He left Hagley with many regrets on the fifth of October. Shortly after he was ordained by the Bishop of Lincoln to the Curacy of Maltby, where he preached his first sermon on Christmas Day.

That his preaching attracted attention, and that the world had no wish to forget him, is proved by the presence in that "long street on the Rotherham road" from time to time, of most of his Cambridge friends. Milnes, Tennyson, Venables, were amongst those who early sought him out, while an old Miss Thackeray, who lived near, made much of him and sent out copies of his sermons to all her friends But he found a country life too tied and cramped for his temperament, and he was oppressed there by a dulness that neither his friends' visits nor their sprightly letters could alleviate.

Did not George Lyttelton write him—

HAGLEY,
27th Jan., 1836.

My dear Brookfield,

Behold! Did not the Dobson F. T. C. exhort me in many moving words last term to epistolize the Curate of Maltby? and did not I abstain from so doing for no good reason but inherent laziness, and now being at home I have been again reminded of the said by the advent of a most delectable Derbyshire Courier with grand account of Tory Eatings at Sheffield, and with also a sad, short report to this effect. "Mr. Brookfield returned thanks."

Novelties at Cambridge there are not many. Whewell will shortly emit a gigantic History of Science, which will be the death of many people and the perplexity of more—but the wonderment of all. He hath also been scribbling away right and left. "Thoughts on the Study of Mathematics," "Remarks on Art," etc.

There appeared a short time ago at Cambridge a bird known by the name of Milnes—whilome fellow-commoner. He had a very fragrant memory of you in your Freshman's term, and attributed to you the following *bong-mo*. Having issued from some *pot-hus* or other such dubious den, and being subsequently upbraided thus, "Why did I see you coming out of such a place t'other day?" You answered "Because, Dicky, I thought it too bad a place to stay in any longer."

Is the lean Calvinist in prosperity? Is the broken fiddle mended? ditto prospect of coming to Cambridge?

Fare thee well,

GEORGE LYTTELTON.

To which, some time afterwards he replied:

Nothing changes in this most lithic spot. The inventive spirit of a *Times* reporter would fall into lethargy in five minutes from the dearth and drought of notabilea. I have on the very coat you last saw me in, my hair and nails grow not, the fiddle is still unstrung, the only string it had when you saw it will not vary the monotony by cracking. The lean Calvinist is still lean and still a Calvinist—the birds hop not—the fishes flop not—the kine crop not, and for me my mind is the callous unresisting victim of a painless but fatal chronic, and my wits lie all five huddled and stifled in a leathern elephantiasis of sloth—incapable and inaccessible. Oh, for one term of Cam.

Oh, for one week at Trin. Oh, for one hour with that bumptious but capital duo-decimo, the Apostle. Are you one yet ?

It is not perhaps surprising that he sought for change, and early in 1836 accepted the curacy of Holyrood, Southampton. In this busy town he found congenial work and congenial people, and though it was not till the end of '37 that the Eltons took up their residence there, it is more than probable that he met Miss Jane, his future wife, when, as a girl of fifteen she was visiting a married sister at Forest Lodge : for in the April of '36 a friend from Maltby writes to him :

I cannot wonder you don't get along with the introductions given you, for I hear you have made acquaintance with some cousins of Arthur Hallam. How delightful that must be—if they knew much of him. Did you contrive to see Alfred Tennyson when you were in London, or do you know how he is going on ? I hope you will be pleased to hear that *many* of the poor people here have much regretted your departure, and asked to hear of you whenever we did.

Close on his arrival in Southampton Mr. Brookfield was dunned by Garden for the manuscript of one of " Alfred's " poems : for, in Cambridge days, it seems they most of them had the habit of taking away their friend's latest work, whatever it might be, and copying it. The MS. then demanded was not to be found, and nothing was heard again of it, till it was discovered in 1900, together with its copy, in an old box where it had lain hidden since '36, or what Garden called his and Brookfield's ' M.A. Time.'

A little later the above correspondent again writes :

I cannot tell you how much I should like to know what sermon you preached first at Southampton; if it is one that we have heard do not forget to tell us, and also if you have heard whether it was generally approved or not. Your sermon on "What is man," is going the round of the neighbourhood, and I think not very correctly copied. Miss Lucy showed it to me. Miss Thackeray borrowed it for her from a friend. I believe she told Miss Lucy many of her friends had copies of it. Tuesday was B.'s birthday, we kept it at Roche Abbey, it was a nice day and the party altogether harmonious, but you have been one of us for so long now that I felt rather as if one of my sisters were wanting. There were the Overend family, the customary tribe of Sheffield men and the Vivians—the latter nice people, particularly the Lady Mary who had desired me to let Mr. Tennyson know of it, and so of course we wondered all day whether he would come. Doubtless you will conclude he failed, but yesterday we had a very kind straightforward note from him regretting his inability to do so.

I have been trying to persuade Mary to write the ends of my letter but I cannot, so mine will not have the usual characteristic of ladies' letters—the valuable part in the postscript.

Mr. Tennyson's note is addressed to me and Mary has wanted to buy it, but she thinks it worth more than a pound, and she cannot afford more to spend upon it. I have offered to give it, as I feel I do not half value it as she does—so she has taken it upon a long loan—would not that please him, do you think ?

While Mr. Charles Elton writing to his family, after deciding to settle in Southampton, tells them about the Church of the Holy-rood, " where a Mr. Brookfield well known to the Hallams, is curate."

CHAPTER II

The Eltons. Sir Charles. Landor's Letter to Southey. The Hallams. Anecdote of Arthur Hallam. Princess Victoria. The Bristol Riots. Jane Elton's education. Her home life. Walter Savage Landor. Death of Ellen Hallam. At Southampton. Meets Mr. Brookfield. Beauty and charm. Engagement.

Jane Octavia Elton was born at Clifton on the 25th March, 1821, the youngest daughter of Charles Elton of Clevedon Court, afterwards sixth Baronet of that name.

A branch of an ancient family in Herefordshire, the Eltons migrated early in the seventeenth century from the neighbourhood of Ledbury to Bristol, in which city they seem to have at once made some mark. Possessing unusual social gifts as well as active minds they managed to crown all they touched with such success that at the beginning of the eighteenth century the head of the house was awarded a baronetcy for services he was able to render to the Crown. To the fore in most things, seven Eltons were in their turn Masters of the Merchant Venturers, while six were Mayors of Bristol, and several members of Parliament.

The opening of the nineteenth century found the family as vigorous as ever, though naturally with different aims and ambitions. Sir Abraham Elton, the fifth baronet, father of Charles, and grandfather of Mrs. Brookfield, was a clergyman ; as a fine writer and preacher of sermons he was for some time chaplain to the King of Hanover ; as a lover of literature he

was the intimate friend of Hannah More and the admiring acquaintance of Maria Edgeworth. His son, Charles Elton, was at Eton with Henry Hallam, in days when, as the son of a baronet, he was permitted to wear for full dress a red coat and a sword, his hair powdered and tied behind. He afterwards held a commission in the forty-eighth foot and served with distinction in the trenches in Holland under the Duke of York in 1799. But he was not only a soldier, he was more especially a poet, a scholar, and a man of letters. His translations from the Classics are well enough known and his "Hesiod" is a class book still in use in some of our public schools. "Boyhood," a book of pleasing verse won for him the admiration of his brother poets, while of an Elegy ("The Brothers," written after the loss of his two eldest sons, boys of twelve and fourteen, by drowning in the Bristol Channel) Landor said to Southey :—

"I have been reading for the third time Charles Elton's Elegy on the loss of his sons. It is not an Elegy (though the structure of the verses has nothing to do with the matter), but many parts strike me as much as anything I ever heard of the elegiac. Tears were in my eyes the first time, the second time, and the third time, on reading—

> 'That night the little chamber where they lay
> 'Fast by our own, was silent and was still.'"

Charles Elton married one of the beautiful Miss Smiths, ladies so admired for their complexions (in days when almost everybody was marked by small

pox) as well as for their grace, that people climbed upon chairs and tables in the pump room at Bath whenever they appeared. Their father, of a good merchant family of Bristol, was the relation, friend, and supporter of Burke.

One of Mrs. Brookfield's earliest recollections was of this lovely mother bending over her in full Court dress, to say "Good-night"—before she went out to some Court function in Brussels, where they were then living.

Charles Elton's sister Julia married Hallam, the historian, in 1807, which event is recorded in the London *Chronicle*: "On Wednesday, Henry Hallam, Esquire, Commissioner of Stamps, to Miss Elton, daughter of Sir Abraham Elton, Bart., of Clevedon Court;" and the gifted children of this union were thus naturally the cousins of Jane Elton, afterwards Mrs. Brookfield. Though only twelve years old when Arthur Hallam died, she always remembered perfectly his charm and his kindliness, for the Hallams often took neighbouring houses in order to be near the Eltons and there was great incessant intercourse between them. As a child of seven Jane was once in Arthur Hallam's presence put to practise some elementary lesson upon the pianoforte, but frightened and abashed by his nearness, she was not able to proceed, and could not manage to strike a note until he put away the paper he was reading, and with great sweetness cheered and encouraged her. Mrs. Brookfield says "Arthur and Harry Hallam's talents and charm are almost always referred to as inherited from their father, but their

mother had great ability as well as sweetness, courage, and self-sacrifice."

Except for three years in Brussels Miss Elton passed her youth until her sixteenth year in Clifton and its neighbourhood. She saw Queen Victoria as a child in Bath, and was struck by her unaffected grace, and an incident connected with that royal visit she never forgot. One of her own small friends had been invited to go and play with the young Princess, and when the hour for parting came, turned naturally to embrace her royal companion, whereupon the Duchess of Kent drew away the Princess and smilingly observed "No—we don't kiss."

The Bristol Riots occurred when she was just old enough to go to afternoon service. Her father told her at the time he should have taken all his family to Clevedon, but that as a magistrate he felt it his duty to remain at Clifton till order was restored. "It was the day," she says, "when the first conflict with the soldiery occurred, and there was an unusual disturbance among the congregation. Messengers came in and out. Gentlemen rose up and left the Church, but the sermon still went on—the preacher giving his secondly, thirdly, and fourthly without a tremor. My two elder sisters were with me, and as we came out I remember noticing their beautiful new dresses of green and purple shot silk, but this frivolous interest was soon dispelled by the consternation which seized us all, for looking down from the hill we saw what seemed to be the whole of Bristol in flames. That was between four and five o'clock. We hurried home

to find reports continually coming in, and then as the mob was understood to have threatened everyone with summary vengeance if they did not illuminate their houses, we with our neighbours hastily put candles into our windows—for the rioters seemed for the time to have it their own way. I was not sent to bed for nobody thought of it. Many gentlemen came in who had enlisted as special constables, and late that night my father hurried myself and my two little brothers out to Clevedon to our grandfather's. It was a long way round, as there was no suspension bridge then,* and we went away rejoicing, for as we lived in what we thought a small house, we looked forward to living in a big one. I took a letter to Sir Abraham, of whom we stood in awe, and to whom we hardly ever spoke, but our delight was dashed when he said it was impossible for him, for our own safety, to receive us—' when who knew but that the mob might invade Clevedon, and if they do my old house will be the first attacked, and no safe refuge for you children.' He therefore decided to send us to his steward's house by the sea—or rather by the Channel—and very kind that steward and his wife were to us."

According to the system of these days, Miss Jane used to have her lessons lying upon a hard board with a hollow for the head. It was also usual for little girls to wear a " spider " from the back of the neck to the

* Before the Suspension Bridge was proposed a basket used to go across the river on chains, and young Jane Elton was one of the adventurous first to go over in that way.

waist; this was a web of iron or steel covered with chamois leather, and formed a sort of rigid stays.

The most important part of her education perhaps was that derived from her father, who used to read aloud in the evening to his family with "infinite feeling and perfect intonation," and in that way led them to appreciate Milton and Shakespeare, as well as the modern poets. He would sometimes give them Miss Austin or Miss Edgeworth, and he had, she says, very largely "the gift of infecting us with his own love of letters. My dear father made himself the friend of his children, receiving our confidences and advising us in all our difficulties. After the death of our dear mother (which happened when Jane Elton was about ten) we had a governess who kept up the French so readily acquired in Brussels, but she was very severe, and a tendency to stoop was corrected not only by the 'spider' but by a bunch of holly pinned under my chin upon my pinafore."

There is this to be said for the stern system of physical education in those days, that Mrs. Brookfield preserved to the end of her life a perfectly erect figure and a remarkably stately bearing and carriage.

She always considered her father's extreme gentleness and indulgence was partly the result of the strict discipline of his own early life, when he and his brothers and sister had always to address their parents as "Sir" and "Madam," and to stand in their presence until told they might sit down.

She retained a vivid memory of the watchmen in their cloaks of grey or brown with many capes, and

her pleasure when they gave out "Just twelve o'clock. A bright moonlight night," whereas she would bury her head in her pillows when she heard the words "Thundery weather—and rain falling fast." She never forgot the Welsh wives with their neat figures, blue serge dresses, and high hats, who came into the neighbourhood at stated seasons, to find a market for their flannel.

The large family of Eltons, eight girls (Jane was the youngest daughter and hence her second name of Octavia) and three boys living, seems to have been a particularly gay and happy one. Jane herself says of her sisters that they were her first instructresses and "putters-into-corners." But a close family affection between them went with a fond belief in each other's talents, and not without reason, for they were undoubtedly all of them of exceptional intelligence. Jane was, perhaps, the darling, not merely for her beauty, but for her bright wit and general sprightliness. Her elders took the trouble to write her their best letters, while her own, from her earliest days were received by the whole family with "great applause and pleasure." When she was just fourteen she wrote to Gent: Cadet Arthur H. Elton, Sandhurst.

CLIFTON, 1835.

We went, Mary and I, to a missionary meeting. A little lady hung on to my back for half an hour (?) until with a majestic frown I shook her off. A short old gentleman with a long stick next kindly made me his crutch, until after having writhed in torture under his heavy weight I stood on tip-toe and attracted the

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attention of Uncle Henry, then aided by a friend's shoulder and Mr. A.'s powerful hand, I ascended to the gallery, and Mary soon followed. Mr. Yate, from New Zealand, spoke interestingly ; he said the children there as soon as they were born were consecrated to the Devil, and a stone pushed down their throats to show their hearts must be made as like it as possible. Mr. Yate saw a little boy of four eat the eyes of a man !

P.S.—The whole of Bristol has been in an uproar with Mrs. Burdock's trial,* at which papa attended three days, ending up with the execution.

Her father was the friend of Lamb, Landor, Southey, Coleridge, Turner, etc., and Mrs. Brookfield says :

" I was one day bowling my hoop up and down the Royal Crescent, when Mr. Landor appeared walking with his friend, Southey. Southey was in an old-fashioned spencer, his hair tied behind in *queue* style, with a black ribbon. I remember quite well his eagle eye and aquiline nose, and the excitement of meeting the author of the ' Curse of Kehema ' in real life."

Landor's society was very congenial to Charles Elton and he was a frequent visitor to their house, so frequent that sometimes the young people would note that " nothing occurred—only Old Landor called oftener than ever." He would come in at about dinner time, six o'clock, " when he would ask leave to sit in the room, without dining, as he preferred to go home to a later

* As this Mrs. Burdock went forth to be executed it happened to rain, on which she refused to move forward until an umbrella was procured for her.

dinner. He would take an easy chair and talk delightfully without causing the least restraint or inconvenience. Often he would repeat poetry or tell us amusing anecdotes. He especially delighted in reciting alternate stanzas from Homer with my father. He was most kind and sympathetic to us all though he singled out me and my sister Mary at that early age to tell us he had troubles. One day he said he had left a drawer full of Southey's letters at home—letters he had treasured and intended to keep, but "My wife has been so good as to burn them," and he gave the loudest burst of laughter I ever heard. One of my sisters had written a short story about which she was very diffident although she vaguely hoped it might some day be printed. Landor was consulted and asked to read it. He took it away and soon afterwards told us Lady Blessington would publish it, and that he had advised her to give £5 for it." This story appeared in the "Book of Beauty" in 1836. He wrote those charming lines "Carlino" in Mary Elton's album, and would have written in Jane's only she unfortunately had no album the day he came for that purpose. Mrs. Brookfield also mentions that it was Walter Savage Landor, who suffering from the shrieks of a parrot in a neighbouring house, called in the greengrocer's boy and gave him a guinea to procure a piece of parsley and administer it to the bird, as parsley was supposed to be fatal to parrots.

In 1837 a sorrow fell upon this merry family, which they were all now old enough to appreciate. Ellen Hallam died. She was twenty-one, beautiful, and of

a thoughtful and discerning mind, and the occurrence seems to have shocked her cousins and companions so much that Hallam and his wife in the midst of their own closer grief wrote letters to console them. Mrs. Brookfield says of this event : " It was my dear Aunt Hallam's custom to read some Psalm every morning with her daughters before they began their daily tasks. Ellen had been ill, but was able for the first time to commence the reading with her mother as usual in the school room. They read together alternate verses of the Psalm, and as Ellen closed her book she leaned back and sighed gently. She had died in that easy and painless manner."

Hallam, touching upon this terrible second loss (for Arthur was not much older, and had died almost as suddenly), says of his wife : " Julia is wonderfully resigned. Her mature faith in Heaven yields to no storm," and very soon " Julia " was asking her niece Jane to come to Sevenoaks, where they had taken a house in order for a little to be away from sad reminders of their child. In that same year Richard Monckton Milnes wrote his sympathetic lines on " Arthur and Ellen Hallam," in which occurs :

> " Say not, O world of short and broken sight !
> That these died young ; the bee and butterfly
> Live longer in one active sunny hour
> Than the poor tortoise in his torpid years."

About that visit to Sevenoaks Jane Elton says

" When I was going away Mr. Landor brought to me at the coach door—where he had come to say ' Good-bye '—an amusing annual in which he had

written, "From her friend, Walter Savage Landor." Our coach stopped at Marlboro' for dinner, and I shall never forget the enormous joints and the great jugs of beer provided for that meal. My aunt's maid met me at the coach office in London, and took me in a hackney coach, a large carriage with two horses, to sixty-seven Wimpole Street, immortalized in Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.'

'Doors where my heart was used to beat.'

"It was indeed 'dark and unlovely,' dismantled and empty of all its usual inmates. I only slept there one night, and was taken on next morning to a charming country house."

Towards the end of this year the Eltons moved to Southampton, and Mary Elton wrote to Jane when this was settled: "Mr. Landor says it will make him melancholy to pass by our terrace, so he will not return to Clifton. He says Torquay is the loveliest place, next to Clifton, in all Europe."

Once settled in Southampton, Mr. Brookfield became a constant visitor at their house. Charles Elton delighted in his society, as did his sons, his daughters, and all their friends, while Miss Jane was now, as she says herself, sixteen years of age, grown to her full height—five foot nine—and named by her father "Glumdalclitch." But she was fair and rosy, with large and lustrous eyes neither blue nor grey, a sweet and beautiful voice, a graceful carriage, and an irresistible intangible charm which her sister vowed "even the servants can't resist." Then her intercourse with

her father's literary friends, her close intimacy with the Hallams, had helped to polish an originally bright mind and enabled her, while still so young, to talk with ease and spirit. It is no wonder she was promptly named "Belle of Southampton," that her father's doorstep was besieged, or that the album which she now possessed was filled to the full with sonnets and verses. She seems, however, to have borne this avalanche of admiration well, for her husband tells her in later years "it was her girlish modesty more than her great beauty which first attracted him."

Even her sisters and brothers wrote verses to her, and as a specimen of the album amateur verse of the period—probably rather above than below the average—may be quoted:

MY SISTER'S BIRTHDAY.

(MARY E. ELTON, IMPROMPTU)

"Let the merry bells ring round"
Wake little Jane! thy birthday comes—
And seventeen years ago,
On such a Sunday, love, as this,
I gave to thee my first fond kiss—
When the fat nurse's hushing sound
Warned me to enter soft and low!

* * * * *

But now, oh, Joan! thou dost exchange
For wisdom all thy naughty tricks—
Once thou didst lay thy curly head
Down on the table, running round,
Roaring and stamping on the ground,
And thou wouldst not thy History read.

* * * * *

"Let the merry bells ring round"
Childhood's troubles now are o'er,
Jane is now a lady quite
(Though to admit the honest fact
Liberty she never lacked).
Scatter snowdrops on the ground
Liberty is now her right.

25th March, 1838.

It is Mary* who a few weeks later writes to a cousin in London :—

"I feel rather a curiosity to see Mr. Trench, and his friend Mr. Brookfield will bring him to call some day. Mr Brookfield is very well acquainted with the Tennysons. He is very clever, plays very well, and is witty, which accomplishments added to his powers as a preacher are counterbalanced by some affectations such as "Immensely delicious, that flower," "Incredibly beautiful it is."

The Southampton home was, if anything, gayer than the Clifton one. Charles Elton, now that "Jane was a lady quite," apart from insisting that his children should attend Church and family prayers, left them pretty well to their own devices. Accordingly their house was full of friends, old and young, on all occasions when society did not claim them elsewhere.

Miss Jane about this time made a slight struggle to be called Miss Octavia, which assumption was kindly but promptly laughed down. One day at a very full table—the cloth being removed—a gentleman wishing

* Mary married her cousin, Frederick Elton, and was the mother of Charles Elton, Q.C., the Shakespeare student. She died at an early age.

to pay tribute to the colour of her eyes, took two blue petals from a flower, shut his own eyes, and placing the petals upon them, exclaimed, "Miss Jane." And once, while rehearsing for some theatricals, when the lover, in accordance with stage directions, was about to kiss her, her chaperon stepped officially forward, put Jane on one side, and holding up her own face, said "Practise on *me*, if you please."

But if the young people were gay they were also intellectually alert, and when not employed in social duties would be found to be acquiring foreign tongues, or reading and criticising Carlyle, as well as current French and German authors.

Early in 1838 Mr. Brookfield changed his curacy from Holyrood to All Saints, and about this period Lord Lyttelton wrote to him:

LONDON,
April 9th, 1838.

My dear Brookfield,

I can hardly hope that your non-reading of newspapers can have extended so far as to leave you still in ignorance of the result of the Chancellor's Medal examination, which has now been over ten days, and my news is, I fear, *old*, in which case I can but beg pardon, and intreat you to invent the best excuses you can for me, of which the best I will unscrupulously affirm to be the true one.

In graceful sunset-metaphor, you last year hoped that one of the "golden disks" might "find its occidental bed in my breeches pocket." Even so it has, and most strictly *one* of them—neither the first nor the second, but only *one* of the Medals, Vaughan and I

being again equal,* a double dead-heat with divers examiners being a thing incontrovertible, and considering that he is the pet of Arnold, and the year is called a good one, it is all highly well. Now must I take heed that my fair woman end not in foul fish!

I hope thou waggest well and livest pleasant. A tutor is coming for Bull even as you came for me, but I fear he is a dull youth, the tutor I mean. Bull hath my room at Trinity next October, by the singular benevolence of the Despot, or Master.

Mother and sisters come to town in May, she being one of the Queen's steward-room. And so wag we.

I have not quite left Cambridge as I keep my rooms next term and shall go there promiscuously, but my pleasant time is nearly gone, and its memory is fragrant in my soul. On this point I think we agree. Much more might be said, but on one of the dog-days it may be spoken *vivis vocibus*.

Yours truly,

LYTTELTON.

W. H. Brookfield to Lord Lyttelton:

16*th April*, 1838.

I have known some pleasures in my life, sensual, moral, intellectual. I have read Shakespeare, I have been in love, I have drunk hock and soda-water in the

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* Lord Lyttelton, whose father had died in '37, had written from Trinity in March to say: "The Classical Tripos came out Friday evening to my great glory, for I am therein bracketed, *æqualis*, with Vaughan, the great man who got the Craven before me and Porson's, etc., without end in the *first* place. This had never been done before, and showed the closest possible race. There is an offensive man of Magdalene called May, so close to Vaughan and me as to put us in a great fright about the Medals, but we will see what we can do."

doggiest of the dog-days,—but I never knew a pleasure of a broader and more jolly hearted kind than when your medal sent its golden chime into the ear of my soul. You quote with a good-natured memory my hopes expressed last year, and let me indulge in the pleasant etheriality of supposing that the sincere good wishes of a friend even though they do not take the solemn form of the "fervent prayer that availeth much" are nevertheless not without a similar secret influence invisibly working towards its own fulfilment, and then I am not without my share in your most honourable success, and may say with Handel's organ blower "We played that very nicely." I suppose they will elect you honorary fellow! And what audit you will drink!

But I am to congratulate you on another event not quite so meritorious but hardly less important than the medal winning, to wit: your attainment of legal manhood and actual peerage. I did not forget the 31st March, but in the wine crypts of my heart drank full measure to your well doing. I hope you used your new privileges moderately on that day,—though for my part I should have acted just in the spirit of Jacky Kemble, who, when he was first made M.A., visited every place to which masters had exclusive entrance that same morning, and having got bumptiously beery in the afternoon proctorised many undergraduates without mercy.

I should have gone to the House, — divided on everything,—protested against every division,—perplexed everybody with untimely questions, bullied the Tories for octogenarian dotards, the Whigs for self-seekers whose policy was their best honesty, and Radicals for bilge water shifting from side to side with the motion of the ship. I have no doubt you acted much more reasonably.

I have not a particle of fear about your "fair woman" ending after so sealy a fashion. I hope to see you yet shaking the dry bones in that depressingly gentlemanlike upper house. You have everything in your favour. A repute to start with, lots of courage and animal spirits, a great faculty for acquiring the sort of knowledge and tact to use it which is needful in such a sphere. I am glad you are going abroad. Hugely you will enjoy it. I am glad, too, because that will bring you here as a point of exit. I shall be excessively delighted to see you. Shall our mirth be stinted? I wot not.

Thou catechist as to my mode of wagging, "How waggest thou?" quoth he. Verily my waggery is in this wise. I visit paupers and dispense thereto scraps of mutton, pounds of tea, and doles of bread,—or haply I compose sleeping draughts for such as dissipating their nights in foppery must needs seek a little comfortable sleep in my Church on Sunday. I cannot help saying, however, that mine, considering the great size of it, is an exceedingly well-conducted congregation,—for really very few of them *snore*. I discerned at the very further corner of it last Sunday your school acquaintance, Creavy, who had come barristering. I sought him out afterwards and had pleasant words about you. Furthermore, though I am very busy parochially and studiously I by no means forswear certain kindly intercourse with my fellow creatures and have a very pleasant time of it and I hope not a useless one.

For any sake let me see you here, and drop me a line of premonition, and I will arrange for your lodgment.

So the nightingale, the bird of many sorrows, the throbbing-breasted, honey-throated, mourner of the grove, ὄρνις ἀτυζόμενα, the loving, the intense, THE

BULBUL taketh a tutor. I wish that tutor as much happiness as I had, as much kindliness as abidest between yourself and yours sincerely,

W. H. B.

Mr. Brookfield also kept up a correspondence with Thackeray and Spedding. Lord Lyttelton came several times to see him, and Alfred and Frederick Tennyson, who often passed through the town of Southampton, always looked him up in his lodgings. Richard Chevenix Trench he had close by at Botley Hill, and all these he carried with him to the Eltons' hospitable board.

His engagement to Miss Elton was arranged some time towards the end of '38, with the natural stipulation that marriage must attend advancement on the part of the gentleman, for they were neither of them well off. We find in Mr. Brookfield's diary at this time :

Aug. 31*st.*—My Birthday. I wrote to-day "I stood upon the lone shore yesternight." Jane is at Forest Lodge.

Sept. 1*st.* Jane's return. I wrote the lines after dinner in her album.

2*nd.* In the veranda Jane told me, "Papa likes the verses and says they are like Coleridge's. *I* think them a great deal better."

A portion of the poem runs thus :

I stood upon the lone shore yesternight
When all was hushed ;—no buzzing night fly stirr'd,
Nor wandering wind benighted crept to ask
The wakeful aspen leaf its homeward way.

* * * * *

Then, with deep shame to have forgot so long,
I thought of friends that, but twelve moons before,
Had been to me but as the golden vein
Besides the miner's ken who delves apart.
I thought of thine and thee—that charmed ring
Of unsour wisdom, and untainted mirth,
Of household kindliness, and truth, and love,
Where the winged hours forget they have to die.

* * * * *

And I thought of one
On whose meek innocence and maiden youth
I have looked till it hath grown to me, and blent
With my more rugged nature, softening down
Asperities that evil wisdom breeds.

* * * * *

I thought of one and all who round that hearth
Of smiles, have many a time dispelled my gloom,
And chasing off care's locust swarm, have flung
Sweet shine and shower abroad, till many a patch
Of green, with here and there a flower, hath gleaned
Athwart this heart that had lain fallow long.

It is a remarkable fact that almost without exception the companions of that wonderful "dawn-golden time," as Tennyson called it, at Cambridge, wrote verse of some kind or another, and Mr. Brookfield's "Taking of Jerusalem, The First Crusade," is not only elegant in its versification, but possesses also dramatic qualities of no mean order.

In '39 he went a tour in France, during which he met and travelled with Fitzgerald.

Correspondence had now begun to be frequent between the young couple, although they lived side by side, and saw each other several times a day, and they at this time developed a clairvoyante knowledge,

bred of hope, as to where and when a better curacy was likely to befall—though perhaps more helpful and powerful was the interest brought to bear upon this subject by Sir Henry Dukenfield and Mr. Hallam. Early in '40 the Rev. Mr. Ward, of St. James', Piccadilly, approached Mr. Brookfield for the second time, and in June he went to London to be inspected, when he writes :

LINCOLN'S INN,
LONDON,
22nd June, 1840.

My dearest Jenny,

Arrived in town. Dress—White Cravat ! At 12 to Ward's. A most friendly, honest fellow. He told me, laughing, that he had proposed stealing a march to Southampton on Saturday last, and so hearing me unawares yesterday, but he had been prevented from carrying out his plot. After much straightforward talk we adjourned into the Church, I mounted the reading-desk and he went into a very far-off pew—the worst for hearing in the Church—and crouched himself down to the very floor while I tried my voice. I read two or three stray verses, and uttered a few words of my own and was just exclaiming with great pomp and distinct stentorianism " Pray, sir, can you hear every word I say ? " when suddenly a side door opened and in marched a bevy of lovely ladies, heralded by a pompous official who, seeing me holding forth at this violent rate at so thin an auditory (for Ward, my only " dearly beloved brother " present was invisible), stared, retreated, advanced, laughed ; while I looked the colour of W—— after his 13th tumbler. Meantime Ward reappeared from his hiding place, and we retired into the Vestry where I agreed

to dine with him to-night—and he robed for a smart Christening of which these bright damsels were sponsors, etc., one of them representing the Queen, who was godmother to the baby—but I did not ask whose it was—as Harry did of Mary's. If inapprehensive consult Laura as to last allusion. Well, Ward and I agreed, of course—indeed from the beginning he seemed to assume that I was coming to him. Salary, however, only about £190. Settled to go in October.

June 24th. Yesterday I went about seeing a few old friends, Spedding, Lushington, Venables, Milnes. Met Garden. Dined with Wilberforce. Robert and Henry and their wives there.

I am at this moment balancing between joining the Cambridge body to present an address to the Queen, and going to a meeting where I should see and hear Carlyle. I am almost afraid and a little ashamed to say that the former may carry the day with the Southampton Clodhopper—I have at least gone so far as to borrow a gown to go to the Palace in. I breakfast with Milnes to-morrow morning, where we are to have some exhibition of mesmerism as I understand—I don't exactly know what—but something amusing no doubt it will be.

Later. Breakfasted with Venables and Lushington, at one joined deputation from Cambridge with addresses to Court. At 7 to Thackeray, 13 Great Coram St.

When he went to visit his old parish of Maltby, and while he was staying with Miss Thackeray, and dining with Montgomery, etc., Miss Elton wrote:

CLIFTON, 1840.

Aug. 3rd. Saturday I was rustling along the burning pavement (in my silk gown very greatly refreshed and furbished up into an exceeding juvenility and smartness), when I beheld a familiar face the opposite side of the street, and discovered Uncle Orton (Burke's brother, you know, but as unlike as possible), a fidgetting—most amusingly womanish—thin old bachelor, who met me with hands extended and saying "I believe—I think—I might have ventured to give you an Uncle's salute, not having seen you for so long, but as we are not alone—I thought you would not like it." Imagine an old man of 65! piquing himself on wearing his own hair still untinged with grey, and arranged Brutus like in crisped curls, over which he stands, curling iron in hand, daily, at the glass,—an alert little mincing step and speckless clothes and hands, distinguish him likewise from E. Burke,—while he is quite as good-natured in his little ways, slipping ½ sovereigns into one's hand unexpectedly. etc.

Back again in Southampton in order to finish up things there before leaving, Mr. Brookfield records—

26th. Alfred Tennyson arrived to-day and joined us at Elton's in the evening. I having fetched him from the Castle Inn up thither.

27th. My father and mother arrive by rail. Dine at home. While A. Tennyson dines at Elton's. In the evening I go to E.'s to fetch him down and he and I smoke while my father sits with us.

28th. To Elton's to fetch Jane down to call upon my mother, thence to Church with Jane. In the evening I and father and mother dine at Elton's. Alfred

during the afternoon having accompanied my father about the town, but he left at nine o'clock for Havre.

It was during this visit that the young poet went up to Charles Elton and said, putting his hand upon his host's bald head, " You must have done many a foolish thing in your time with that great big bump of benevolence of yours."

The departure of Mr. Brookfield from Southampton was marked by meetings, speeches, etc.; a silver teapot, one hundred guineas, and a set of robes were bestowed upon him, and he went away for many reasons regretfully, regretted by many.

But once in London a busy satisfactory life opened out before him. He was immediately set to work upon Lord Lyttelton's Committee (his Lordship was putting up for the High Stewardship of Cambridge) and Mr. Brookfield describes his daily duties thus ·

St. James' Vestry,
22 *Oct.*, 1840.

Really, Jane, it becomes a serious consideration whether the fact that living together at some future time will put an end to your letter writing ought not to weigh against any such project. You seem to get droller and more charming every time. If I were not too proud (and prudent) I should confess that I was a *leeeetle* bit disappointed not to hear yesterday. What do you mean, you ugly slut, by the insulting insinuation, " You seem to be a very grand Person, I wonder what in the world you have to do ? "—Go, ask the water wheel of a mill what it has to do—the horn of a fly—the main spring of a watch—the rudder of a man-of-war—the soul of a body—what they have to do. Why,

I am Secretary of a Committee consisting of Lords and Marquisses and red-fisted Baronets and old women parsons—not one of whom has any more notion of business than that excellent and towering Patriarch* whom you so much resemble in everything but cigar smoking and varicose veins. Think what I should have to do in a Committee consisting exclusively of such people as your Father—Harry and yourself—interspersed with Male Nickleby's, whose imbecility in practical work is only equalled by their fidgety interruptions to those who can do something. I have to discover wants and to meet them, I have to invent like an orator, to write like a scrivener, to run about like an errand boy in search of a place, and to bow and scrape and button hole and smirk like Peter Dickson. I haven't washed save my finger ends and a part of my face about the size of a small mask this three weeks. I beg your pardon for this—but "Truth is truth," etc. (Simple Susan)—Look at one day's Biography. Yesterday I rose at 7. Hurried to British Coffee House—thence to an eating house like that from which Burke supplies his huge nieces with midday food—and breakfasted and read newspapers. At 9 to Vestry, married, read prayers, Christened, Churched. Wrote certificates, etc., till 12½. Then to Committee Room, writing, arranging, bowing, scraping, this and the other, solving perplexities and arranging disarrangements till 3. Then to Church again to read till 3½, then to WILTSHIRE eating house again, munching and reading till four. This early dinner to prevent my being disturbed afterwards. At four to Committee again, dispatches from Cambridge to receive, act upon and answer by post which closes even at the main offices before 6. Fortunately Lyttelton arrived at 7½

* Her father.

and helped me out of a difficulty; for I was just altering his address (for which see to-day's *Chronicle*) upon my own Authority ;—he, however, adopted the amendments himself which relieved me from an uncomfortable responsibility. Well, with him I stay till 8½, then he and some Committee men go off to Dinner, leaving me to do the remaining work, the most laborious of all, getting things into the Papers. Which occupied me till 10½. Not that I blame them—because I was the fittest person to do that part of the work. Well, at 10½ I step into a Tavern, order Sausages and Stout (stout—a strong sort of Porter), read Evening Paper ;—and so home and into Bed ;—sleep sound and with the self-satisfied feeling of a " Labourer "—and at 7 this morning commenced the same round again.

It is a comfort having Lyttelton here—whom we sent for by Post only the night before ; but still we want a good old experienced guide in Committee work.

I have plenty of work in me—but no experience ; and my masters at Head quarters (Cambridge) are not much better. I have here in Committee—Rev. Mr. Hughes, a good-natured old Cambridge Twaddle, Ralph Neville, a young willing hand, but " raw," as Osrick says, Lord John Manners, much the same—all very willing, good-natured, unaffected help-mates—but none of them used to the thing ; and I have to lead—to which I do not feel competent ; however, I am doing my best—and this incessant work I enjoy very much, and am in better health than for a long time past. I have made this discovery as to letter writing, which I believe others have made long before, that to write a letter takes just the time that you have, be the same more or less. This you may say with a smile militates against my theory laid down to you

the other day. But remember that these letters of which I speak, though written within a limited time and somewhat rapidly, are not therefore slovenly executed, but carefully and thoughtfully though promptly—as being for the eye of others who may not be so indulgent as my sweetest of all possible Jennies. What! a fourth sheet! This illustrates "The poorer a man is the more he gives" for I have not a moment to spare and am writing (for me) a very long letter.

I was in considerable alarm when Ld. John Manners told me the Election of Steward would be on the 5th November;—for of course I could not have voted on that day without leaving South'ton the moment after the Wedding was solemnized*—but Blakesley writes me that—"It cannot by possibility occur before the 5th, and that it is probable (but not ascertained) that it may be on the 11th November," which would suit me very well.

I have just looked off my paper to look at the clock which ticks against the vestry wall. Doing so has entirely destroyed the flow of my ideas—which have had (or rather my words, for I cannot answer for the ideas and have not a moment to review what I have said) a pretty rush rather than flow for the last thirty minutes—after marrying three couple—reading morning Service and Churching a hapless daughter of Eve. I shall not write to-morrow. Ever, my dear, gentle, peaceable, calm, washed and clean-linened, Lady in a bower—your deliquescent—squalid—unwasht—unshaven—dirty flannelled—unchanged-stockined Secretary.

W. H. B.

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* Jane Elton's sister, Laura, was to marry Mr. Charles Grey, of the family of Earl Grey, and Mr. Brookfield had promised to perform the ceremony.

A LETTER IN THE "CHRONICLE"

W. H. Brookfield to Jane O. Elton:

St. James' Vestry,
Piccadilly,
24 *Oct.*, 1840.

My darling Jenny,—

Your Father will be pleased to know that I begin to think the *M. Chronicle* by far the best written of the Morning Papers. I don't know whether you would distinguish that *coup de Maitre* in that beautifully printed article on Lord Lyttelton—written in obedience to an order from Cambridge "to work the Eton principle,'—*i.e.* to make the most of Ld. L. having been an Etonian—likewise we were rather alarmed at the virulent articles against Lyndhurst which might irritate the Tories among whom we have many supporters, and therefore that communication was written as being supposed to be in better tone. The Editor, Mr. Black, was very praiseful to me about it, and said that the moment he read it he had sent it up "to be put in large type in a conspicuous part of the Paper"—and expressed himself very much obliged for it.

I cannot at all tell you the comparative chances of the two Candidates. We shall not for a few days be able to compare them.

As to Anne not being in Southampton, you lie. Business before pleasure, as King Dick said when he killed the King before smothering the Babbies—Therefore reluctantly I bid thee adieu, fair child. In about 9 days I shall see thee.

W. H. Brookfield to Jane O. Elton:

British Coffee House,
31 *Oct.*, 1840.

My darling Jenny,

I am afraid this will again be one of those letters which I am so little desirous of your imitating. In

addition to the daily calls upon me in Vestry and in committee I have had to lose some time to-day in attending with other members of the Senate at the Duke of Northumberland's to install him as Chancellor of the University. It was thought desirable that Ld. L.'s committee should muster upon this neutral ground—otherwise I should not have gone. I met several old friends and new (election) foes, and there was a very smart lunch. The Vice Chancellor (of England—*i.e.* Shadwell) came up to me, and with very bad taste (as it was neutral ground) began talking about the election—and spoke of the number of their (Lyndhurst's) promises—and stated a very grossly exaggerated number in their favour. I replied that I considered myself only an humble servant of the Committee and not at liberty to talk upon the subject ; at that moment the Master of Magdalen (Neville Grenville), overhearing an obscure Curate assailed by the Vice Chancellor, came up and began congratulating me on the encouraging prospects of Lyttelton's party—for which I was much obliged to him.

Ward was with the Bishop of London yesterday and told me this morning that my name was mentioned —but he reported nothing more important than that Bishop remarked—" Well, it is a very pretty name—you get Gardens and Brookfields and everything rural and romantic."

Really, Jenny, I must come to a reluctant close ; but a bustling committee room where great big youths keep coming to look over my shoulder supposing that I am writing a dispatch, and with quick eyes for any ultra passionate phraseology is not the place for writing as one feels.

Wherefore adieu.

Ever thine,

W. H. B.

W. H. Brookfield to Jane O. Elton :

CAMBRIDGE,
12 *Nov.*, 1840.

My darling Jenny,

Tho' not so bewilderingly disabled by engagements and want of time as yesterday, I still cannot hope to get thro' anything better than a shabby note as I am every moment liable to be called into active fight—to slay a Lyndhurst or work up a wavering Lytteltonian. I have, in short, to sit in harness—with loins girt and sword upon my thigh, and in such position cannot possibly write you a real letter ; nevertheless, instead of grumping like an Evangelical about what we can*not* do, let us, like a good Christian, make the best of what moments we have and do what little we can do.

I got here in time to vote—*i.e.* before four—and then scribbled a few hurried business letters, almost, I fear, unintelligible. I then sate in Trinity Hall, a terrible crowd and scramble, and I could not have got any dinner if I had wanted it. To Magdalene at 7—not to the Hall but to the Master's Lodge, as all Masters of Colleges' residences are called, and found myself in company that would have enchanted a tuft hunter (I can't resist college phraseology here). There was THE HON. and Rev. the Master—LADY Charlotta Neville (his wife)—LADY Caroline or Louisa (or heaven knows what) Legge. Loads of Miss Nevilles—Archdeacon Brymer—THE HON. Wm. Lyttelton—and chief of all the young Lady Lyttelton, to whom I was specially introduced and sate next at dinner. She is charming. I liked her excessively. Lyttelton came in in the course of the evening and towards ten o'clock I found myself once or twice talking downright nonsense in a sort of eye-open sleep, and Ld. L. being in similar condition of slumbrousness, we both retired—he to Trinity Lodge where he sleeps—and I to a little

room I had had the luck to get in the town. I slept like the grave, and rose this morning quite refreshed and very CHEERFUL! which you know is my disposition. I breakfasted with Archdeacon Thorp—then with Merivale—was invited to do so at Magdalene, but was too hungry to wait for 10 o'clock, and so did not go at all.

Lyttelton told me that in his Sermon last Sunday Ward quoted from mine of the Sunday but one before—by memory he referred to it, saying: "As you heard lately in a sermon on the duty of combining the Christian virtues upon the text 'Add to your faith, etc.'" This is very unusual nowadays, and was more of a compliment than I am accustomed to from Church monsters—(I only mean great men in the Church). Fancy Shaddy quoting anything of mine except to warn the people not to remember it.

We are being entirely beaten as we deserve, for not having acted as a Committee more wisely—energetically and promptly. Still, I hope that Ld. L. will poll as many votes as Cavendish did for the representation of the University in Parliament. Our minority will be highly honourable considered as against a man of such stupendous accomplishments as Lyndhurst, and we don't go about with disappointed faces, but helping each other to find grounds of consolation.

P.S.—Close of Poll to-day.

Lyndhurst—923.
Lyttelton —457.

This comes entirely of my coming to Southampton!!! I hope I shall never marry Laura again.

Good-bye, dearest.

W. H. Brookfield to Jane O. Elton :

188, PICCADILLY,
(not but that I am in the Vestry).
14 *Nov.*, 1840.

My dearest Glum,

A few words I will write if no more — (though I'll be hanged if I allow myself to get into a trick of daily writing) just to say that I arrived last night and to demand your sympathy for my sufferings outside the Rocket from three to 9½ p.m. I had been invited to dine at Magdalene Lodge again for yester evening—to kiss away Lady L.'s tears—but I thought you might be displeased so came away. Milnes having arrived, who is always a great flatterer of mine, made a great temptation to stay—but I thought it well to secure a quiet day before Sunday. I enjoyed my visit much more than I expected, but I could not help being vexed (as far as my BUOYANCY of spirits coupled with my MATURITY of judgment would allow) at having been brought up from Southampton from so much more enjoyment for so little purpose. Lyttelton did not seem much floored by his defeat, but had wished very much to have a minority not less than 500, whereas ours was 488 against 973—Lady L. was more disappointed—but not distressingly so. I was at the Lodge the morning of my coming away.

W. H. Brookfield to Jane O. Elton :

188, PICCADILLY,
25 *Nov.*, 1840.

My dearest Jenny,

I called yesterday afternoon on my solitary way for a walk in the Park—what hour the lamps began to supersede the orb of day—upon the Duchess. I went in my cloak, my great mark of identity, that I might

not be let in by mistake, and I left a card inscribed with no dangerous legibility and pursued my walk. In the evening I dined with Robinson at St. James', he being on guard again. It was a very pleasant mess—there were present five guardsmen and one lifeguard. Dinner excellent. Wine potent. Curate drunk.

Your letter is quite commensurate with your high reputation with Arthur and myself. Easy—natural—excellently expressed and amiably conceived. I wish I could write half as well as you, and that you could spell half as well as I. As to the "Where"*—all the ingenuity of a special pleader—all the waters that ever wallowed in the great deep—all the penknives that were ever fashioned—all the playful smiles of the sweetest of all supposeable Jenny's cannot avail to efface either from the paper itself or from its duplicate in my memory the superfluous AITCH which in your reckless liberality you bestowed upon the second person of the imperfect tense number of the verb to be. Prospero says to Caliban 'I'll fill thy bones with aches"—which John Kemble affected to pronounce "aitches"—because the rhythm demanded two syllables. But what has the poor verb done that you should treat it as the Magician threatened his recursant slave? Think not by referring to my past misfortunes and disappointments to divert attention from your present follies, and allow me to add that if you ever come to reside amongst the cockneys you will find that aitches are not so plentiful as to admit of your lavishing them where there is no need of such vanity.

Mine is one of the few bay windows hereabouts—and looks a long way down Piccadilly (or as Artillery people say, "rakes" it) right and left. The roar of

* In her last letter she had asked him ingenuously, "Where you ever in love with the Duchess?"

Carriages is perpetual—incessant like the ocean—but I got instantly used to it—and indeed do not remember once to have felt any interruption from it. But you well know my sweet cheerful turn of mind that turns everything I touch into sunshine. By George, if I would have turned anything into sunshine this morning it would have been convenient—for it was so dark with fog (and that not one of the real live Egypto-London fogs either) that I had candles till 11 o'clock. But to return to this cheerfulness which is so often the theme of your scorn—altho' I do at this moment most fondly wish I were where I could pull your nose to the inversely proportionate disgust and delight of yourself and Edmund respectively, yet I must needs be happy here and for this reason mainly—that I am actively and usefully employed,—and to the ample satisfaction of my employer. Let neither of us repine at temporary separations which many have to endure under far less tolerable circumstances. But let us be thankful for what we have, contented for what we have not, and so go on loving and hoping to our lives' end.

W. H. Brookfield to Jane O. Elton :

188, Piccadilly,
Xmas Eve, 1840.

My darling Jane,

Yesterday as soon as I had finished my letter to you I took a pretty long frosty walk with W's oxford son round Regent's Park—but if I should round a desert of Arabia Petraea, it would be all the same to your poor rustic wits for any idea which it can give you of the direction in which I travelled. I found him very oxford—which I can't for the life of me help spelling with a little o—and indeed I utterly despair of ever seeing a halfpenny worth of vigorous and

apprehensive mind from that precious school of gentility, and I never speak to one of her graceful children without thinking of Venables' (a Cambridge friend of mine) modest remark—" I often wonder what we have done to deserve being gifted as we are so much above those cursed idiotic oxford brutes."

This nonsense is hardly congruous with Xmas eve and its catholic charities—wherefore I will conclude with a sincere and heartfelt desire that we had better clothes and they better understandings.

In the evening I dined at a Mr. Smedley's of this parish—rather correctish, or as Caroline would say, " Tidy " sort of people, but though they were agreeable and good natured and all that, I was not particularly sorry when the evening came to a close. There were half a dozen people there, all very " well behaved "—like Rogers, but not sufficiently characteristic to justify description. I believe I am indebted to a lady in Yorkshire for the acquaintance.

W. H. Brookfield to Jane O. Elton :

188, Piccadilly,
28 *Dec.*, 40.

My dearest Jenny,

I received your twopenny at the happy hour of breakfast this morning—most charming and brilliant —and will form a very eclipsing contrast to this present writing which will not—I forsee—emit one single scintillation. I am to take as much exercise as I can bear, plain diet and wine as may seem to agree. So on the strength of the last instruction I think I shall this evening rival the poor married Lieutenant at Portsmouth (Bell knew him) who, on being asked (by the Doctor) if he drank wine replied—" No—never—except indeed when he was invited to dine with the Mess—when he generally took a few bottles."

I am glad you liked Venables' ejaculation—but I must have told it you my last visit but one, which was just after he had said it to me. But it is utterly impossible on paper to convey the slow utterance—the characteristic lisp—the quiet unconscious good faith—with which the saying was said. His mind not in the least engaged with the *fact* of Cambridge superiority—which was far too matter-of-course a thing to dwell upon—but solely with speculation upon the cause. "I wonder what thee Devil we've done," etc. I believe that Oxford *minds* are not considered to have any value but such as arises (as in Turnspit dogs) from their extreme rarity. Arthur may have met one by chance in London—but they are so exceedingly unremarkable that he might readily have overlooked it.

W. H. Brookfield to Jane O. Elton :

188, Piccadilly,
31 *Dec.*, 1840.

My darling Child,

A few words I must write to-night—partly because I shall have little if any opportunity to-morrow—and partly because they are the last I can have with you this year. Meantime, no doubt, you too have written your last of 1840, and it is already on its way to me. In a few minutes we shall have entered upon another year of our love. I would to God that I were permitted to see plainly some more fixed and smooth course for that love to travel in. My most dear child, let us both try henceforward by patient acquiescence in the will of Heaven—and by strenuous endeavour to do our several duties to become less undeserving of what we both desire.

There it goes—the dear old year—my blessing go with it. Many, many happiest returns of the new

one to you, my darling child. May God Almighty bless it to you and enable us both to make the best of it—and crowd it with every good and perfect gift—making us grateful for them if they come and resigned and humble if they do not.

My own dear Jane. I have no words that are enough, but I will pray for you and myself, that we may be strengthened in all goodness and share together all happiness that is fit for us now and always.

God bless you, my dearest—good-night.

1 *Jan.*, 1841.

8½ a.m.

My dear girl, you ought to be the first I speak to this new year as you were the last in the old one. So once more a thousand fond and affectionate wishes to you. I hope that you are also up and brisk this morning—beginning the year well by meeting it in the face—early and "promptly"—and that you mean to earn in some measure the enjoyment of it by being as the Apostle says "temperate in all things." Temperance, you know, is not abstinence, but well proportioned use of things. So you are to take enough food—enough raiment—enough exercise—enough society—and little enough dreaming—little enough looking at the red embers. But this is not a gracious way of beginning the year on my part, sweetest girl, who owe thee every tenderest and most considerate courtesy. If, however, you know how I love and prize you, you will not heed a little well meant impertinence.

It is only as compared with yourself and what you easily may be that I ever find any fault in you. I never compare you with others.

I am now seated at breakfast by a nice flapping fire. It will be near two hours before I get your letter—which I am somehow more impatient for this morning

than usual. Perhaps I shall find a few moments to acknowledge it. So farewell Jenks—Hail muffin.

4 p.m.

Gifford preached this morning — and the moment he had read his text a woman rose from the free sittings in the middle aisle and exclaimed " Those words were upon my mind just before you uttered them, *precisely those words*." Folks looked astonished, but the creature sate down again and all proceeded quietly.

I beg to inform you that Lord John Manners is at Belvoir Castle—which noble mansion was the seat of his ancestors at a time when

> Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob Elton,
> So far from having sword or belt on
> Had scarcely more clothes than a bare legg'd Celt on
> And worn-out shoes that had no welt on ;
> Their uncomb'd heads with no morsel of felt on ;
> Vile as the dust which begging they knelt on.

Henceforth learn to respect my weak point. Don't gird me about Lord John Manners.

Bless thee, a million times, my sweet love.

Good-bye,
W. H. B.

CHAPTER III

Family skeletons. Tearing off a Knocker. A complacent lady. A Diplomatic act. A speech by Brougham. Monckton Milnes' kindness. A breakfast with Rogers. The Prince Consort. Alfred Tennyson. First meeting with Carlyle. The Duke of Cambridge. "Humphrey's Clock." Henley Regatta. Sterling Club. Emily Tennyson's marriage. Dr. Pusey. Wedding Bells.

Jane O. Elton to W. H. Brookfield :

SOUTHAMPTON,
12 *Jan.*, 41.

Dearest Mr. Brookfield,

Arthur and Edmund also Harry went to the Soirée last night. On Friday Arthur is going to Lymington to dine and sleep at Captain Willis's (R.N.) who has a cottage there, and to go to a ball at Mrs. Hare's in the neighbourhood, which is to be rather a grand affair, I believe. She happens to be a distant cousin of ours, by name Reid, Grandpapa's mother was a Miss Reid, and had a nephew also named Reid whose wife was so obliging as to poison him with arsenic thereby obtaining his property and marrying a footman to whom she had long been attached. We had an old trial cut out of a newspaper in the house once, of Mrs. Reid for the murder of her husband, but —very iniquitously—she was acquitted with 1,000 proofs against her. I believe she was pretty and cried and fainted, and so the Judge was entirely "melted"—but it was a crying shame, worse than Mme. Laffarge, that she was not duly hanged for her crimes. We had this trial till very lately (that is till five years ago) but when I was 14, I very naturally

took a dislike to seeing this old record of family crime lying about the house—and one evening burnt it! I thought poor Papa would have gone distracted when told that this valued trial was burnt. "It is quite rare—seldom to be met with, was given me by Richard Smith* (a favourite of Papa's, a Bristol surgeon,) I would not have lost it for £100," etc., etc. Well, I have told you a long story but you see by degrees you become acquainted with all the "Blots" there may be upon our "Family Escutcheon." I told you the story of "Andrew or the Mysteries" not long ago, and here I have given you another blot in the shape of Mrs. Reid, of whom may be said "Oh! no, we never mention her, her name is never heard."

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

188 Piccadilly,
31 *Jan.*, 41.

Dearest Jane,

You are so charmingly encouraging in the way you speak of my most scurvy and hurried letters that I sit down with perfectly reckless confidence though I have not got a thing to say nor, if I was doing my duty, a minute to say it in.

I had a letter from Trench this morning saying that his boy died yesterday. When he wrote before he spoke so certainly of his being close upon the article of death that I replied in the presumption that he must be gone—which however was not the case. I am to insert it in two or three of the papers. Poor Trench says "you cannot guess what a gap he has left in our household. He was a very, very dear little fellow."

Your kind story would have alarmed me but that

* This Richard Smith married a sister of Maria Edgeworth.

on reflection, I think that from your Grandfather's Mother's Nephew's Wife—down to your Grandfather's Son's 8th daughter the anti-husband propensity has had time and space to lose some of its active malignity. But I should certainly make you taste anything of the broth or cake or dumpling kind before I "partook" of it myself—and should insist upon your being as little as possible in the kitchen. But while I am able to philosophize about Mrs. Burdock-Laffarge-Elton-Reid I do not find it so easy to reconcile myself to this progressively horrible development of family mysteries which may end I know not where. First it is cautiously communicated that Harry ran away from school. Then when that has subsided that you have an Uncle who plays upon the clarionet. Thirdly that "it is already proved and will go near to be believed shortly" (vide Dogberry) that the wife of a distant connexion of the family was acquitted of poisoning her spouse. I shall expect next to see part of the rope in which one of you thought it would be very disagreeable to hang herself. Do, dear Jenny, let me know the worst at once instead of leaving one upon the rack of fearful conjecture.

So you are getting lazy. There is no being angry at this distance—but if I were at hand I would give you such a scolding as should cure you for some time at least. But, seriously, Jenny you must make effort. Now just tell me your hours in your next. My impression has been most favourable and most agreeable as to your going on since I left last. I hope it was well founded. I confess myself to disliking the chin scrubbing on getting up—and have just begun a compromise by getting through that part before getting into bed. For the cold unmitigated tubbing I do not fear it much—and approach the vast rigid merciless looking pan of all but frozen water pretty

much as an old hardened thief goes to the gallows. But I dare not resist either scrub or tub for fear of losing the charm of habit.

To-night I go to an old college acquaintance, W. Pearson, who married Lady Angela somebody—the daughter of a disputed peer.

W. B.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield :

SOUTHAMPTON,
14th Jan., 41.

The noise of the carriages kept me awake half the night, and at half-past eight I should still have been catching up my lost sleep, but that I was awakened by a " Hum " (as Papa would say) of men's voices outside the window, and looking out discovered Arthur and Edmund in fits of laughter with five or six men in fustian and an old woman surrounding them, Arthur patting the foremost man on the shoulder in the most familiar manner, and soothing him down, while the woman was scolding in shrill tones. We called up Edmund, eager for explanation, and found they had left the Day's at 6 o'clock, with the two Forrests and a party of other men among whom was the illustrious Crewe Reid. They went in to smoke cigars at a house in Bedford Place, the lodgings of one of the party and on coming out, little Bagot could not resist from tearing a knocker off a house near, upon which the owner of the house, one Barnes, and his wife, ran out after him, and Crewe fought with him, and Arthur ran to his assistance (Barnes being a powerful man) and knocked him down twice running, offering the woman half-a-crown. Then Barnes followed him and Edmund home, calling every stray workman they passed to join him—so there was this little crowd assembled outside the house.

All Barnes wanted was five shillings for the wrenched knocker—which, as they had had nothing whatever to do with taking it off, and Arthur has the utmost horror of anything so ungentlemanly, was hard upon them ;—however the little crowd seemed to take their part, and joined in the laugh against Mr. Barnes, who at length became exceedingly good humoured and was fully pacified by half-a-crown. If I had known how much room this prosy story would have taken up I should not have added it to the list of family delinquencies with which from time to time I have enlightened your mind—I am not conscious of any darker crimes to be revealed to you since my narrative of Mrs. Reid—should any occur to me I will furnish you with them to put you " au courant " with our family.

I cannot give any good account of myself in respect to early rising, and so tardy a history I should have to write down, if I told you my hours, as you request, that I rather shrink from it, however, one word in self defence, I must say that until I grew wakeful at night, I used to get up early (not at 7 but before 8`

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton :

188 Piccadilly,
18 *Jan.*, 1841.

My dearest Jane,

Sunday I got thro' my work uncommonly well and without the slightest fatigue. It was a delightful day—warm—comparatively at least and free from rain. York Street Chapel was much fuller ; after service a card was brought into the vestry—" Mrs. Stockdale "—and I directed her to be shown in. In came a stout, large eyed, very self complacent looking widow of sixty. She talked with a sort of slow and measured volubility peculiar to religious minds of

a certain calibre and of uncertain—because infinite—self conceit and affectation—and took a chair and commencing with supposable apologies for the intrusion proceeded. "You mentioned, Sir, in your sermon last Sunday that it was possible there might be those present who, from their earliest recollection and from the dawn of responsibility had walked in the main uprightly before God, and who therefore needed no conversion—but that in all probability such were very few. And no doubt, Sir," she continued, "they are very few; but I thought, Sir, it might be a satisfaction to you to have your conjecture confirmed—that there were such present—and so I thought I would venture to obtrude myself upon you to tell you that you see before you one of that happy few. I have always been as I am and cannot remember the time when I was not a true servant of God!!!" And she proceeded to suggest that I should preach some day upon purity of heart (Heaven knows what she meant) and added that perhaps I had never in my life addressed a person so happy as the one I was speaking with nor one who had known so many trials.

In the afternoon I preached for the Queen's letter.* The congregation was very good—and collection £29. Gifford had got £39 in the morning. Ward had hinted that he did not wish me to pump much, so I did not. I gave one of the most unpretending sermons that I had.

Ward told me yesterday that a Lady had asked him if I was not an imitator of Newman—he said he believed not (assigning some reason which I don't remember) and he added, in relating it to me, that the idea was suggested no doubt by the plainness of my

* This was an appeal written by the Queen for funds for the enlarging and building of Churches.

sermons—which I thought a compliment At night H. Bullar and I walked as far as my Brothers. On our way we looked into an Evangelical Chapel where a Missionary Sermon was going on, and we heard the preacher (in entire good faith) refer to the pious rejection of human strength and the true Christian wisdom of Lord William Bentinck, when Governor-General of India, in reference to a certain application made to him by some Wesleyan Missionaries. They waited upon him to express their high sense of his kindness and to ask him to advise government to aid their schemes to convert the natives. He replied (as the preacher said, with such pious feeling—but as you will see with the sly double meaning of an old diplomatist) "Why, gentlemen, if I might give you my humble opinion I should advise you to leave this work to the pious missionary and instead of calling in the secular arm let us procure more of such devoted individuals as I have the honour to address." They retired highly delighted. He knew—the old fox—that those "individuals" would never do much good or mischief—and he dismissed them more gratified by his refusal to call on government to interfere (remember they were sectarians) than if their object had been answered.

I cannot delay to say how much pleased I am at your speaking of yourself as happier and more cheerful of late and attributing this to your having exercised more endeavour to improve. Be sure that this is the right principle. Endeavour, Endeavour, Endeavour, and you certainly will be successful and happy in proportion :—always assuming that such endeavour is in a right spirit of dependence upon a higher strength —as hearty and honest and steadfast as it is humble ; and as humble and dependent upon God as it is hearty and honest and steadfast.

I do heartily trust that you will experience much more of this, and bring your body and your mind into regular discipline and be certain that the effect will not be lost upon either. I have but a few moments left,—and must bid you good bye. Pray tell Arthur about Stockdale and the Governor General. Lord Canada is the eldest son of Earl of Sterling, and the latter is a Mr. Alexander who claims the peerage and calls himself by the title : but in some trial that occurred there transpired something not creditable to him—but I do not accurately know what.

Bless you dearest,

W. H. B.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield :

WINCHESTER,

19*th January*, 1841.

My dearest William,

Yesterday dined here Mr. D., a banker of Winchester and his wife, a pretty woman with a great quantity of ringlets and of shoulder to be seen, and who keeps a list of everywhere the hounds meet for each day in the week, and talks of horses incessantly just like a man—the whole of dinner yesterday was a repetition of the morning's hunting. Arthur and I sat by bewildered —at least I was, I suppose he was more used to hearing horses talked of as if they were rational, I mean human beings ; and every slightest joke about so much mud on boots or how fast the fox ran received with peals of laughter as if it had been the most brilliant sally of wit. How dreadfully it would degenerate all one's perceptions for what is clever or witty or good, if one was forced for all one's life to live with beings content with such lives and such conversations—really that woman was quite enough to disgust one with women entirely ; she did not seem even to have read a novel,

but to have her whole mind engrossed in horses with a lucid interval of worsted work and gardening, and they talked of flowers as a change in the evening just as vehemently as if they had souls as well as their pretty little exteriors.

I have just sent Arthur and Maria into fits of laughter over Mrs. Stockdale, and also amused Arthur with the Missionaries. He begs me to ask you whether it is not possible the Widow Stockdale was a man dressed up by way of a hoax to pretend this self sufficiency or whether you are sure she was not intoxicated as he can't believe it possible any human being could deceive herself to such a degree.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton :

188 Piccadilly,
23 *Jan.*, 41.

Dearest,

It was only the neatness of the letter I got from you yesterday morning which saved you from a scolding for the blackguard sluttishness of its immediate precursor—though I admit that even that was very charming and witty in spite of its entire contempt of orthography, etymology, syntax and prosody. I remember how vastly you improved under my premonitions about 3 months ago—and I fancied on looking at your shameful scrawl that time had arrived for another jobation—as they spur horses now and then (not incessantly) just to keep them in mind that they have a rider. I was a good deal melted, however, by the reflection that after all the letter in question was quite a free gift ; written in a cold room, and as bewitchingly pleasant as it was disgracefully slovenly. The next day's letter, however, with its commendable neatness entirely dissipated all hostile intention and

I resolved to say nothing about the matter, and consequently have said nothing about it ! ! ! ! !

I amuse myself with thinking how delightfully jealous you will be all this evening while I am dining with Mrs. D., MY OLD FLIRT ! ! ! Yes—I shall be there—most likely sit next her—say very, very pretty things to her. Seriously I think you will be rather uncomfortable ! *And thou shalt know how sharper than a maggot's tooth it is to have a faithless love !* You know she is really very pretty and " lights up " like a lustre —and has such winning ways ! Ah, Jenny, sweet child—they must have loveliness indeed to win the eye even from your outward and poorest loveliness —and winning ways they must possess that could charm one's heart into forgetting your fond confiding affectionate nature—I never see any slightest approach to you in head or heart ; and I feel it a sort of wrong to you to commend your beauty when praises so much more honourable are your due. I fear when my letters come to be printed in a breach of promise case I shall be thought a great fool.

When I called at D.'s on Thursday, I was shown up to the drawing room where were Dick and Mrs. D., I flourished away rather perhaps in my old style—such as " well, I am *the-e-e* happiest man in the world to be let in," etc., etc. There was all along one side of the room a huge bookcase with pink silk puckered fronting (like a piano) protected by squares of glass like 500 other bookcases. In the midst of my vivacious gallantry the bookcase suddenly opened and forth issued—*not* a volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica but Mr. D. himself—the bookcase was false and only a folding door to the next room. " Good gracious," I cried in alarm, " you have not been behind the arras all this while." " Yes, indade I have, and I haired every wurrd ye sade."

The overture of my flirtation having so narrowly escaped being eminently perilous I think Jenny you are secure that the play itself will be kept in abeyance.

You never saw such a set of soul withering cats as were at O.'s the other night—one pretty face and only one. But you know "I am spoil'd for pretty faces." Indeed, I have never seen a person at all completely pretty since I came to London. The Brides are all as plain as the way to the Parish Church—the Bridesmaids rather better—but still disgracefully hideous; I married a blind man the other day and thought of Walpole. By the bye I have never received from Lord O—— the dibs that he owes me for that precious charge.*

Now, good-bye. Sometimes I am in good will for writing but with no creative humour. Sometimes in brighter humour but no will to write. Sometimes both, sometimes neither, to-day I think the case has been the first mentioned. However, I am secure of an affectionate reception so—

"Once more I bid you gentlemen good night.'

Vale dulcissime—dilectissime—desideratissime.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

188 PICCADILLY,
27 *Jan.*, 41.

Immediately after dispatching your letter Monday Lord Lyttelton came into my room and I forthwith ordered a dish of Beefsteak from the Albany "RESTAURANT" close by, to this was added a pot of porter, bottle of Madeira, cheese and incidentals—but no sweet—no fish—no dessert, and the Peer and the Curate dined very contentedly. I had vowed to myself to have

* For some time in Southampton Mr. Brookfield had Lord Orford's son under his charge.

nothing for dinner but a "Meat Tea" in cure for my cold, and tea things were actually on the table when beefsteak and porter pot appeared. The latter, however, was too much for my gratitude—tea pot retired—pewter pot advanced with flying colours—sugar and tongs slung back into their caddy—milk jug—cups—spoons were routed in pell mell as Madeira marched forward like a stately grenadier. Ah! but Jenny, when was such battle ever waged and the country where it was foughten suffered not. The consequence was a wakeful coughing night followed by a sore throat coughing day, which has torn one lobe of my lungs into ribbons which I will send you to wear at your next *soirée*, for they are no use to me now. I simply deserved whipping—not like a mischievous graceless boy—(who often has more grace in him than the whipper) but like a downright fool. Whenever I upbraid you with anything henceforth say to me no more than "Beefsteak and Porter Pot"—and then go mend you of your own fault.

Next day Henry came and dined with me at four in order to accompany me to the House of Lords to hear the debate on the address. This time I stuck to tea. We heard the address most dully moved and seconded by Lords Ducie and Lurgan—the latter excessively tedious—it was like four sermons tied end to end like sausages—excepting in savouriness. Then came Brougham, who gave us an hour's speech, some of it twaddle—some of it blarney—but then it was like nobody else's twaddle or blarney. And now I can partly understand why some people can listen to the sermons of some preachers with so much pleasure as they profess while I see no merit in them. It is that they are not sufficiently acquainted with the subject matter to criticise the sense of what is said—and the manner of its delivery is the charm. So it

was with me listening to Brougham. I knew nothing of the merits of the question—but his manner was almost perfect. Lord Melbourne followed and then the Duke of Wellington—and soon after 9 all was over.

Wm. Wilberforce (the eldest Brother) called on me yesterday and I returned it to-day. He and his wife you know were always very kind to me.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield :

SOUTHAMPTON,
28 *Jan.*, 41.

Poor Simpson has been dangerously ill but is getting better I am glad to say (of course we have been dutiful in enquiries at the door after him)—but mark one thing—his first attack came on by *over indulgence* in eating lobster salad, and a relapse which he had the other day, was brought on by taking *coffee*, though expressly forbidden by the doctors, and though he knew it was bad for him (his wife gave it to him, being unable to resist his wishes for anything) therefore I mention this, my dear, to point a moral and adorn a tale with regard to the Porter and Beef. We have a kind of moral, unevangelical, religious novel in the house now, in two vols.; " Modern Accomplishments " and " Modern Society," unnatural and sometimes underbred but very amusing—don't give me a pulpit frown and recommend a more useful book. I think " *Lord John's* " Boudoir or himself cajoled you into reading Henry of Guise the other day ?—and it is now a long time since I read a novel. The " Flirt " was my last.

Arthur begs me to ask you candidly whether you can agree with me in calling Fanny Willis's mind " rather above par," or whether you do not think her name requires to be written " fanny willis " upon the plan of your small o's to oxford (which idea amused

him very much). I write down this question as he desires me, though I think her too good natured and too kindly disposed to be cut up. I *was* rather provoked with her for quarrelling with Carlyle (a volume of which I was profligate enough to lend her)—because, first of all, of "the enormous number of Capital letters that he uses—so very many capital letters—*really* so *very many* capital letters—did not you find it annoy you excessively, Jane? I *did* to a *very great* extent." Can anything be more tiresome than being forced to believe that any one would so far separate words and letters from *sense*, in a really interesting book and not perceive how every Capital letter Carlyle uses is for a purpose, to give prominency or greater importance to the word it belongs to, or some other reason

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield:

11 *Feb.*, 41.

I was momentarily softened towards "dear Joe" by your flatteries repeated to me—but then—"when I reflect" (Fagin in the condemned cell) upon the way, the cruel way in which dear Joe turned aside from my admiring and wistful gaze to meet the brilliancy of Caroline's gay fragments from the *Beau monde* which she poured ceaselessly forth to him, only interspersed with the duties of her office as sitter at the head of the table. "Ah yes, so Rogers told me—Rogers said—Fish sauce, Mr. Bullar?—Rogers said—and indeed so did Sydney—Sydney Smith, that the Queen, you know, has been so dreadfully maligned. There ought to be stuffing, Mr. Bullar, pray look for some. Yes, I met Wordsworth at the lakes and thought him very disagreeable—very disagreeable I own. I was at the lakes with my uncle, Mr. Hallam (!) Oh, Mr. Wordsworth only talked of himself I thought—don't you

drink Porter, Mr. Bullar ?* A glass of Porter for Mr. Bullar. That reminds me that Rogers, etc.—I am very fond of Mr. Rogers—Rogers the poet, pleasant breakfasts, I often go there when I'm in town—with the R-R-R-Romillys, or indeed when I'm with Mrs. Wickham, my cousin Mrs. Wickham. Oh, you meet all the clever people at Rogers'sss breakfasts, etc., etc. I should call the Queen pretty, oh, decidedly pretty. she asked Rogers (the poet) what he thought of Prince Albert, and Rogers answered 'He is good looking and looks good.' Rogers told me this himself!" Joe, I thought, seemed amused by it—altogether. But, my dear, sweet, honoured, darling, respected Brookfield what do you think happened to me yesterday ?

I CALLED ON ANNE ! ! !

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton :

188 PICCADILLY,
2 *March*, 41.

Dear Jane,

Your letter was overweight. That it was not discovered at the Post Office only proves that one fool makes many. You had used thicker paper than usual and fancied it weighed none the heavier—as perchance you think yourself no heavier than my beloved Anne ! Dearest Jinks,

I must get off with what fopperies I can from writing a long letter to-day—for I am intending to go to Greenwich. Your letter this morning made ample amend for the scrubbiness of its antecedent—neatly written—clever and delicious.

* The Bullars were a family of Southampton, close friends both of the Brookfields and Thackerays. They are often mentioned in Mr. Thackeray's letters to Mrs. Brookfield.

I will answer your urgent enquiries as to my opinion how far £800 a year will go when I see you next week.

Milnes took me last Saturday Evening to a vast *soirée* at Lord Northampton's. He is President of the Royal Society, and gives these Levées during the season to grandees and Literati. Many people were in court dresses—deputy Lieutenants' uniforms and so on. Three Bishops were there, Bobby Peel, Sir James Graham, and a thousand starry peers. I was introduced to Bishop of St. David's and to Lord Monteagle.

On Thursday morning next—oh, where is Caroline ? I breakfast—where ? ? ? ? ?

At the Burlington ? No. At Lord Lansdowne's ? Pooh ! With Jno ? Pshaw !

Upon Perigord pie and *omelette aux fines herbes ? Du tout !* With Lord John ? Wheu ! Bishop of St. David's. Nein ! With Prince Albert ? Pish ! With Rogers ? I can hardly frame my guessing lips to utter—Yes !

I hope he will " behave well "—that is that he will not pick his teeth with my fork, etc.

It is Milnes' doing. I found his card on my table yesterday morning " I have arranged for you to breakfast with Rogers on Thursday, and I hope it will suit you." It is extremely kind in Milnes, he always has acted in this manner to me, and so very voluntarily.

In the evening, yesterday, Spedding, Venables, Chapman, and Harry Lushington—all good men and true took their tea and baccy with me. I really beg pardon for this letter. Yours this morning was *première qualité*.

Ever,
W. H. B.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield:

SOUTHAMPTON,
3rd March, 41.

Dearest love,

It took me a long time, that is, till I came to the 4th or 5th reading over of your letter of to-day, before I discovered the reason of my being honoured with best, superfinest, satinest, giltest, thickest, postest paper—instead of the ugly little set of old-fashioned ruled account-book leaves, on which you generally write (and which, however, I become intensely used to and fond of), but when I put things together, and began to reflect, a light flashed upon me, for how could you answer all these invitations from R . . . . . d M . . . . . n M . . . . s. AND Lord J . . n (By the the bye you think it disrespectful to abbreviate *his* name) upon old copy book paper? of course it was out of the question, and that gilt edged piece on which you commenced your letter of this morning must be but a scrap off a quire bought expressly for the purpose of answering and giving out invitations. I shall sing to you, at length "They tell me thou'rt the favoured guest of every fair and brilliant throng. No wit like thine to wake the jest, no voice like thine to breathe the song. And none could guess, so gay, thou art, That thou and I, are far apart"—proceeding you know, with "Do I thus haste to hall and bower. Among the PROUD and GAY to shine"—Etcetera, etcetera, etcetera—(I could not stop short in my quotation, for I sang it you see, *in my mind*, as I wrote it!) I was delighted with your letter of to-day, my darling—rejoiced you are to be elected to the inestimable privilege of "the favoured few," a breakfast with ROGERS, your anticipations before pronouncing whose name, exceedingly amused me. There is nothing in the world to tell you, here dullity reigns around me—

with an exception of yesterday evening when my dear "Anne" dined here! *We kissed at parting.* Need I say more? Maria having heard of you being appointed to Tenison's, wrote to me in the greatest delight, desiring her warmest congratulations to you, and begging me to tell her in confidence, what our plans were, and that she would reveal nothing till we wished, and so on—taking quite for granted that you would immediately intend marrying. However, I am not foolish enough to be thinking seriously of this, because I think you would have mentioned it if you thought it feasible. When you once say it is impossible, I shall think no more about it—at least, I will try not to think of it. Still, if one could do it, it would be far happier even living in the greatest poverty with you than as we are now—perhaps it may be different with a man—and especially with you—who are so strong minded, but it is very miserable to live away from one another. I don't know how all this about marrying looks, coming after your opinion as to £800 a year!—but I suppose you meant to make exceptions in individual cases?

We have a little overhanging box to contain three—in the gallery of St. Paul's Church, very uncomfortable; but Papa having taken such a fancy to Mr. Hulton, filial piety demanded a seat to be provided for him—meantime we were promised part of the Ayscough's pew at All Saints', so gave up the square side aisle one. But the Ayscoughs have all come back and taken possession of theirs again, so I wander up and down the Church, pew doors flying open to me of kind-hearted strangers.

Forgive this letter, the very Quintessence of prosiness. And believe me,

Yours eternally,

JANE ELTON.

What a ridiculously good memory you have—how should you remember "Rogers behaved very well." Your very amusing letter (though it was hurried) deserves a much More Jovial and entertaining repartee on my part—but, etc.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton :

188 Piccadilly,
4 *March*, 41.

Dearest Jane,

The Bishop of London has sent me a card for Dinner on Monday—but I declined on the plea of being engaged to be in Southampton. I dined with the Dean of Salisbury—met Sir George Staunton and Sir Benj. Brodie. This morning went to Rogers—only Milnes and C. Buller (M.P. for Liskeard) there. Certainly it was exceedingly pleasant. The old man very, very agreeably talkative, and saying very good things of his own and repeating those of others. I am to go there again on the same Muffin-eating errand on Saturday. I called afterward on Mrs. Chambers, Mother of poor Charlie Chambers, of the Rifles, who died some time ago to her immense desolation. She is a lady of some consideration on the border of Yorkshire—and was always flattering to me. She rather startled my modesty by saying "I hope, my dear Brookfield, you won't let them make a lion of you like Sydney Smith. I was always anxious you should come to London, but I was always a little apprehensive of you being too social." She told me they had been three times in rain to St. James', and had first heard of my being in London from somebody in the foreign office who had been very much struck by "A Mr. Brookfield." We must try if we can't change that A into a definite.

I thought I had an inordinate deal to say before I began writing—but I don't know why it somehow

does not come. Perhaps it is a consciousness that I shall see and feel and talk with you so soon that prevents the needful effort of the mind

Good-bye, Friday! SATURDAY! SUNDAY
ALWAYS
W. H. B.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

188 PICCADILLY,
22 *March*, 41.

Dearest Jenny,

Talking of pretty girls, what do you think? Last Wednesday I saw come into Church a set of tall striking looking people in new mourning (new—because on Ash Wednesday I had seen part of the same family in colours); one lady amongst them I could not help being caught by more than the rest—enquired of Ward as to who they could be—nothing could be learned but that they came in a Coronetted Carriage. Yesterday afternoon from the pulpit I saw the same family—the same remarkable face—could not ascertain who it was. It had some kindred to your own—but had less vitality—less soul—less capability for either laughter or tears—but withal a sweet face of the unimpassioned order. I had forgotten the face and its owner and all the family of mourners. To-day I called on the Dean of Salisbury—who happened to say, "I was glad to see Lord Bruce and Sidney Herbert at Church on Wednesday." The face was Lady Mary's *i.e.* Lady Bruce's now.*

I began yesterday at Tenison's—the congregation seemed pretty large, and I was sufficiently happy and

* When he next saw this lady he says he was so much struck by her resemblance to his *fiancée* that he "was tempted to throw the pulpit cushion at her."

unembarrassed. My sermon was about the ups and downs of Joseph's life—being appropriate to the first lesson of the day—but I had nothing personal about myself. Knowing, however, that they had all a double supply of Cambric I thought it necessary to be pathetic about the Hebrew Prime Minister of Egypt yearning after the scenes of boyhood in Canaan, which called forth abundant blowing of noses. To-morrow I am to dine with Dean of Salisbury quite quietly, and to meet the Bishop of Chester—Arthur's friend. I never dined easy and in the friendly way in company with an apron before.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton :

188 PICCADILLY,
24 *March*, 41.

Sweet Junk,

Very pleasant was your letter—and I think you have gained a little in piquancy by being just a little bit vaccinated with Carlyle.

At the Dean's last night all was evangelical—I sate next Chester. But, oh! how thin, affected, self-conceited, canting, unreal, narrow-hearted was all the talk. How different from the morning's breakfast. I after the dinner, went to Spedding's. It is very true that you sent me one stamp—but you are aware that when the overweight is not prepaid, it is doubled—so that your letter cost me twopence, *Twopence*, TWOPENCE, —for which one Victoria is but a paltry payment.—You owe me a label.

My sweet darling, it will be your birthday to-morrow, and it ought to be the most lovely festival according to old Catholic notions in the year. It sounds nice " Our Lady's Day." I am sorry I have no pretty surprise of a book for you—but you shall have your

bracelet. God bless you. May you be as much more dear to me next birthday as you now are than last—and enjoy all health of body and peace of mind.

Good bye thou sweet soul

Ever more thine,

W. H. B.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton

188 PICCADILLY,

25 *March*, 41.

Our Lady's Day.

Sweetest Lady,

I must write a few words, tho' never so hasty, so shabby, so pithless. Yet I can say nothing that I wish to say. It is difficult to utter what lies deep—and cannot be done in such hurry as I am (now almost always) placed in. The day is as beautiful as day can be, and is hallowed to me by the sweetest and sacredest of all human appreciations. I wish I could see you. You must make our honoured sire to understand that being in the same room with the prince on Saturday will be much like being in the same Church with him. We shall be 3 or 400 most likely—and I the most insignificant. It is something to be the most anything. I was reading No. 90 (the Oxford Tract which is making such a row just now on account of its alleged heterodoxy) in bed this morning and came to the following extract from a Father (not yours) as to what "The Church" is. "The Church is the congregation of All Saints." I should think Shaddy* will subscribe to this. I have but a moment left—but if it were the last of my life I must give you my sweetest, dearest Jenny 10,000 blessings on this day above all others. Don't mope about being a year older. You are a year dearer

* Rev. Mr. Shadwell—his late rector at All Saints', Southampton.

to me—and even if you do not improve as much as you have done in the last 12 months will continue to grow dearer to me. God bless you—and both of us, and help us in all things—and chiefly in our efforts to become worthier of Him and of each other. Bless you my dearest, sweetest lamb — much loved and really—most really much honoured also. Farewell.

Yours,

W. H. B.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton :

188 Piccadilly,
29 *March*, 1841

Dearest Jane,

In the morning "at the late lamented Archbishop Tenison's (as you charmingly called 'our benefactor')" I preached the sermon you wrote out for me from that remarkable old man's remarkable MSS. You had written it most legibly, and with scarcely a fault. I cut out several pages—and inserted a few paragraphs of my own "to give it an air"—and it came off exceedingly well.

Saturday evening I was at the P. R. S. soirée. The Prince there—looking certainly very nice. Dressed in plain black, very nicely made. White waistcoat, a good deal open in front. White cravat without collars. Broad blue Ribbon across his chest over the waistcoat—hair most neatly parted—altogether looking fresh from the band-box—but mild, good natured, unaffected; in short decidedly nice looking. There were many notables there—but it was not so smart as on the former evening inasmuch as people were all in plain clothes this time—there having been no dress levée going on anywhere else from which people came all in their gaudy as was the case before.

I was in the National Gallery this noon alone for a few minutes when in rolled Alfred Tennyson (the present representation of the most reverend prelate) We coalesced and evaporated. He spake of your sire—how he liked him and all that. How he could not help contrasting him with Mr. Hallam, whom he honoured and respected as much as he could honour and respect mortal man, " but he had not the geniality of our dear charming altogether unequalled and unresembled patriarch." I think you have judged wisely to have Southey—it is a very nice book—and will lead you to read at any rate a little of some old poets that otherwise might have never come under your notice.

I have not time to write more. I write by this post the lines which I promised to Kitty. I enclose you a copy. They are not meant to be very striking—merely compact and true. But ask your Governor what he thinks—and Don't encourage him to praise them.

I.

The voice that ask'd this simple boon
Must cease kind things to grant or crave ;
The grateful hand that writes will soon
Be passive in the grave.

II.

These lines design'd forsooth ! to last
When hand and voice are gone away,
Will to oblivion's void have passed
Quicklier e'en than they.

III.

But thoughts in pure goodwill that flow
From soul to soul unfeigning given,
Transplanted hence for age shall grow
The Amaranths of Heaven.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield :

30 *March*, 1841.

Papa was much interested in your very satisfactory description of the Prince. His admiration of your verses did not, I own, come up to my own, in short I felt rather piqued, at what perhaps you will (in your humility) be satisfied with. "Very neat—yes, they are pretty lines,—very fair, but I don't like the word Amaranth." Papa was pleased with Alfred Tennyson's comparison, which I ventured to read to him. Was I wrong ?

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton :

188 Piccadilly,
2 *April*, 1841.

Mild Jane,

I thought your father's mitigated praise of the verses the outside of what they deserved. I was afraid they had no merits at all but the negative one of not being longer.—Yesterday was rather eventful with me. I was off duty (being 1st of the month) and was at Milnes' with my legs over the arm of a chair reading aloud while he breakfasted when in stepped impromptu : The Prince ?—Arthur ? —t ?—Alfred Tennyson ?—Archbishop ditto ? No, No, No : Father Gerard solid in his thick shoes ?—nearer—Carlyle ! The form of his face is like that portrait of Count d'Orsay's you have seen. But complexion very coarse—and general appearance "solid in thick shoes." As tall as I about—and certainly no less ungainly—a hearty laugher with discoloured teeth—very broad Scotch—talks not unlike his writing—unreserved—unaffected, of course—a leetle shy and awkward—but very likeable. We went thence, all three, to Rogers' to call—found pretty ladies

breakfasting with him—also Harness, the Editor of the Shakespeare you gave me. To him I was introduced, he said he had heard of me. I have been to-day licensed to my Curacy.—Now,

and til deth,

W. H. B.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield :

SOUTHAMPTON,

6th April.

My darling love,

Your most kind and most delicious letter gave me a great deal more pleasure than I can tell you and so —I will not even thank you for it. I am gratified to observe that you are completely conscience stricken as to the utter inappropriateness of the epithet "Jumps" as applied to ME, and that you prudently abstain from any attempt at vindication of the same. Your defence of Mumbo Jumbo appears plausible, and was rendered palatable by the seriousness which was combined in the ingenuity of the defence. But you must remember that this Mumbo Jumbo—as represented probably in an immense wooden and painted image, is the most hideous object that the fancy of the poor swarthy worshippers could picture, an object at once awe-inspiring and imposing. Don't suppose I have read Carlyle, without knowing what the words meant (by the bye, and in Justful wrath, I may remark) they head a chapter on one of the Jubilee days, at Paris—I think. Mrs. Arthur begged to see Papa yesterday, and of course threw him into a perplexed state of half submission to her, owing to his "Enormous bump of benevolence" (which Alfred Tennyson said would lead him into so many foolish things.)

April 5th, 1841. [Diary.]

In the afternoon the Bishop preached, and Ward read, I took Baptisms afterwards. The Duke of Cambridge was there to hear the Bishop, and sate in the pew before me. Such a noise as he made in responses, psalm reading and singing, a sort of old Walpole with eyes. I had not caught what psalm the clerk had given out, and turning to look on my neighbour's book for the page—fidgetty, restless, Royal Highness turns round and bawls loud enough to drown the organ, "It begins at the third verse—the third verse." All eyes turned on Royalty speaking to inferior clergy. I turned red as a raddish. Royalty went on singing like a bull.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield:

SOUTHAMPTON,
11 *April*, 1841.

My dear love,

I told you I should write again to-day, so I keep my promise, though, having virtuously spent the time I might have been writing to you in catechising 3 youths, Kate's protegés, who arrive just the same, although she is out dining with the Duo in the Crescent —and it appears one's duty to prevent their having their walk for nothing. All I have to tell you to-day is merely this—Caroline says of Alfred Tennyson (who has been at Tunbridge—) "very far from handsome, and his hair quite disturbed me—but after the first sight I like him—he is agreeable and clever." I wouldn't cut his hair for worlds—would you? I went to Church in a new boot lace to-day, for luck. Yesterday I called on the Ogles, who were very kind and

gave me some lovely flowers and Kitty showed me a black profile of the Gentleman she was once engaged to. Also she made me eat a piece of bread and some potted lampreys! She kissed me, and told me my upper lip was "one of the rare specimens of the Cupid bow shape!"—quite Gallant; praised you, of course.

19*th*. [Diary.]

To-day I am going to dine with some ultra-ultra-ultra evangelicals of aunts who believe Pusey to be the Pope in disguise and Newman the head of the Jesuits. By the way several people consider this sketch of Newman (which is extremely ugly and quizzical) very like me. If you remember I said myself after I had seen him that we were not entirely dissimilar.

26*th*.

I walked, after Church, with Lyttelton for a couple of hours, and saw his wife and child. Lady L. told me they were invited to dine at the Gladstone's to meet me, but I have not yet received my invitation. Am going this evening to the Goldsmid's, there to see Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble) and Charles Kemble.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

188 Piccadilly,
18 *June*, 1841.

My dearest Jane,

I am so out of practice of writing to you that it seems to me almost a difficulty. Last Thursday afternoon Garden called on me with whom I laugh more than anybody in the world. He said he had been having a long talk with Gaye about me—that Gaye

had been asking him if I were affected—that everybody liked me, but some people said I was affected—but that he had seen nothing of it. I believe Garden's opinion was that I was no more affected than a person of imitative propensities, and with certain fantastic turns of mind must inevitably be—but those alone would produce what ordinary observers might call affectation. I hope you will make good use of your time at Henley—I do not mean in the way of Hume and Lord Bacon and Locke and Isaac Newton—(to which of course you will do justice)—but in taking exercise—eating hugely—being happy—getting mooney cheeks—and getting yourself (as Robbins would say) into condition.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield :

HENLEY PARK,
20th June, 41.

It is such an immense comfort in separation from you, to feel so great confidence in your affection, and I believe without vanity, I may even add your esteem for me, that I now feel, and to a much greater extent than I used to do. Dearest, I hope your cold has left you. Since I have been here I have been absorbed in "La vie de Marianne" a celebrated old French novel by Marivaud which Julia Hallam was reading, and which my Uncle recommended. It is rather lengthy, but exceedingly amusing and interesting ; a nice book to have in the house with one here, as at home Uncle Hallam is so silent (altho' cheerful withal) that it is sometimes unearthly, everybody following his example. The first three days I struggled to keep up a conversation and succeeded in getting a little talking, but my individual exertions grow daily feebler, and the last two days I have in despair resigned

myself, *selon les autres*, to total silence. This is only during breakfast, luncheon and dinner, whenever I am alone with Julia we talk most rapidly and agreeably as I am exceedingly fond of her and she is so very affectionate and sympathetic. I generally brush my hair in her room, which is next door to my own. There are very pretty views here, but the first day or two I admired nothing, felt perfectly *gênée* and uncomfortable, now I have worked myself into greater contentment; three weeks will end, and then I hope exceedingly to meet you at Hampton Court—besides, I know it is very wrong to be discontented, and the bracing air and constantly being out of doors and taking long walks may tend towards the moon-like face you desire to see in me

Dearest, it is quite true, what you have often told me, that the more one tries to do and to think rightly, the easier it becomes—I believe I have found this lately, and owing to all you have said to me, it appears very nice to look to you always for advice.

I am quite sufficiently all that is wrong, to feel no scruple of modesty in saying I am a very little improved, I am alluding to such endeavours at self-denial which you have always advised as to small things and as to one's thoughts.

Good-bye, for I find, suddenly, that it is time to give my letter for the post.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

188 Piccadilly,
21 *June*, 1841

My dearest Jane,

Your letter this morning has pleased me very very much, not the gossip of it, which is sufficiently amusing—but not what I should single out as pleasing

me very, very much; I mean some cheerful assurances toward the end which I could not read without great thankfulness. Go on steadfastly and perseveringly, and good must be the result.

In the afternoon, Ward's throat being incompetent to another discourse, he called on me at half an hour's notice. Whereupon I edified them with the same I used at St. Mary's last Sunday morning—for no other reason than that it was plainly written, and would not require any getting up. Being coughy I was rather bothered, and did not deliver it as well as ought to be. There were four Bishops—St. David's—Lincoln—Bangor, and pompous Winchester. Afterwards I dined with Dowager Lady Lyttelton. I say with her because I think the concern in Eaton Square seems to be her's. Young Lady L. was gone to Hawarden, Sir Stephen Glynn's place—but we had the two Miss L.'s—Lord L. and Lord George Quin. Very, very pleasant of course—as anything must be in which the Dow. Lady is prominent. She is the most charming person of her years in the world—do you hear, Jane!—*the most charming person of her years in the world*—and I see no reason why some people, if they will attend to what some other people say and advise—and be industrious, and all that, should not be quite as charming or rather as much more so when they arrive at the same time of life as they are now in another way, being happily somewhat short of it.

I detest "Humphrey's Clock" more than I can tell you—I really find no genius in it. Except Swiveller and Mrs. Jarley I have not found a natural character in the story. (All the rest are badly selected—badly conceived—badly overdrawn.) Not one of them is a type of a class. And for structure, surely never was a story worse. No—Dickens won't do.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield :

HENLEY PARK,
25th June, 41.

My dearest William,

As I was with "frenetic" haste rushing through the end of my dressing I just ran my eye over your note, putting on my clothes the while, and was at last in time for prayers, which I dread missing to a degree : the other day I kept the carriage waiting one minute and a half, ran down-stairs, feeling quite secure of a good reception — was greeted by a knit brow (from my uncle) and, "My dear Jane, you should learn to be punctual, you should be in time—it is very easy to be ready, when you know beforehand the time the carriage was ordered!" I had never been late for the carriage before then, and certainly never since. I suppose you will find me a pattern of punctuality after this visit ; I wish it may be the case, but it is in dread of a reprimand that I am in time now. To-day I was so tired when I awoke, that in a moment of infatuation, I suffered myself to lie stolidly happy and revolving thro' my mind all the kind, delightful things you have ever said to me (perfectly endless you know) suddenly the knit brow appeared to my mind's eye, and it is extraordinary in how short a time I dressed myself without any curtailings. I do not think I have ever received anything like crossness from Uncle H. since I have been here, except on that one occasion of the carriage. Julia heard to-day, from Lady Palgrave, that it is quite true Mr. Whewell is engaged to be married to Miss C. M. They have constantly met of late in Mr. Hullah's singing class, she is a very nice girl the Hallams say, and pretty, and Miss Rogers vouches for the truth of the engagement. Miss Marshall is sister to Lady Mounteagle you know.

Can it be possible that I have written half a sheet with no word about "The Regatta!" I had really quite looked forward to it as something to write about. Harry Hallam being here made it much more amusing; all the morning we were discussing what would be the best place for the carriage to overlook the river, when an idea occurred to send to Mr. Freeman's (the grand person of this part of the world, to whom this house belongs, besides an immense place where he lives himself) and to ask permission to drive into a certain meadow of his, which would overlook the regatta beautifully. Boosey was despatched with the message, and gave to Uncle H. the mere information that Mr. Freeman was out, but Mr. Hughes, the steward, would "send a note to his master to ask leave for us to stand under a certain Marquee instead of the meadow, though he would only say we asked for the meadow, and send a man and horse here (about two miles), directly he had the answer." To Harry, however, when probed, Boosey with the cheerful air of a man who was giving great pleasure, further deposed that Mr. Hughes had given up his own house, Phillis Hall, to Mr. Freeman for the day, where "the Marquee was prepared, and his master had some company." Phillis Hall being still nearer the river than Mr. Freeman's Meadow, our horror was that between Mr. Hughes and Mr. Boosey we should have the effect of pushing for an invitation to join the Marquee party, and as my Uncle knows Mr. Freeman, he might just as well have invited us without our pushing. Harry's imagination was the most vivid, in picturing the cold collation—Champagne—Marquee with streamer flying—Band of music—and all the County in new bonnets, standing in groups, knowing each other intimately, and in refined intimacy of full conversation; while our carriage,

perfectly loaded with ourselves and the Rushworth children, etc., all as Harry said, "looking shamefully dowdy" (being in deep mourning for Aunt Hallam) except Jane. And all strangers, would slowly roll forwards, all eyes directed to us, and Mr. Freeman coming to receive us, with innumerable apologies for not having sent to invite us, "but this is so friendly, Mr. Hallam, in you to invite yourself. I have had four more covers laid, but will order some more, your party being large. Sorry the Marquee will only hold twenty-one, but your party shall have a table outside, I hope they've brought dancing shoes to join our hop on the green, this evening"—and so on.

We became so thoroughly worked up by these ideas that we told Uncle H. our horrors, who was thunderstruck, and we were still in consternation, when the clatter of horses' feet was heard, and Mr. Freeman himself appeared, sent for Uncle H. to come to him at the door. "Too much hurried to alight—just time to say—Phillis Hall much the best place. Bring all your party, don't go to the meadow, see wretchedly there, a few friends and Marquee, would have sent up to invite you, but did not know you were here yet," or some such excuse I forget exactly "only just come home myself—you must join us at Phillis Hall, great haste" and off he galloped! So with infinitely relieved consciences we *did* go to Phillis Hall, and the lawn was covered with groups of smart people certainly, so that Harry and I were just agreeing our expectations were fully verified, when we found the greater number of the company assembled, comprised the Goldings (our own cousins,—the same relation as the Bournes) who are very pretty and nice girls, with their father, and Robert Palmer, (another cousin) the Philimores, friends of the Hallams,

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and two or three Etonians, whom Harry knew, besides, of all people, George Durbin, who has been seven years at sea, but whom I recognised by the family likeness at the first *coup d'œil*, and who followed us, as a shadow, all day. Mr. Freeman (who is a very handsome, youngish man) married a niece of Mrs. Durbin's, a Miss Wirley Birch, (I don't know how to spell Wirley) and George Durbin accordingly is on a visit to the grand man of Henley, and seemed much pleased with it—he is grown quite as broad as tall—bronzed and freckled with North America and West Indian alterations, and withal good natured, but he bored me to so great a degree, that I hardly could talk to him at last, and with Harry (who partly in honour of my being smartly dressed, partly because he is fond of me), remained all day by my side. I continually dodged out of his way, but was sure to be recaptured again ere long—the round face and large light whiskers, appearing with a beam in our path just as one had left it ten yards off. Further, the race was so delayed that we were frequently caught in showers of rain, while waiting on the river's brink, and had to rush for refuge to the Marquee where, instead of champagne, etc., there were a row of neat maids—dispensing sponge and plum cake, cut up, with tea and coffee (we had had luncheon ourselves.)

At length the boats appeared and we saw one very good race between Cambridge, Oxford and London. London was far behind, Oxford frequently ahead, but in the end, of course, Cambridge beat. Such a noise, hurraying and clamour. I never was at a regatta before, so was quite unprepared what to expect —I believe we are going again to-day, but the weather is doubtful, and we got so tired of all the waiting yesterday, we don't wish to go, but my Uncle enters with so much gusto into the whole thing, that he

evidently would be much disappointed if we declined, also when called upon by Mr. Freeman to join in a half-crown subscription for the watermen, yesterday, my Uncle gave a pound to Mr. Freeman's amaze, who uttered "Oh, gracious," but pocketed it—so he says he must have "at least a pound's worth of fun." Is it possible that I have filled a sheet with this stupid Regatta? I must leave off, dearest. Harry went back yesterday evening to Eton.

You don't like me to sign, Jenny, so I ought to say Jane.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

30*th June*, 1841.

I have just been told that I have been elected a Member of the Sterling Club—a knot of about 50 men, all more or less worthy and notable—who meet on Tuesday in every month to dine and chat. It consists chiefly of those of the Spedding and Milnes stamp. Trench, Wilberforce, Bishop St. David's, Carlyle, Kemble and such like. I was proposed when I was in Southampton about a year ago and blackballed by two—which was enough. Goulbourne was treated with the same sauce at same time, the concern affecting to be very exclusive It was not a thing to be mortified at—but still I would not I think knowingly have allowed myself to be proposed again, tho' of course my being in London must make a difference. However, unknown to myself I was elected last week, and was told it only just now casually in the street, and am pleased therewith. Mayhap your Uncle may know the Club by name.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton :

188 VESTRY,
6 *Oct.*, 41.

My dearest Jenny,

Your letter is exceedingly nice, though deficient in cheerfulness. But after all one would hardly wish you to be always cheerful. Your mind is as nearly as I can judge precisely the constitution I should most desire—and if some fallings short of continuous repose and equanimity be a necessary condition or result it can't be helped—So let it be—I would rather it were so than play tricks with such a soul in trying to mend it. Bless you—most dear heart—a thousand fold.

What has somewhat bewi dered me, however, about your letter—and what embarrasses me so that I even fear whether I shall get coherently thro' this answer thereto, is how in *theee* wide world it comes to pass that Gengy Brigstock, being married to Mr. Graham, should take the name of Emma Eagles when everybody else calls her Cecilia Beddoes.* Possibly I may confound her with Alicia Touchet. But as it has been the one subject of your ambition to perplex me on this point I ask no explanation.

I wish with all manner of considerateness and even submission to remind you also that in three successive letters—I think successive—you have been guilty of a servile imitation of K. B. in using the expression " Ann Bullar and her have decided," etc.,—" disturbed a tete-à-tete between Cap. Mortimer and I." "Graham sat with Emma and I relating his ill-usage of his parents," etc., etc.,—which solecisms owe their principal charm to reminding me of K. B.

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* A niece of Maria Edgeworth and a friend of Jane Elton.

You are so very, very seldom guilty of any incorrectness that I know, my kind child, you will forgive my noting the above.

I agree with you that it would be better not to haggle about the money, (Oh, this vile theme) which I have being settled, propose it at once and leave any modification of the settlement for after consideration. I hope the interview with the Man of Ur will not be long deferred, I want very much to have something to proceed upon. You will write to me the same night if possible. If he had any mercies he would offer us Clevedon to go to for the burying.*

I took my walk with Ld. Lyttelton yesterday.† We started at one—walked leisurely till half-past three, when we found ourselves at Highgate Hill. Here we made entry into a 4th rate tavern—ordered beefsteak, potatoes—ale—enjoyed the repast much—but not more than the walk which was most mirthful, and not all devoid of gravity. I revealed as we sat after dinner, my hopes—at which he seemed pleased, and talked encouragingly. (I always speak as if he were older than I, which in normal truth he is by as many years as I am older than he in historical fact.)

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* This was in reference to their honeymoon. The Eltons had returned to Clifton by then in order to be near Sir Abraham, who was now of a great age—and as the marriage of Mr. Brookfield and Miss Jane Elton was to take place in November it was necessary to break news of it to him. Jane managed the interview most successfully, the old gentleman fell in love with her and promised to portion her, and as she left the room shook her and said "Now, don't let me see you again until you are married, my dear."

† The invitation for this walk began: "O pleasant Presbyter and future Bishop, Trinity man, Preacher at Tenison's, not unknown to Fame."

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield :

7th October,
PARAGON,
1841.

Dearest William,

My letters to you for this long time (to-night included) have been so hurried, that I do not at all wonder at their not having been very correct as to that most puzzling of all branches of grammar, personal pronouns ; and even in writing they have of late been fearfully slatternly and deservative of a reprimand such as once fell from you at the time of my Rheumatism. I think Monday will be the day for the Clevedon visit, the weather has been such pouring rain ever since we have been here that I could not urge poor Papa to pay the visit earlier as he hates travelling in bad weather ; however, we may do it by the train I think, till within five miles of Clevedon, which would be much pleasanter than two hours in the coach. I am quite of your opinion as to a very quiet affair being desirable, and I would not (for the world) have Tom, Dick and Harry to look on, but I think sisters who are in the place must be invited, and Aunt Marianne because she is Mamma's sister, to whom she was exceedingly attached, but I don't know that she would come as she fears I am going to be " starved."

What do you think ? Only *conceive* Emily Tennyson (I really can hardly even now believe it) Emily Tennyson is actually going to be married—and to whom after such a man as Arthur Hallam. To a boy in the Navy, *supposed* to be a Midshipman. It is a *state secret* that Uncle H. allows Emily anything per annum, so don't mention it to anyone. Is it not extraordinary—painful—unbelievable, this intended marriage ? Poor Julia felt it dreadfully at first—I remember her saying Emily would never *dream* of marrying

—that she was a kind of *Nun* now, and that nothing was more *impossible* than her marrying—she had felt Arthur's death so much—it had even injured her health ; and can you conceive anyone whom he had loved, putting up with another ? I feel so distressed about this, really it quite *hurts* me, I had such a romantic admiration for her, looked at her with such pity, and now all my feeling about her is bouleverséd—and Alfred Tennyson falls headlong into the abyss with her—but I cannot think he would like her to marry. Julia Hallam always considered her quite as her own sister, and of course Uncle H. could never have contemplated her marrying again (it is just the same thing as marrying again.) She wrote and told them of her intentions when they were at Brussels, which cast rather a damp over their stay there. Her letter was evidently written in great trepidation, Caroline said,* and of course she must have felt dreadfully in writing it. If the Gentleman were a man of astounding talents one would try and get over it, but all one hears is that he is R.N. On the Hallams returning to England, their housekeeper produced a little note in a strange hand addressed to her, beginning " Circumstances making it of the greatest importance that I should know Mr. Hallam's address, I shall be much obliged by your sending it to me to my ship " (this was the *effect* of the note, I cannot vouch for each word). Now why in the world should not Emily herself have written to the housekeeper whom she knows *well*—I don't know if the engagement is to be kept secret at present.

I am glad you had an enjoyable walk with Lord Lyttelton, *malgré* the blistered foot. I must end now.

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* Caroline was the one of her sisters who usually travelled with the Hallams.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton :

188 PICCADILLY,
7 Oct., 41.

My dearest Jenny,

I wish you would not write on such blackguard irregular pieces of paper. Why can't you use uniform octavo sheets as I always do, and moreover date them properly.

Post town.
Place.
Day. Year of grace.

This however is rather ungrateful in me—for I was excessively pleased to receive your letter.

I am all impatience to know the result of this preliminary enterprise. You are as brave as a knight, and indeed ought to be knighted on the spot if you succeed with the old lion. Be bold and fortunate.

I thought of you, and with more pleasant analogy than I can tell, when I was reading two or three nights ago of Carlyle's prime favourite, Mme. Roland, shelling beans for dinner on their second floor in the Rue St. Jaques. I thought, I mean, of you living in London, a deep souled but poor wife, rich in most things but money. A change, however, is granted to her which I fear does not await you. And again a change afterwards which made awful balance against such elevation. I fear you will never be tried with the Or Moulu but I have no doubt of your getting through the shelling of beans most Roland like.

Did I say that Lyttelton and I repeat our stroll on Monday next in the low parts of the City—to see unwonted sights. We shall go along the River side towards Limehouse, etc., where all the murders are committed you know!

Tell your Father the following with my sincere respect and good wishes.

The new Bishop of New Zealand, in a farewell and pathetic interview with his mother, after his appointment, was thus addressed by her in such sequence as sobs and tears would permit.

"I suppose they will eat you my dear—I try to think otherwise, but I suppose they will. Well!—We must leave it in the hands of Providence. But if they do—mind, my dear, and disagree with them."

You seem to me daily more worthy of all that a woman with a soul could value than before.

W. H. B.

I forgot to say that at Highgate Hill, in the Tavern we found diamond scratchings on the window panes—and roared to discover "Jane is lovely." Lyttelton said it was evidently not my first visit to Highgate. Tell your Father this.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield:

CLIFTON,
10 *Oct.*, 41.

. . . . Leaving this financial topic, in deep abasement of spirit at having been compelled by the duties of my position towards you, to introduce it, I feel as if I should be *under a cloud* for the remainder of the letter.

I am glad you were astonished at Emily T. I have not got over it yet. She appears to have written such a very "flummery" letter to Julia Hallam—to be sure it was a very difficult one to write, but I dislike the humbug of saying "My beloved Mother—I feel I cannot disguise it from myself—*must* ere very long be taken from us, and I have felt much influenced in my intended marriage by the thought of my future unprotected state," etc., when her £300 per annum was expressly intended to render her quite independent, and of course, to obviate her marrying merely for a

comfortable home. Mrs. Tennyson is in excellent health and not (as from Emily's letter one would suppose) in a rapid consumption, so altogether the excuse was a bad one. Uncle H. told Caroline he was sure E. T. would not have ventured upon the marriage had my Aunt been alive,—but that "as to her allowance, it should of course, make no difference in that." The Tennyson's are reckoned *proud*, and I suppose Emily felt twinges in having to say "I must leave it, of course, entirely to you whether or not you continue the annuity you have so generously allowed me," and then he writing *himself* to the housekeeper, looks as if he were so *very* anxious for the Hallams' answer about the matter. Caroline says it is to be kept secret at present, this engagement.

We have been to Clifton Church to-day, not Mr. Hunt's, though I met him yesterday and received a beaming squeeze of the hand.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield:

CLIFTON,
3 PARAGON
14*th Oct.*

My dearest William,

I feel quite different, except in some broad features which have been with me from my birth (not outward features, as mouth, eyes or nose) to what I was when I lived here last—and I am afraid what is chiefly the same in me are my faults—I am equally lazy as to early rising, equally devoted to any glimmer of admiration from any one, as I was when I was four years old; the only difference in these respects being—I am afraid—that I have more sense of their folly and waste of time. As to the "love of admiration" it has been in abeyance for some time, but to-day I found myself quite excited as I was walking out and really thinking

to myself (which I assure you I very seldom do) *that I was looking remarkably nice* and thought several persons appeared to think so. On discovering this folly I will do myself the justice to say I felt crushed to the size of a diminutive gnat or fly. I don't think there's any doubt of Grandpapa's opening your letter in process of time, and it is very unlike him to leave it unanswered, as he piques himself on a Courtierly exactness in such *gentlemanliness* as *acknowledging the receipt* of letters, and I think he would have a great horror of giving *any stranger* a low opinion of his perfect politeness. I am glad you wrote to him without waiting till you had told me, for I dare say I should have tried to disuade you from it, before I saw what you had written.

You don't like me to say anything that I feel towards you—and I would not for the world get into the habit again, of attempting to do so—and perhaps you are right, for no words that I ever can find show what I feel, while other people seem to have no difficulty or if they have difficulty it does not appear, and I almost envy others their power of writing such gratitude stirring things.

Dr. Pusey preaches at Clifton Church next Sunday, I am curious to hear him. I never heard any one I liked, after *your* preaching, until the other day at Winchester College Chapel, where I heard Dr. Moberly, and was much struck by his sermon, so as to remember parts of it now—which is what one does not often do.

I wonder how Dr. Pusey will please, he has presented a beautiful painted window to Clifton Church, which was not yet finished putting up last Sunday, so the *window frame* was covered by a huge sack-cloth curtain, from ceiling to floor, and Sacrament being administered at the altar where this window is, it reminded me of ancient Christians receiving it in some

hidden and almost unsheltered place—for the wind swayed this curtain to and fro, and the rain was pouring down. The Huntites are in great alarm at this fostering care exhibited by Pusey, and fear all Clifton will go astray. Mrs. Henry Elton is dying to hear him preach, but *would not go on any account*, as it would seem to show she *gave her countenance to such Popish doctrines*.

I suppose Pusey's interest at Clifton commenced by his two little girls being at school here, the little Stuarts are at the same school with them, and say they are "poor little thin creatures, and fast regularly twice a week, and have a list of rules to follow, which their father wrote out for them," nothing much more *atrocious* in all this, than that people "were so *very* ill-natured as to say the eldest Miss Onslow was writing an essay on Zinc."

I should be overjoyed to hear Newman preach, but don't so much care about Pusey. Uncle Hallam's description of Newman's preaching was that he "mumbled as fast as he could, used no action whatever, and tried to give it as little external attractiveness as possible, in short came as near to a Catholic Priest as he could—that's what they all do, these Oxford men."

And this, on the same day that poor Julia was so enraptured at having merely caught sight of him! She never says a word about her Newman passion to her father, so that he talks away quite unconscious of any dissentient voice being present. I believe he will bring Julia to us either Monday or Tuesday in next week—and he will sleep a couple of nights here, as he has to go to Clevedon to look at monuments, I fancy.

You can't think how well papa is looking now—he has left off all *his old clothes* and come out in a style

of magnificence which would quite surprise you. I suppose with a view to his usual theory that everybody knows him here, and knows how to spell his name, etc., he must be elegant, while at Southampton he concluded himself in a state of sublime seclusion.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield :

3 PARAGON,
26th Oct., 1841.

My dearest William,

The Marcets have cleared away, leaving a pleasant impression, and Julia Hallam is with us, and two or three dinner parties await us, Henry Elton's, Ludlow's, etc. By-the-bye I have come to the conclusion Mrs. H. E. is a likeable person, she is always very kind to me and always maintained with some asperity on all occasions that my engagement was an excellent thing, you would be a very good match—such talents as people said you had—and that she must say she did not see how I could do better. Then she never makes speeches, and she never kisses, and she does both to me, and with so much frankness and cordiality, altho' I know it is an unusual thing I am getting to like her sincerely. She told Uncle Hallam, Saturday, that she thought much of my engagement to you. "Oh dear, yes! Mr. Brookfield's sure to get on, sure to get on." I shall be amused to introduce you to our patroniser.

Actually I have written two pages and not said how greatly delighted I shall be if you can arrange to come here the 7th. I have so great a desire to see you, and your voluntary offer puts to the blush my yesterday's entreaties.

If you are able to come here we shall decide who we must have at Church. Give me your opinion as to a wedding gown. Julia Hallam amused me this

morning by saying when I was reading your letter at breakfast, "So you've had a letter from your dear Mr. Brookfield." She seems a little more resigned to Emily Tennyson's marriage, after a letter from Miss Heath to console her, with vindications of Emily on the ground of there being so very few in this world from whom one could hope for sympathy, and love, that every allowance must be made, etc., etc., but still Julia says if he had only been some very talented and prominent person it would have been better, instead of one nobody had ever heard of.

Uncle Hallam, I believe, is just going to Manchester for the Literary Meeting. Papa accomplished his business at Wells very comfortably, and is regularly re-oathed as magistrate. I should have multitudinous millions to say to you if I were talking with you, but with "this dumb pen"—as (Anne Bullar calls it)—I feel shackled.

Mr. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

188 Piccadilly,
29 *Oct.*, 41.

Darling,

Your semitones arrived safely in the most scandalously short scrabble that ever was penned by blushing bride. Pray let your next make some amends. I am not tired of receiving nice letters from you—and they do not lose their value because we are so soon to meet. I believe, Jenny, that I am going to be joined to the finest minded girl in England. Mind you keep up the impression—"I am very particular about it"—of quickest and most apprehensive wit—most genuine modesty of thought and feeling—and of, I think, unmatch'd affectionateness. I never saw such a one—nor ever shall besides yourself.

I look forward with the greatest confidence to much more and better things than a pleasant life with you my dear, dear girl—" privations from narrow income " notwithstanding. And this not for any cause residing in myself—but because of your own excellent nature, my good true soul. All your faults on the surface, your virtues most of them on the surface, but all of them below also. Dearest, dearest Jane, never had bride so high a character to sustain as you will have with me—and I have not formed my estimate in a hurry—nor has it ever fluctuated, but always advanced. God bless you my sweetest, gentlest, truest girl—and make me more deserving such a gift.

W. H. B.

CHAPTER IV

Marriage. Introduction to London. Clevedon. Tunbridge Wells. Emily Tennyson. Mrs. Brookfield's Humour. A Present from Thackeray. Sydney Smith. At Mr. Gladstone's. Rhyming Invitation from Thackeray. Rogers' Breakfasts. The Wreck of an Illusion. Noble young Philanthropists. Chaunts. "Reverence." The Artists' Dinner. Dickens. Lord Palmerston's Blunder. Archdeacon Manning. The Dean's Robe. Historical Tendencies.

The Brookfields were married at Clifton, November 18th, 1841, and Mr. Hallam journeyed from London on purpose to be present at the ceremony. Their honeymoon, which was spent at Weston-super-Mare, was brightened by many a witty and characteristic letter from their many witty friends.

They reached London about Christmas ; and, having taken rooms in Jermyn Street, began at once a new and delightful life. Never before, perhaps, did a young couple fall so quickly or with such ease and grace, into so unique a position, surrounded as they were by a bright and cultured circle of relations and friends, old and new. For in addition to their own families and to Mr. Brookfield's old Cambridge allies, new acquaintances—many of them distinguished socially as well as intellectually—sought their friendship, took them to their hearts and combined to place them in a sphere more brilliant and far more exclusive than any that has existed since. Monckton Milnes, Spedding, Blakesley, and Francis Garden were amongst the first

of their visitors. It was in one of the early months of their married life that Thackeray with his genial *camaraderie* joined them at supper one night and shared their "twopenny tarts." It was to this incident that he referred in some doggerel lines written in '48 to Mrs. Brookfield :

> "A friend I had, and at his side, the story dates from seven long year—
> One day I found a blushing bride, a tender lady kind and dear !
> They took me in, they pitied me, they gave me kindly words and cheer,
> A kinder welcome who shall see than yours, O friend and lady dear ?"

Mrs. Brookfield says it was at her uncle's house in Wilton Crescent that she received her first introduction into London society. Mr. Hallam had a particular fondness for his niece. He took great pride in her beauty and intelligence, and as soon as she came to live in London it was his habit to have her present at his table whenever he had interesting or distinguished guests.

A page from her diary in those early days runs :

April 19*th*, 1842.

Read *British Critic* in the evening till Mr. Venables and A. Tennyson came in to tea. The latter talked with great affection of the Hallams. I went to bed early and left William and his friends discussing Urquhartism.

23*rd*.

Walked to Lady Lyttelton's with William, found

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them at home, and very agreeable and kind. I liked them extremely, but had heard so much about them I felt rather dry.

26*th*.

At the Pearsons'. Bishops of London, Winchester, and Llandaff. London sang in a glee-anthem with the Dean and Miss Pearson. Mr. Hope (afterwards Mr. Hope-Scott) was there, whose face is beautifully intellectual. William followed the Bishop's example in singing.

29*th*.

Breakfasted at the Hallams'. Lords Lansdowne and Mahon were there and Mrs. Marcet. Rogers and Lord Lyttelton failed, so it was not so agreeable as it would have been. Afterwards to Hullah's with Julia, met the Queen returning from the private view of the exhibition to which we all afterwards went. While there the Duchess of Sutherland talked to my uncle. She is *very* handsome.

May 1*st*.

Lord Lyttelton called and sat some time. The dowager lady is appointed governess to the Prince and Princess. In the evening we all walked to Dodworth's chapel (Margaret Street, Cavendish Square). Four clergy were at the Altar and no clerk. I liked his sermon, though his face is not prepossessing nor his delivery good.

29*th*.

The Queen was shot at to-day !

30*th*.

William dined at the Sterling, it was pleasant but not

overflowingly mirthful. Mr. Smedley kindly took me to the Opera. The Queen was there and deafeningly cheered, and "God save the Queen" was twice sung by *all* the singers. Pozzi acted in *Elena da Feltre*; her voice is very sweet. Cerito in the ballet one could see drinking porter behind the scenes, we were so close to the stage.

In the spring of this year Sir Abraham Elton died, and Mr. Brookfield, visiting Clevedon Court, now in the possession of Sir Charles Elton, his wife's father, says to her:

I have just returned from Clevedon, and am delighted with it beyond anticipation. Every delightfully old-fashioned room I saw. Every lovely bit of home landskip. Every quaint romantic terrace, every smooth shaven bit of delicate Ladyfoot grass plot. I placed you there pacing along in perfect harmony with all about, and thought how much more natural, more everything-in-it's-right-place it would be that you should be shedding calm lustre on some such home than that you should be sequestered in Duke Street, St. James', tied to a half begotten, quarter conceived, one-eighth born, one-sixteenth brought up, one thirty-second fortunate, one sixty-fourth deserving, one one-hundred-and-twenty-eighth part of a curate, who at best is only the one two-hundred-and-fifty-sixth part of a man,—who is only the one five-hundred-and-twelfth part of what he might be—and only the one-thousand-and-twenty-fourth part of what he thinks he is—thus I fitted thee to the pretty spots about me.

Correspondence now necessarily ceased for a time

to be so elaborate, but when Mrs. Brookfield went in the autumn on a short visit to the Hallams at Tunbridge Wells, she wrote :

WELLINGTON PLACE,
TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
30*th Sept.*, 1842.

My dearest William,

I suppose you hardly expected to hear from me to-day, and that your philosophic mind has not been beset with any shadow of a doubt of my " safe arrival." My Uncle looks very well and is a little awful, as usual. Riding is the order of the day, and to-morrow I am going out (not in a carriage you'll be surprised to hear, as I've used the word *riding*, but) to sit on a horse and drive it. Mrs. Tighe, " the Queen of Tunbridge," has just paid me a visit, a clever Irish woman, and a great friend of Uncle Hallam's. She has invited me to join her dinner party next Friday. Harry Hallam goes to Cambridge on Monday and is, I believe, to be under John Heath, of which Julia is very sorry, as after his conduct to M. T. of course her opinion of him is quite altered, but it was settled he was to be Harry's tutor long before his fracas with the Tennysons. I told them about Barbadoes* (with the caution of secrecy), and Uncle H. was quite excited, saying the offer showed, at all events, that you would be offered similar good things ere long—though he hoped not abroad.

The expression " riding " was used in reference to one of their friends who would persist in saying " I was *riding* in a carriage."

* Mr. Brookfield had been offered the Bishopric of the Barbadoes.

October 2nd.

We went a delightful ride yesterday through lovely scenery to see Penshurst (Sir Phillip Sydney's), a curious old house, but the oldest part quite neglected, fine old Peter Lely and Vandyke pictures cracking and smouldering on the walls, and all kinds of interlopers of modern date thrust in among them. Mrs. Tighe accompanied us in our expedition ; she is a nice person and has anecdotes of the Queen and Prince Albert, from the best authorities, with which to win my heart (she is nearly connected with the Duke of Richmond and many other authoritative people). I rode a nice white horse which cantered delightfully and made me feel ten years younger at the time (and a hundred years older now, for I am bruised almost all over). The Hallams ride nearly every day, which will be very pleasant.

The Church we went to to-day is most disagreeably arranged, there are free sittings, instead of pews, which are placed at random almost, so that one is stared at on all sides. We heard such a very very stupid sermon preached by the Rector, a little red-faced, regularly fubsy man, all fat and no bones, who read an Essay upon Shadrach, etc., in the furnace, and said they were "certainly sincere men"! which was a startlingly novel truth.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
7th October.

My dearest William,

There is to be rather a gay party at Mrs. Tighe's

to-night—Signor Nigri is to sing, and people coming after our dinner party. She gives parties twice a week, I believe, and has a very pretty house and a lovely garden where we walk by her desire. The other day she praised me to my Uncle, and corrected Mrs. Booth in a belief that I was only a niece to a BARONET, and in short demands my gratitude and admiration in a signal manner! Mrs. Booth declared she should have been quite shocked if she had sent me out *en qualite de nièce* instead of DAUGHTER to SIR CHARLES, as she is very particular about etiquette. I walked with the Rices to-day in the Pantiles, a paved walk surrounded with shops, where the band plays twice a day, and where the *elite* of the place are expected to promenade at 11 o'clock and at 3. I was sorry to write you such a short letter yesterday, but I was so much interrupted I could hardly write at all. I pitied Emily Tennyson in having to introduce her husband to Uncle Hallam—he was, however, very kind in his shake hands to him, and she looked much pleased at our all being friendly. Mr. J. is going to Caen for 3 months, to learn French, and leaves his wife behind him! which seems a funny plan. Emily was dressed oddly and had hair in long ringlets down her back, which looked singular and elf-like, and merely worn because she fancied it. He wears spectacles, has a pale good-humoured face with a large mouth and rather weak eyes, talks fast, and was perhaps a little flurried, as yesterday was his first introduction to Uncle H., without whose, etc., etc.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

8 *Oct.* 1842.

I don't wonder at the J——'s being awkward. I am glad you are to have the engraving of H. H. I am pleased with your lively gratitude at perceiving

that Garden and I acquit you of being dull however unconvinced we may remain of your being other than a negress—an atheist and a petto.

Dear Jenny—it is great gain having such a wench as thou to jest with. How different Miss Lucy, the young lady I have lately left, as white as a turnip, an orthodox Christian and doubtless qualified for maid of honour to Diana—but alas! no glimpse of humour, thoroughly amiable and all that, even laughs as hard as she can at one—but then she laughs not at one's wit but at one's unusualness merely, has no insight into the absurdity with which all things are as rife as foolish poets say they are of beauty. Well, I shall see thee on Monday—but remember not till a quarter-past four when there shall be all sorts of magnificence awaiting you.

Ever thine, dearest Jenny,
W. H. B.

Mr. Brookfield delighted in his wife's humour, and the above refers to a conversation which took place between himself and Garden. When the latter was one day praising his friend's bride, Mr. Brookfield said: "Ah! I believe I could have married a humpback or a black, but I could not have married a woman without a sense of humour."

In writing about how to congratulate Lord Lyttelton on the birth of a son and heir, he says: "I found this pleasant news on my return from the inmost bowels of Berkshire where I left Gyp in the keeping of her sister now a Curate's 'Lady'—for the newspapers with a laudable zeal for the celibate never allow us clergy to have 'wives.'"

At Christmas Mr. Thackeray made Mrs. Brookfield a present of one of his books—the first he ever sent to her, to which she replied :

My dear Mr. Thackeray,

I must thank you for your kindness in sending your book, which I have been very much delighted and amused with this evening. I should like to expatiate further upon it, but it always appears absurd presumption in me to do more than express bare admiration for any kind of genius, and this sort of reverence I am feeling to so awestruck a degree as entirely to hinder the expression of it, or of anything else, and hence an amount of stammering stupidity which you see vanity makes me anxious to excuse to you—though in a somewhat rigmarole way.

William was much disappointed not to see you last night ; he came in only five minutes after you left. About New Year's Eve I think it is best for myself, at all events, to decline, and William was afraid he could not manage it either, but I don't think he gave me a definite message. Could you not by possibility dine with us in homely fashion on that day ?

Believe me, yours most sincerely,

J. O. Brookfield.

In February, '43, she writes in her diary : " I went to the Gurneys'. William went to a chop-house and enmingled with Thackeray and others." Mr. Brookfield at this time was going walks with Thackeray, for walks in those days were regular institutions ; and even Mrs. Brookfield walked. We find her meeting Mr. Garden on London Bridge, who kept her talking in order to tell how much the Spring Rices had admired

and praised her to him, and who also told how "William had so much admiration expressed for him as to be quite a 'snare' to him." While "William" was away on a short visit she wrote :

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

Wednesday,
May, 1843.

My dearest William,

I have been out at the Hallams' and also paying visits till I have very little time to write to you left. The Wilton Crescent Rout of last night I really liked very much, tho' Laura thought it very dull, but there were sundry notables there. Mr. Spedding talked a good deal with me and he told me his smoking party on Monday was quite a failure, he was dining out and after getting away early to go home found he had no cigars. It was pouring with rain, but he bought some and then left them behind him in the cab, being so busy paying the driver, and that he quite forgot to take out his parcel ; on which the cabman will regale for many a day to come, I suppose. Only Mr. Spring Rice braved the elements to go to Spedding's ; he was at the Hallams' and told me the Henry Taylors wish to make our acquaintance and will call when we come home. I shall like to know them. I talked to Mrs. Sartoris [Adelaide Kemble] a little bit, and listened to Sydney Smith talking to her. Lord Lansdowne was there and the Romillys and Wickhams.

Mr. Parr is in Town and going with us to Drury Lane to-night ; it is the Keeleys' benefit, but Macready acts in the *Jealous Wife.* Mrs. Sartoris has a fine tragic countenance and deep-toned voice. Speaking of Alfred Tennyson, she said, "I am very fond of Alfred, he is so simple and so good," and of Rogers, "We get on very well, for he only attacks clever,

talented people, and as I'm neither talented, nor clever nor anything remarkable, I get on very well with him." Of course I made the requisite answer of "If that's your only safeguard"—which was graciously received. What a hideous, odd-looking man Sydney Smith is! with a mouth like an oyster, and three double chins. I did not hear him say anything strikingly amusing.

The Miss Southebys talked to me and asked after you with a sort of reverential interest (though I believe they have never seen or heard you!) "Ah! his arduous duties!—and, Ah! I hear St. James' fills so much more now he is the attraction." Caroline says the Romillys told her Mr. Spedding spoke so very highly in your praises.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

40 Duke St., St. James,
London,
27 *May*, 43.

I dined at Lyttelton's, after a very popish celebration at Oakeley's (the Rev. Frederick Oakeley). Candles on the altar lighted (tho' staring day-light) and two common oil lamps in the body of the church lighted also to make believe that there was any necessity for it. Dinner at L.'s pleasant but informal as before.

Spencer and Caroline undressed; and all very careless and free and easy. They dressed afterwards to go to Mrs. W. E. Gladstone's, whither I accompanied them.

There was a small private amateur concert. Lord Compton and a Mrs. Barnes sang excellently. It was a smartish assemblage. People got me introduced to them, to wit, Lord Robert Grosvenor, Miss Harcourt, Mrs. Milnes Gaskell—and who doth your La'ship think—Lady Pembroke. In they came sailing, the fair bevy of beauties—Lady Dunmore, Lady Emma Vesey,

and LADY BRRRUCE ! However I did not get speech of the youngsters, but had a chat with the Dowager who remembered me at Hagley. I left a card on her to-day and on the Gaskells, the male of whom called on me on Wednesday last. Lady Bruce did not look nearly so well as formerly—very thin—and I thought stern. She was perhaps jealous of her Mother. Also I resumed acquaintance with Lady Galway, who is very good natured. This morning I had occasion to call on Dalton at the Bishop's about a curate. Bishop came in—he looked rather keen at my collar (Oh—la !) while he talked—and told me that they had that morning voted me "or rather Mrs. Brookfield" a key, which would be sent us, of the Square Gardens. Thence to Lady Hoare's, who made me lunch ; Mrs. Lethbridge's elder sister was there —also very pretty but not equal to Leth—who, by the way, was not at all affected to-day.

They drove me to leave the two cards above mentioned and then I left them. I met Spring Rice yesterday on my way to Islington, who said that he should dress with the less satisfaction as you were not to be there—all this time I forget that I have not mentioned that he was going to dine at the Hallams'.

On returning home at night I found the following invitation—of course from Titmarsh :

If you like two or three
Of your cronies to see
There's a swarry
To-morry
At Mitre court B.

Lord J. Manners gives me a delightful account of the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees, where he made such an excursion as I project—but I can hardly venture upon it without Buller. I like Toby's honesty

about wet Sunday sermons, though I should uncharitably suspect that the difference between them and his dry Sunday sermons might not be considerable.

The surprise of the Bishop was at the fact that Mr. Brookfield was wearing a collar instead of a "stock." It was before the fashion of "Roman" collars.

Some time in May the Brookfields breakfasted with Rogers—"by note invitation," Mrs. Gladstone having *named* the breakfast party by Rogers' request. Mrs. Brookfield says most people gave "breakfasts" in those days, Milnes, Kinglake, everybody,—but Rogers' were the best. His stories were invariably lengthy and did not always possess a point though they did generally contain a moral; but his histrionic skill was so great that nobody perceived this want—his keen and vivacious manner kept everybody always intently interested until the last word had been spoken.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

FOREST LODGE,
31*st May*, 1843.

I cannot think the lady would dare cut you, even if you had given her any cause (unless you were in Shorts?) I am amused at Titmarsh's invitation. I am sorry you have had another smoking bout, you are not a very good patient and I don't think you give Wm. Bullar a chance of doing you good, if you disobey and preach 3 times too—however, of course it is very difficult to avoid the latter, but I should have thought Spedding resistable considering how unwell you are. Don't ever again play any pranks in your directions to me, at least while I am here, the

reason being that I was kept full five minutes waiting for my letter in consequence, George saying "Jane,—I - found-a - letter - in - the - letter - bag - to-day - which I - intend - returning - to the post - office - to - be - stuck-up-at-the-Dead-Letter-Office." "Oh! I dare say it's for me, pray give it me."—"Do you-know-any-body of-the-name-of-Bruce-Leth-Brookfield? *I* don't, and so I intend to return the letter to the post office, ha, ha, ha!" Highly facetious but an intense bore. It was only by being rather testy that I got the letter, and it is bad enough at any time to depend on his pleasure as to when he opens the Bag and when he dispenses the letters, so Beware of "Mr. Brookfield's wit" whenever you write to me here. Mr. Waddington is arrived, but his wife had a cold and could not come; he is a fat, dumpy little man, with a thick Newmarket Guttural voice, and very stiff high neck-cloth, all starch—but he seems the essence of good-nature, very talkative and anecdotic, with sometimes quite a dash of humour. Mr. Buck is coming to-day; he is a man who "Sits down every day to a dinner dressed by a first-rate man cook, but if he can't put up with what we can give him, I should never wish to see him at my table. Maria, I hope there'll be a good dish of boiling fish—both Buck and Waddington prefer Boiled Fish." I could hardly forbear bursting forth to Maria Pilgrim with "How well you are looking," only I thought 'twould be assuming how bad she had been looking before her face was cured. Maria Robbins told me she had always felt so extremely grateful to you for a little thing you once said. Laura was speaking of poor Mrs. D., and said she did not admire her, or think her handsome, "why she has such a red nose!" "Well (you answered), surely that is not fatal to beauty—it does not make her features less pretty"—(or words to that effect), and Maria

said she really longed to thank you. Well, I think I shall be interrupted if I don't "make end" at once, so I bid thee adieu.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

NEIGHBOURHOOD OF SOUTHAMPTON,
2nd June, 1843.

Caroline sent Maria a "very fashionable" "Nemours" head-dress (not Dowagery) the other day, and I have been ingeniously making up an imitation of the same for myself, as I had some lace by me that answered the purpose. Buck (what a name!) seemed much entertained at my millinery—it was quite a good joke for him; he is very good-natured, and not so fond of boiled fish as I had expected. It seems his wife! (how truly and disgustingly atrocious) is the *gourmande* and keeps "Her man cook," etc. Maria tells me she scrapes her little pat of butter all over every morning before she will eat it, although 'tis made fresh every day, by a scrupulously clean dairy woman, and if anything she is eating happened to touch the edge of her plate, she would not eat it for worlds, because the footman's thumb might have been there before—and she offended Col. Robinson extremely, by refusing to allow him to cut her some bread, merely because she would then have to fear his hand might touch what she was given to eat! added to all this she dines daily on *side dishes*, and all the most pamperingly-fastidious-ratifee-marmalade-puddings that can be concocted. Very loathsome, and unworthy "my pen" or your eyes. Beware of ever repeating or alluding to any anecdotes I may tell you—people like well enough to abuse their own relations, but I don't think they at all fancy other people's doing the same, or betraying their own pet stories against their relations to the rest of the community.

George Robbins is not at all otherwise than impressed with an idea that you are "Stark, staring Mad," since your directions to me. To-day he begged I would present his "very respectful compliments and tell you that he thought you must really be a Booby instead of the man of sense he had taken you to be"—and after this speech (which, of course, he did not intend me to give you as a message) I was allowed to have my letter, on the direction of which he has harped all day, "Mistress Brookfield!—well! I never really did hear anything so absurd"—"Care of Capt. Robbins!!" In short "He (George Robbins) "He harps but on one lonely string," and "Thou (W. H. B.) hast many a one." Don't goad me on to madness by telling me "the Men" at Spedding's enquired after me!!!!!—must not "the men" have included ——? And am I not already sufficiently *au désespoir* at that name? I don't think I've anything to tell you, you old Machiavel Circumventor (with Orthodox to one "friend" and Pusey to the other). But I thank you for your very nice entertaining letter of to-day, which I have read 5 times over and shall probably read 5 times again.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

40 Duke St., St. James,
London,
3rd June, 43.

Dearest Jane,

You will sympathise with me, I know, upon the ruthless stifling of a few years' passion—the withering of hopes that in that time however hopeless yet were never utterly unhopeful—the vanishing of visions—the dissipation of dreams—the wreck of sweet illusions. . . . . You have heard me speak (I think)

of Lady B. I thought when first I saw and spoke to her in the bloom of mutual youth ten years ago that creation had no fairer offspring. . . . . .

Last Thursday night I was at Dowager Lady Lyttelton's. In the course of the evening Caroline L. said to me laughing (not ignorant of the condition of my heart), "Lady B. says she cannot catch your eye, and that you have forgotten her." This, of course, led to re-introduction—but the voice had lost its maiden melody and had become rather loud and prompt. The Bloom had left the cheek and brow, and fawn freckles crowded both like buttercups in a meadow. The features had become sharp and thin—and all the fond fancies that had crowded round my heart at mention of her name began to take flight, and . . . .

Finis ! . . .

After all I do her injustice—she is very pretty—but best in bonnet and at slight distance—but I feel that something is gone from her in my mind since the above. It was a pretty enough assemblage. It was the Dowager's party. She was very gracious, enquired after you. I had talk with Lady Clinton, Mrs. Spencer, Bruce, John Manners, Copley Fielding, Archdeacon Wilberforce, Miss Harcourt, etc., so that it was not dull. Caroline borrowed last Sunday's sermon—(your favourite "Arise," etc.) Spencer was flattering about it, and Mrs. Spencer (separately from them) hoped it would be printed but was afraid I did not write out my sermons so that anybody could read them, intimating that she would fain borrow it. I had previously been to the Bishop for an hour. There were "Gloucester and Bristol"—"Edinburgh"—Manning—Wilberforce—Dukenfield, and two or three more. Yesterday I dined alone. Just after dinner a person came with a begging letter not knowing that I was the same person to whom he had applied in the Vestry

two days before to proselytize him from his born Romish faith to the Protestant—which I soon perceived to be sheer humbug—so I went downstairs (thinking from the letter it was the same person), and saying that if he would follow me I would see what I could do for him. I—like a good Samaritan as I am, and like Charles Surface when "justice and generosity are running a race in my heart—I cannot help it, but damme! generosity always gets ahead" I, I say, like C. S. and the Samaritan, conducted him to the Police office—but what is to be done with him I don't know.

I quite forgot that your friend's name was Buck—and my small wit about Back was fatuous.

Ever thine,

W. H. B.

In July this year Mr. Brookfield received his licence for St. Luke's, Berwick Street (a dependence of St. James'), which ministry he seems to have maintained alongside with his preachership at Tenison's, etc., and a little later he is found to be preaching in a "surplice," which practice, however, he was very soon persuaded to give up.

Lord Lyttelton to Mr. Brookfield:

HAGLEY,

5 *Sept.*, 43.

Loved Incumbent,

Write! Let me know how you are, how you have been, how you are to be, when you are to be, and all other tenses, moods, voices, and parts of speech relating to your existence.

I hope you have heard from the lady dowager (between whom and the Queen Dowager now in Worcestershire there is an inextricable confusion in the minds of the sons of the soil) that you are to exact marriage in London between my sister and my brother-in-law, an event which gives us much satisfaction.

We shall be up in town for it, and no doubt some suburb will again be illuminated by one of those not unremarkable dialogico-gastro-peripatetical visits of the Priest and the Peer, of which some are already on the page of universal History.

We are all well and hope Mrs. Brookfield is no less.

Yours ever,

LYTTELTON.

These walks were not the only practices that the "Priest and the Peer" had in common. Mr. Brookfield, in the discharge of his clerical duties was punctilious as well as enthusiastic. He possessed a genius for persuading adults who had not received Baptism to seek that Sacrament; the number of infant Baptisms also increased greatly under his influence. A letter of his to a well-known lady urging her to have her children baptised is a model of kindness and discretion. In getting together candidates for baptism he was aided by Lord Lyttelton, who though still young, was, in spite of the lightness of his letters, of a pious and serious disposition, always assisting Mr. Brookfield in parish work whenever he was near to him and giving help and advice in especial cases when away.

Mr. Brookfield has said how glad he was to learn

from Mrs. Carlyle that his sermons had a real influence on many young men of name and position, who would not listen to other preachers, but it gave him a greater pleasure to find earnest young men of this very class, able and eager to give him practical assistance in his labours when occasion offered. The hard winter of '43 overwhelmed him with work, and the sufferings of the poor wrung his heart, but the unobtrusive assistance and encouragement given by his two young friends, Lord Lyttelton and Lord John Manners, lightened his days, and in a large degree made the outlook more hopeful. It is pleasant to note the steady philanthropic interest these young men took in current events. Lord John Manners wrote to him as follows :

Woolley Park,
Broseley,
23rd Oct., 1843.

My dear Brookfield,

I have heard nothing of you since your return from foreign parts, save the fact duly recorded in the *Morning Post* of your having married the H. Glynns. Let me hear how the tour succeeded, and how you are in health.

While I remember it, let me ask if they continue sending the loaves to the vestry ? If they don't will you go to the shop (the corner of Bond Street and Piccadilly) and tell them that you are commissioned by the gentleman (they don't know me) to tell them to continue sending them, and that when I return to London I will pay them. Is any project on foot for relieving the poor in London ? I like the line or rather

tone adopted by the *Times* in pointing out the Church as the proper almsgiver, and have been thinking that an appeal in favour of a distinct confraternity, written by a clergyman acting in London, would be good weight just now ; why should not you undertake it ? Is the thing altogether impracticable ; the spirit seems alive and ready ; if so—a house, a dress, a rule alone are to be supplied.

Read Wiseman's letter on Catholic Unity *sub finem*. Pray turn this over in your thoughts ; St. James' of all the London parishes would be the easiest to begin with, if the Bishop and Rector would sanction it, funds might, I am sure, be raised without any difficulty. I believe Miss Coutts can be reckoned on as willing to promote it ; and if it was once made known publicly that such a plan was in active contemplation, no doubt the numbers of people who all over the country are wishing for the establishment of some sort of Monastic houses would willingly subscribe to make so favourable a beginning. At any rate let me know what you think about it ; the more I think the subject over the more do I feel convinced that if the Church of England is really to *do* anything among the poor masses She must go out of her present parochial system. This will be my direction for a week more, With my kind regards to Mrs. Brookfield,

I am,

Dear B., affectly yours,

JOHN MANNERS.

P.S.—In case my friend the baker should be obdurate I send a cheque for £5, of which spend part in defraying the cost of the dole, the rest in what charitable way you think best.

Lord John Manners to Mr. Brookfield:

Belvoir Castle,
30*th December*, 1843.

My dear Brookfield,

At last my Southey scheme has marched a step. The Bishop of London conditionally sanctions it, and I'm now preparing for a declaration in the papers; drawing out a committee and so on; I am ashamed, knowing your multitudinous businesses, to ask you to take any part in it, but a recollection of your services on a former occasion makes me wish to see you on said committee; either as plain committee-man, or better still secretary or treasurer, if you would be one I'd be the other.

I don't want the committee to be large, but a select working one, and at present propose Lyttelton, Sir J. Hanmer, Dicky Milnes, Mr. Watts Russell, you and I as its constituent parts.

The constitution of the Order is briefly this: the Sisters are to be Churchwomen, but to relieve all distressed creatures indiscriminately, they are not to be bound by vows, but during their Sistership to obey all the rules of the House, and their Superior is to be appointed by the Bishop, and the parish priest is to supervise the establishment, the Bishop being the visitor and all other rules will be referred to him before they are adopted.

Now, ye anti-popery varlets, come on!

Something like £300 is already promised, and once get the vessel under sail and she'll make the port, I'll be bound. Will Mr. Ward come in? Mr. Page, of Woodpit, has written a most encouraging letter, and most people seem to admit the idea readily. I am so taken up with this, having at present all the work on my own shoulders, that I can hardly think of anything else. But I must wish you all the hearty

compliments of the season, and a prosperous and healthful new year.

In haste I rest
Your assured friend,
JOHN MANNERS.

Mrs. Brookfield at this time did her part in making clothes and soups for the poor ; but her husband never encouraged her in regular district visiting. She also made his "bands" for him, copied out his sermons in her bold fine handwriting, and translated others written by the most celebrated preachers of Europe.

Few of Mr. Brookfield's many talents were unemployed at this busy period of his life. It is no uncommon thing to find him, at the end of a very full day, engaged in looking over the speeches of friends or in drafting and writing out letters for them. In '43, with a view to the improvement of congregational singing, he compiled and produced a Book of Chaunts metrically divided. It was probably upon the strength of this that he was invited to examine schools in singing and to rehearse choirs. He writes thus to his wife on this subject from Marlborough College :

COLLEGE,
MARLBORO',
3 *May*, 1844.

My dear Jane,

At twelve I had the boys into Church and found that they had really nothing to learn, they did the chanting so well. I shall hear them again this evening with the organist. I dined in Hall, almost as at

Cambridge, a dinner being provided for the Masters at a table separate from and placed a foot higher than those at which the youngsters dine at one (when the Masters lunch). Dinner over, we adjourned as at Cambridge to the combination room, *i.e.*, the room where M.A.'s combine to drink wine, crack Barcelonas, and talk reason seasoned with salt wit, while at the meagre nursery for sickly minds in Oxfordshire they are sitting in what their dialect calls a common room sucking stewed prunes and mumbling indistinct eructations of crazy superstition. The Masters are six university men, including the Apostle of Intemperance. All of like age and very kind gentlemanly fellows, and you may rely upon it I was not long in finding my chair an easy one. When we had made facts stand out in sufficiently bold relief the etiquette was to go and hear Wilson whom they had got down to sing Scottish songs in the Town Hall. At ten thirty adjourned to combination where a slight supper was furnished for Wilson (who, however, sang no more), and we had a very chatty Cambridge sort of party. We broke up soon after twelve. I was temperate as a Nun, one glass of wine, and one of mountain dew in compliment to Wilson, but a headache this morning gave Oxford a momentary advantage in the perpetually recurring comparison.

To which his wife replied from Clevedon Court :

I am glad you have been so gay (as people provoke one with saying if one has dined or tea'd otherwise than at home), and I am gladder that the Marlboro' boys do justice to the sweat of your brow.

I don't know whether you have grown more intensely superior and intellectual or I more overpoweringly dull and silly, but I can't divest myself

of the fear of your thinking half I say of no value for your reading or hearing.

She then proceeds at length to tell him her friends' opinions upon the religious questions of the hour.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

23 Gt. Pulteney St.,
London,
13 *May*, 44.

My dear Jane,

I must say that the perfectly undisputed way in which your Oxford friends have been allowed to lay down as a ruled point that " Reverence " is a virtue without subjecting it to the same rules of limitation and proportion as other propensities (for it is no more) is not a little careless on the part of my friends. Benevolence is a virtue, but not the benevolence which gives to a canting impostor what is due to the Butcher and Baker. Courage is a virtue but not that which rushes like a vain ostentatious Irishman, " Whurra ah ! then now ! pilliloo ! arrah ! thunder and turf ! aghrah ! " into the thick of an unnecessary row ; and Reverence is a virtue, but not that reverence which refuses to ask any question connected with religion, dares not dispute " My Mother told me," and believes everything that was said " by them of old time." I met in an excellent sermon by a writer of little name the other day upon the text " Temperate in all things," that " intemperate courage, or courage in excess, is temerity ; caution in excess is cowardice, belief in excess is credulity, firmness in excess is obstinacy, and reverence in excess is superstition." To recognise the presence and the hand of the Deity, to look carefully for a moral and spiritual truth and lesson, and to treat the subject tenderly and gravely seems to me the way in which

Reverence would deal with the Angel question in either case you mention. To insist on or rather to require others to believe in the material angel seems to me superstition, obstinately to deny angelic intervention of any kind seems to me something quite as foolish, and the question whether there was or was not an intermediate agency purely indifferent provided you recognise the agency.

Good gracious! three sides about this. Saturday at six to the Artists' Dinner. I have been at as bad but never so stupidly placed, between a twaddling benevolent, self-satisfied old Cheeryble, and a pilling Surgeon. Lord Palmerston's speeches were amusing to me as exhibiting how a Public Man, thoro'ly accustomed to speak, and not caring the shadow of a fraction of a hang whether he succeeded or not, would handle such flimsy topics. He did not excel, however, nor anybody else. Dickens spoke, shortly and well enough, but it had a very cut and dried air, and rather pompous and shapely in its construction and delivered in a rather sonorous deep voice. Not a jot of humour in it. He looks like Milnes, same height and shape, still longer hair, but not his demoniacal good humour of expression. I was totally ignored, no Church, no Chaplain, no personal ME was drunk, while the medical officers were proposed, and indeed everybody else.

This was a decided blunder of theirs. Altogether the dinner was much like other such—no better and could not be worse.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

23 GT. PULTENEY ST., GOLDEN SQ.,
LONDON,
15 *May*, 1844.

My dear Jane,

The evening of the last day I wrote to you I dined

alone here and afterwards picked up Monteith, Venables, Lushington, and Chapman, at Oxford and Cambridge Club. Monteith took us to Fenton's Hotel, where we had a very pleasant evening.

I have no intention to dine at the Artist Malevolent again. I was introduced to Lord Palmerston and chatted with him a few minutes, but was not near him at table.

The cruellest blow of all was, not being ranked below a very modest and sensible apothecary as I was, but being made inferior to Sir William Ross, portrait painter, a man who is not " Rather an ass " (Hallam). There the owl sate opposite to me on the superior side of the table grinning sweetly and patronizingly, when I opened my lips, with a dreadfully mechanical face. However I had a few moments of unmixed extatic bliss. Lord Palmerston, in proposing the Royal Academy, blundered into a most unfortunate congratulation of the world at large that every Exhibition showed *fewer portraits* and more of the higher and *more imaginative* and *essentially artistic* works of art. He began to find out his mistake (as nine-tenths of the people present were sign painters and takers of profiles " in this style "), and to flounder out but not till I had enjoyed the gathering frown on the Knight's brow. He was also good when Palmerston was paying Stansfeld a very well deserved compliment on a sea piece (one of the best I ever saw), and facetiously proposed that if we felt no qualms after contemplating that most lively representation of a very uncomfortable sight (a rough sea) we should couple his name with the Royal Academy. The joke was bad enough, but also good enough for after dinner, and everybody laughed except the Knight, who only sneeringly remarked " His lordship is rather badly off for a joke this afternoon ! ! !

How I am prating away, meantime the hours glide on with eternity at their back, and the post will close in five minutes.

Farewell. Kind love to all. Ever
Yours most affectionately,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

23 GT. PULTENEY ST., GOLDEN SQUARE,
22 *May*, 1844.

My dear Jane,

I went yesterday with Lyttelton to the Zoological Gardens, where we staid near three hours, thence to Hampstead, I wishing to call on the Greys. We dined together very comfortably at the Inn "Jack Straw's Castle," where we dined once before, stewed eels, beefsteak, sparrow grass, potatoes, cheeses, salad, beer, and "a comfortable glass," five shillings each.

It may be presumed we sate down with misgiving sensations. But it was exceedingly agreeable. A Cambridge Puseyite against an Oxford any day. I ventured to hint that a Communion might be valid and beneficial tho' there were no credence table, he did not grow red in the face at my daring profanity; and I wondered reverentially whether in all Archdeacon Manning's parsonage there was such a thing as a looking glass. He did not call down fire from heaven upon the blasphemy that assumed the possibility of the Archdeacon's consciousness of having a cravat or apron or silk stockings. He told me what we both laughed at violently. The Duke of Saxe Coburg (Prince Albert's brother) asked the dowager (Lady Lyttelton) at Court one day with very rapid utterance, "Did you read 'Lost Paradise'?" for "Have you read 'Paradise Lost'?"

Oh, I forgot to tell you Maitland, the Archbishop's

chaplain and librarian, said to Lyttelton about Manning, that he observed somehow or the other all these fellows are "such excessive dandies," "Manning, for instance, was here an hour ago just out of a band box."

I do not know whether I shall go to Mrs. Procter's or not; very likely if my cough is tolerable, tho' I have not much curiosity; and of course it is only curiosity that would take one. Last Sunday at St. Luke's "we observed" (*Morning Post*) the pretty girls, the swells, the thoughtful girl, the everlastings, the genteel girl, the Huffee (who has never been to Communion since I made her take her glove off), the Wynn, the incomprehensible, and numerous other upper crust parties.

Ever most affectionately yours,
W. H. B.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

23 Gt. Pulteney St., Golden Sq.,
London,
10 *June*, 1844.

My dear Jane,

This is sad work. I shall be very anxious to hear from you day by day till you come.

I preached at St. Luke's a.m. Dean helped, and the greatest loss by far which your illness entails upon you is that of not having been present on this occasion. The donkey in entering the desk got his robes somehow or other caught in the door. This he did not discover till he had begun reading, when he had not presence of mind to disentangle them, but proceeded as follows, I being below at the Altar.

"Dearly beloved brethren, (Mr. Brookfield, *sotto voce*). The Scripture moveth us (Mr. Brookfield! (louder)) in sundry places (Mr. Brookfield!!)." I looked round and perceived him literally with a face

agonized with terror as if a rat were biting at his heel; I could not see what was the matter and asked if he were ill, but he went on alternately reading three words, then turning round with terrified face and gesture to his entangled hood till the tragedy worked itself to this pitch, "And altho" (a terrified wink at the desk door) we ought at all times (do assist me) humbly to acknowledge (I'M CONFINED, MR. BROOKFIELD) (in an audible voice). At this I gave the door a rude pull, released the unlucky vestment, turned round to bury my convulsions in my surplice, and all thenceforward went on smoothly, but of course I could not ask the fool to preach for me at night, it would not have been safe.

I preached an old sermon with new bits, rather telling, I think. The greatest compliment I ever had paid me was from my old Law Master, who was there and came round to meet me as I left the pulpit; a great bear who hated me when I was with him, and whom I should have thought incapable of thinking anything I could say or do tolerable. However, he praised very much, tooked hashed mutton with me, went to St. Luke's at night and praised again.

I am writing all this merriment while you are suffering.*

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

23 GT. PULTENEY ST., GOLDEN SQ.,
9 *Nov.*, 1844.

My dear Jane,

I only lent Leon one Sovereign. I am extremely

* While on a visit to a sister in Devonshire Mrs. Brookfield had been taken suddenly ill with a malady which confined her to her bed for some months during which time she wrote no letters. This illness rendered her delicate and caused her to be somewhat of an invalid for several years afterwards.

sorry for you, dear Jane ; but facts are facts, we cannot control truth ; it is and cannot be as if it were not.

I will also say, too, wishing you most heartily every support under the trial. I knew perfectly well, seven days ago it will be in one single half hour. I knew of Mrs. B.'s sentiments with reference to the blind girl. I knew of her writing. I knew the purport of the letter. But, my dear Jane, be calm,—the historical tendency is in the family.*

Sir Charles' *Roman Emperors*, Hallam's *Middle Ages*, what are they but instances, creditable instances of this propensity to record in their own peculiar dialect, and like yourself with their own peculiar charm, what had been known to mankind for ages.

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* Mrs. Brookfield had been visiting and tending a blind girl in her husband's parish and without his knowledge. She had just now in a long letter confessed this act to him.

CHAPTER V

"The Set." A Birthday Party. Compliments from Rogers. London Library. Party at the Procter's. Moxon and Alfred Tennyson. Rogers' Kindness. Wordsworth's presentation to the Queen. A Walk. Gladstone. Kinglake and Eöthen. A Country Visit. Aubrey de Vere. Harry Hallam. A Dinner. Barry Cornwall's Hospitality. A Sermon. Mrs. Procter and Mrs. Brookfield. Hallam and the Parrot. Accident to Thackeray. Father Prout. Mrs. Norton. With Thackeray at Brighton. Tennyson's Pension. Wilkie Collins.

Mr. Brookfield had small-pox during the first days of the new year, during which illness he walked, talked, preached as usual, merely slackening a little when he learned the nature of his malady to write new sermons or re-write old ones, which "sport" he maintained was "becoming a mania with him."

They saw a good deal of Rogers about this time, and were in the habit of dining "extempore" with the Hallams and others, and in fact 1845 witnessed, what may be called, the consolidation of the many friendships earlier begun. As the Brookfields were in London for the whole of the first part of that year, their diaries give some account of how and with whom they spent their time. And the record of their doings on any given day or week was then practically a history of every other one; for the actions of the "Set," as Thackeray called a privileged few, became quite charmingly simple directly any members of it found themselves in the neighbourhood of the others. A close, constant, pleasant intimacy would inevitably ensue and continue

until the hour when some of them, forced away by sterner duties, were found to fly "the festive scene." "Festive" describes almost accurately most of that wonderful companionship; they had no wearyings whatever in one another's society, they extemporised banquets, they strolled in and out of each other's dwellings, they assembled the most brilliant of people on the shortest of notices; they struck their wits together and always emitted sparks; they took keen and often critical interest in each other's life and work, and when they parted set forth stimulated to other and finer achievements, which in many cases were in due time brought forth to the joy and enrichment of the world.

Mr. Thackeray, for instance, was in the habit of breakfasting with the Brookfields every Saturday—but that regular engagement in no way prevented their all meeting at dinners and suppers there and in other places that same day as well as on most others. And so it was with most of them, they went from one to the other, they met *en route* their choicest friends, they took them home, they petted and praised them, they kept them late, knowing well they were all about to begin early another day of similar informal routine.

We do not quote much from the diaries in order to avoid repetition, and also because they seem to grow more entertaining when elaborated into letters as they are later on in this year.

March 12th, 1845. [Diary.]

To Milnes' to breakfast. Sir William and Lady

Chatterton, Kenyon, Canon Roach, Mrs. and Miss Procter—pleasant enough. To Hallam's after—who came in in his Court dress. Walked home with Jane, met Kinglake who turned with us. In evening read Dickens' " Chimes," as utter trash as was ever trodden under foot.

15*th*.

Thackeray came in to Breakfast. While he was with us Mr. Buller came. Went with them to Baker St. Bazaar. They afterwards took Jane to Miss Linwood's exhibition. Dined with us to-day, Spedding, Kinglake, Harley (George Harley, M.D.), Spring Rice, and in the evening Merivale and H. Hallam came. Smoking till one.

25*th*.

Jane's birthday. Laura and Grey with Thackeray and H. Hallam dined with us. We had champagne at dessert, on which Thackeray said " So nice of you, old fellow, buying two bottles of champagne on your wife's birthday." We had Gurnet for fish, and Grey observed that they barked like a dog, at which moment a dog barked, when Laura said, " That is the surviving Gurnet expressing his horror at being soused," which I had just said must be done with the residue. Thackeray gave Jane a Turkish shawl. He and Hallam staid to smoke.

29*th*.

We dined at Hallam's. Bart Frere, Spedding, Tom Taylor, H. Mansfield, and Spring Rice. In the evening Thackeray joined the smoking. Home about two.

Mr. Brookfield, after recording that he had dined at Mr. Deane's and went on afterwards to Mrs. Procter's; where he found Milnes, Talford, Kinglake, Goldsmith, Mrs. Montague, Kenyon, Benedict, etc., writes the following chatty letter to his mother:

LONDON,
16 *April*, 1845.

My dear Mother,

Thank you very much for your letter and the encouraging reception you accord to my last attempt at a gossip. Instead of a mock modest deprecation of so much charitableness—tho' I confess its undeservedness—I will at once plunge as before into the sea of retrospect and swim as far as I have time for before post closing—of which it lacks, however, but a bare half-hour.

I have just returned from the Hallam's, whither I had taken Jane to see Kate, who is up for ten days. They went out in the carriage and I and H. came together and called on old, old, old Sam Rogers—who is as wonderful in conversation as ever. Sydney Smith's death, however, must have reminded him that very few people live "ollis"—they were a sort of "gemini" of wit, but Sydney much the younger. We are to have a domestic dinner at Hallam's on Monday—and Rogers will join us. He is a warm admirer of Jane's, and says many of the gallant things to her which he can say so prettily. Yesterday we dined with the Rector. Somehow or other I was the talker of the evening. I have observed that people are prone to measure the pleasantness of a party by the amount in which they have been allowed to prate, and I should say, therefore, we had a very pleasant evening at the Rector's. You may be amused to know that a

tremendous roar was produced by my telling (*apropos* of I don't know what) of Jacky Ward pronouncing that "Miss Rowbottom's were the thickest legs under the table." The servants could not hold a plate steady for ten minutes afterwards. I finished yesterday a fortnight in the vestry, which I have been taking in the present interregnum of Curate—our late one having gone before a successor was found. It has put 9 guineas in my pocket, which will pay my entrance and one year's subscription to the London Library, which I wanted to belong to. On Monday evening I went to hear Charles Kemble read "Much Ado about Nothing." It was a very crowded room—not much less than £200 I should think. And I liked the reading exceedingly—so much so that I shall take Jane to-night to hear "King John." I have often tried to read a play—but, having never heard one read, felt some difficulties which I think I could now somewhat surmount—but reading is a very delicate art and more difficult than acting. It was curious to me to see in the room (a large lecturing room in the city) Dr. Russell (Rector of Bishopsgate), whose grammar I learned when I was ten years old—and he still a comparatively young man. Day before (Sunday) Bishop preached at St. James', for the endowment of St. Luke's. The sermon's an annual. Saturday we dined at home. Friday ditto. Thursday at the Deane's (Chairman of Customs—pleasantish). They are "hearers" at St. James's. Same evening we were at a party at Mrs. Procter's (Mr. P. is Barry Cornwall, you know), when came a few remarkables—Kinglake—Milnes—Lady Chatterton—and several of a somewhat smaller fry of literature. Procter was an intimate of Lord Byron. She is daughter of Basil Montague, who edited Bacon.

I am afraid the clock will strike before I finish my paper—but I will write to the last breath. All the

world, of course, is talking about Maynooth (The Grant)—and of course, as is natural, a considerable amount of idiotic breath finds vent upon the subject.

Mr. Brookfield was evidently an apt pupil, for from about this date he was acknowledged to be one of the finest of Shakesperian readers. Kinglake said of him, "An orator of original genius, he possessed marvellous histrionic skill, which he was able to moderate in the pulpit. In the reading of Shakespeare he was never in his time surpassed by anyone."

April 17*th*. [Diary.]

Dined at home. To Tom Taylor's (Temple); Albert Smith there. They were writing a burlesque for the Lyceum at Whitsuntide next. Thence to Chapman's, with whom a cigar and agreeable *tête-à-tête*. He told me that Alfred Tennyson is in Town.

18*th*.

Jane to Hallam's. I, after a short visit to the Vestry, to Alfred Tennyson's (Charlotte St.), sat with him an hour, and he engaged to dine with us. At five he came to dinner. Kate and Julia Hallam were there. He very agreeable. While Kate, Jane and I went to Church he staid and chatted with Julia Hallam. Moxon came at Alfred's invitation and staid till six, while Alfred and I smoked till one a.m. I liked him very much. He asked me at parting to dine next day, which I could not do, being engaged!

19*th*.

Thackeray and Tom Taylor breakfasted. I went with them to Alfred's—where we talked very agreeably,

Thackeray and I to Robson's and heard an organ he had built for Lord Saye and Sele. Kate, Tinling, Grey and Laura, Julia H. dined with us. Afterwards I went to Moxon's, where was Alfred Tennyson, no one else. We smoked till nearly two. A *most* agreeable evening. Moxon told of Rogers' kindness to him in lending him £500 to set him up.

21*st.*

Breakfasted at Milnes'. Two Maynooth Priests (Russell and Whytehead), Bishop of St. David's, the O'Connor Don, Blake, John Manners, Rich, Cavendish, Sir Walter James, Aubrey de Vere. Afterwards to Hallam's with Jane. Dined at Hallam's. Rogers and Chas. Spring Rice with the Tinlings. Rogers told of his going to knock at Samuel Johnson's door, when his heart failed, he dared not, and he went away. Also of the Duke of Wellington on his announcing that Wordsworth had written a sonnet upon him, "Gentlemen, there has been a sonnet written on me." On coming away he shook me with both hands and said, "Goodnight, I am much obl*ee*ged to you." What for?

22*nd.*

Wrote to Rogers that we were mistaken in thinking we could breakfast with him next Tuesday, as it is Confirmation. Dined at Grey's. Sir Chas. Elton and the whole family in the evening. Read part of "Improvisatore," which unsettles me as all adventurous novels do.

25*th.*

Dined at the Bishop of London's. Afterwards to the Hallams'. Hallam had gone to the Queen's Ball.

26th.

Thackeray to breakfast. Lyttelton called. He laughed at the similarity of Sir Charles' voice to my imitation of it.

29th.

Confirmation. About 750 confirmed. The Bishop sought me to thank me for my assistance, but I was out of the way. Dined at the Sterling. Two Spring Rices, Lord Ebrington, Spedding, Law, Alfred Tennyson, Venables, Merivale, T. F. Ellis, Trench. Trench willingly undertook to look at some sermons of mine. To Spedding's afterwards.

May 3rd.

Thackeray, Spedding, Aubrey de Vere, and C. Spring Rice breakfasted here. To Alfred Tennyson's who is dining here this evening. Kinglake and Alfred T. joined us at dinner, and staid pleasantly till half-past one.

6th.

Vestry. Jane and the rest of them go down the river to Gravesend, the Steam Navigation Company giving an entertainment on the occasion of a launch. I dined at Moxon's, where were Wordsworth, A. Tennyson, H. Lushington, Harness, Dyce, and self. A. Tennyson and Lushington came home with me for an hour. Wordsworth described his presentation to the Queen at the Ball last Friday but one . . . and speaking of the graciousness of it added, "I daresay it was *my years*, most likely she had not read many of my works." He added that he had stipulated with the Lord Chamberlain that he should not just pass through

the crowd but should be noticed. I remarked that the Queen had done herself good by her reception of him, and that he could not have bestowed his patronage on a more depressed cause than that of Queendom —unless the Clergy . . . which raised a great laugh. I, however, begged to amend my speech and to express my gratitude for his patronage of the Clergy. He said he was quite content with my first compliment.

Towards the end of the season and just as Mrs. Brookfield was going into the country, she wrote to Mr. Thackeray, who had lent her a book :

" I am extremely obliged for Goldsmith and still more for your letter. I don't like to keep your servant waiting while I attempt at all a suitable reply, but you are very unfeeling in burlesquing the distinguishing mark of all ladies writing, and depriving one of the faintest excuse for ever *dashing* any word to you again."

When they were staying at the Bullars' at Southampton we find that " Thackeray came over from Farnham where his mother and children were, and passed the day at the Bullars'." These Bullars, so often mentioned in these as well as in the letters of Mr. Thackeray to Mrs. Brookfield, were a cultivated, interesting family, including a clergyman father, and doctor and barrister sons, all of whom had a deep and sincere affection for the Thackerays and the Brookfields.

Mr. Brookfield to Mrs. Brookfield, Senr.

31 *May*, 1845.

My dear Mother,

You ask for a leaf out of my diary. I wish I had

kept it for the last fortnight, for really I cannot recall what has happened since I wrote last. Indeed, I forget when I did write last, but I remember mentioning dining at the Sterling Club dinner, which was a month ago. The only thing notable that I can remember since then was a *fête* given by the Steam Navigation Company in one of their Steamers to see a launch down at Woolwich. They gave champagne *dejeuner*—music, dancing (a little, at least), etc. Tickets had been got by Charles Grey for us, and two of Jane's sisters. But the evening before I got an invitation from Moxon the printer (next door to where the fire was at Ragget's last Tuesday) to meet Wordsworth and others, and I went. Meantime Jane and her brothers-in-law and sisters went gallivanting down the river. There was Spring Rice (one of her lovers—but their name is legion) —his wife, who was the christener of the new vessel—and a great many queerish people that one never had seen before, and it is to be hoped never will again. They seemed to enjoy their excursion, and to have extracted a good deal of fun from it—which is all that ever can be said of miscellaneous concerns like that. I, too, was satisfied with my commutation for champagne at Moxon's, where we had an exceedingly pleasant, homely dinner with Tennyson, Wordsworth (who had come up to be presented), Harness, Lushington, Dyer, and myself. I have a shuddering feeling that I told you all this before. When I got home and found the nautical folks supping as well as they could—and laughing as well as if they were supping better. On 7th May (whenever that might be) I had one of our frequent summer walks with Lord Lyttelton. On these occasions he calls on me at about one. Away we stump as far out into the country as we can get, weather permitting or objecting—it makes no difference—when we arrive towards 5 p.m. at any praiseworthy looking

public—we get beefsteaks—or veal cutlets or what we can—dine with huge glee and walk home to tea.

Mr. Brookfield to Mrs. Brookfield, senr. :

23 Gt. Pulteney St.,
20 *June*, 1845.

My dear Mother,

Thank you for your letter. I had never heard of the Burying Beetle. In my early days they had no further connection with interments than providing the shroud, "I, said the Beetle, with my thread and needle!" By the bye, they always pronounce it beedle here amongst the lower sort. My Beadle lives under the Church. I called one day to speak to his wife and asked how they found the rooms—whether damp or what. "Oh, I should get on very well," she said, "if I wasn't so overrun with Beedles." I thought it a very unconnubial complaint. Thank you also for the Maynooth Petition of which you write, whether by slip of pen or not, "which I think answerable." I can only say I think so too. Wm. Gladstone divided me from my wife at dinner yesterday at the Lyttelton's—but I did not catechise him about his vote on Irish matters—I have no doubt that whatever he has done was in good faith. Consistency and sincerity are two things very far indeed from identical or co-ordinate; and apparent consistency is often purchased by a sacrifice of truth—and when truth (in which I include all sorts of integrity) is honestly pursued, there must appear in our conduct a good deal of seeming inconsistency in this ever shifting world of circumstance. William Gladstone left the ministry before he voted; there went £5,000 a year.

As to Kingslake (about whose book you are particular in asking) it is always spoken of as a very clever

book—with a very fine edged wit—and this it would be difficult to gainsay. "Eöthen" is not a novel of reverential writing certainly, but I believe people of fine minds and much in the habit of reading instinctively separate the chaff from the corn; and in it, tho' it is not free from what is objectionable, the corn predominates. He is a delightful companion. He sometimes comes here. We dined yesterday at the Lytteltons'. There is a saying in that family which has come round to me three or four times, once thro' Lady James, once thro' Mrs. Gladstone and elsewhere "that Lady Lyttelton is jealous of nobody but Mr. Brookfield" meaning that if Ld. L. . . is engaged to walk with me on one of our excursions nothing at home can get him to relinquish it, etc., etc. Well, old Lady Davy—who is deaf—a gentlewoman who knows everybody, told somebody that Lady Lyttelton was jealous of nobody but *Mrs.* Brookfield—a distinction not without a difference. Wednesday I was at the House of Commons. Dull. Tuesday night we went to a concert at Miss Herries', there were a few first-rate Italian singers from the opera, and a large company, but I don't remember anything good being said. Monday we dined with the Milnes-Gaskells. We had Ld. Jno. Manners, Morpeth, Monckton Milnes, Stafford, O'Brien, and Sir F. Doyle, Lady D., Jane, Miss Wynn, Miss Harcourt (Archbishop's daughter), and myself. It was excessively agreeable. All people that one knew and not much older or younger than oneself. It is pleasant to see opposition parliament men at dinner—*i.e.*, when they are clever ones—as all the above—excepting, by the bye, Doyle and Morpeth, who are not in parliament—and one other gent who is neither.

Ever most affectionately,

W. H. BROOKFIELD.

They were so much in the habit of saying and hearing "good" things that they aired their surprise, as above, when there came the occasion on which nothing striking was said.

July 2nd. [Diary.]

At three Lord Lyttelton called as agreed. We set out for Hungerford Bridge, proposing to go to Putney by steam. It rained so much that we went to the "Cheshire Cheese" to dine, poking along the Adelphi as we went to Savoy Chapel. After dinner by omnibus to Surrey Gardens. Views of Edinburgh. Rock harmonicon. At nine thirty I went to Thackeray's, where were Father Prout (Mahoney), Morton, and Wyndham. Staid till two.

5th.

Thackeray breakfasted. Letter arrives that Totty Fanshawe may return to-day, which she immediately prepares to do. Thackeray and I to Fraser's, where he buys for her "Pride and Prejudice." He and I take her down to Vauxhall to see her off to Southampton; returning, we look in on Millbank Penitentiary.

August 5th.

To Hampstead to call on Wickham's at Eton Cottage, thence to Colonel Elton. He was visible to me by accident, but not ceremonially, so I left my card. Thackeray called, so we went to Mrs. Procter's. Then he dined with me but seemed quite out of sorts. To his rooms, whither came Budham and Father Mahoney. Home at half-past one.

In July Mrs. Brookfield had gone into Somersetshire to stay with the Hallams, and letters began to pass again.

WRAXALL LODGE,
1845. 5 *Aug.*

My dearest William,

The poor Horse died last night—Boosey announced it with a quivering voice at tea, and sorry we all were—but Harry rallied sufficiently to propose taking Julia's young horse in to the dead horse's stable to teach him a lesson of mortality! All yesterday till near 5 o'clock the Church Bell was tolling for a lady who died on Saturday, I believe. Harry suggested tolling our dinner bell for the horse, also pulling down the stable blinds! I was delighted by the sight of your letter and thank you for finding time for so long a one on a busy day. I had been sobering myself to expect just a few straggling lines and your sheet was pleasantly full. Why did not you open and read Aubrey De Vere? He apologises for not having sooner sent the poems, owing to his time and thoughts being at his father's sick bed and till he was better he had neglected his present to me, and then he proceeds to remark, "I believe I ought also to apologise for sending you at all what is little worthy of your perusal. However, I cannot make my verses better either by praising them or depreciating them, so I will only say the simple fact that it is on such occasions as the present that I regret their being so bad." He remembers himself to Brookfield, whom he hopes to meet at the Sterling dinner on Wednesday, at Greenwich. You see, I do not part with his autograph to send to you and I am going by and bye to answer his letter with all the airs the wind can blow of gratitude, admiration, etc.,

that I can allow myself to give utterance to out of London, and within the bounds of conventionality. Yesterday we set off for Lady Le Poer Trench and for Ceciliatic visiting. I was to be dropped at the latter's while the Hallams did homage to the Le Poer—but the rain it raineth every day and in torrents it fell, the horses' legs swayed to and fro in the clay red streams we had slowly to drag thro' ; hail pattered on our roof, and poor Uncle H. was distressed and perplexed, but still wished to get over the civil thing to the Trench Dowager. It, therefore, behooved J. O. B. to beg her movements might be no clog (Ha! ha! ha! clog—muddy day, you recollect ?) upon the more paramount plan of action, and she begged to resign her visit, wherefore with speedier tread and relieved interiors (the tread applies to the horses—the interiors to the trio inside the carriage, not to their individual interiors), we went straight to Trench. The rain poured down as the servant bird of ill omen uttered " at home," and then came one of Uncle H.'s funny Carolinistic agitations " How could Jane come in " when I did not visit there ? Julia, however, was peremptory that I must not stay out in the rain, to which his benevolence assented (it is perfectly usual to take any visitor in your house to morning calls), and in we all went,—the Le Poeress was a little old lady with very civil manners and a little air of dignity in keeping with her high estate—and the visit over, I was amused with " By the bye, Julia, you did not apologise for bringing Jane in, did you ? " which idea she indignantly repelled, and we laughed much about it with Harry afterwards ; my ogre-like appearance, or awkward manners, or servant-rank, being severally suggested as accounting ofr my Uncle's state of fidget.

Mrs. Brookfield to Aubrey de Vere :

Wraxall Lodge,
Nr. Bristol,
5 *Augt.*, 1845.

Dear Mr. De Vere,

Your kind note was only forwarded to me to-day ; if I had sooner received your Poems you would not have found me so ungratefully silent as I must have appeared ever since you sent them to me, and I must now thank you for your book and for the pleasure I have already had in reading the lent Copy of it which I brought with me into the Country a month ago, to read in a more congenial scene than Great Pulteney St. I feel it is very presumptuous in me, uninitiated in Wordsworth and incapable of writing or imagining how others can write one line of Poetry, to venture to praise, and I must not attempt to do so. The Hymns for the Canonical Hours have particularly struck me by their very great sweetness and their soothing and quieting tone, and there are so many thoughts throughout both Volumes which I was so glad to find expressed in words. I assure you your gift will be valued however inadequately. Mr. Brookfield returned to Town Saturday, leaving me with my Uncle Mr. Hallam, I [illegible]se, for a week or two longer. I trust you have no longer any cause for anxiety about your father. I only know "Van Artevelde," I am sorry to say, but will try soon to read "Edwin the Fair." I heard it was likely to disappoint one after "Van Artevelde."

Believe me,
Yours very truly,
Jane O. Brookfield.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

Wraxall Lodge,
8*th Aug.*, 45.

Uncle Hallam was amusing in preparing for the

Eng by J.J. Waddington Sc

Jane Welsh Carlyle
from an original in water colours and crayon
by C. Hartmann in 1849.

Gibbs' dinner by gravely and rather a shade testily asseverating that on counting up the neighbours there could not be more than five gentlemen to meet him, and he therefore enjoined us to come at ½ past 7 to suit the Country and so small a party, but Julia and I stuck out for ½ past eight, and punctually at that hour were ushered into the drawing-room, which we found filled with ladies "only" and about 6 little girls, Mrs. Edward and two Miss Vaughans, and sundry unknowns. Soon after the door again opened and in poured a motley Group of twelve dinner Guest-Gentlemen of the County, on whom Uncle H. had not calculated, two Mileses, two Vaughans, no end of Gibbses and Arthur!

I had a letter the day before yesterday—it was lying by the side of my plate at breakfast when Uncle Hallam began "Who in the world directs to you at Sir Charles Elton's without any 'Bart'?" and there was a general scream as to who my correspondent could possibly be, which at first I would not tell, as I said they seemed so horrified 'twas unkind to victimise my friend; but Uncle Hallam, getting really curious, and reiterating how much he wished to know, my pride of friend gave way and I gratified him. Arthur has just been here *en route* for Bristol, and as we start after luncheon for the Court my letter is somewhat hurried, and you will not be able to compliment me again on my good letters; also my expedition to Bristol somewhat knocked me up yesterday, and unwraxalled my mind I suppose at the same time, for no wittery in reply to yours occurs to me.

Uncle Hallam and I had a good deal of talk on our journey to and fro—confidential. Soh! You discussed "Matrimonial irritations" and "domestic matters" with *yourr frriend* Thackeray! I hope you may enjoy the Procteress repast to-day (meant to be said

in a highly satirical tone). Harry knocks under about the right of road dispute, he grovels at your feet, for you were right after all! How very funny you are about my "imitative propensities." I believe you are quite serious in your warnings and fears of my Pilling when I leave the last trace of Cambridge influences behind me.

Good-bye, don't be too cold shouldery in your meals, fat of the land and Mrs. Procter one day, and tripe and blue etceteras the next.

Mr. Brookfield, writing to his father, says: "Harry Hallam, the only surviving son, joined us the first day of our visit to Wraxall. He is exceedingly well gifted and cultivated, not unlikely to be medallist if he should succeed in getting a Senior Optime degree in Mathematics. He is a better scholar tho' not equal in the higher regions of Philosophy to his late brother—though neither of them were defective in that department in which the latter excelled."

Mr. to Mrs Brookfield:

23 Gt. Pulteney St.,
9 *August*, 45.

My dear Jane,

To resume our Story. We left Villiers sealing a letter to his wife, who was staying with her relations, the A. Lambs, at their ancestral mansion of Rex Hall, once the seat of royalty, in Somersetshire. He used, as was his wont, his old family signet, a mailed arm and sickle with the motto "Pitch in," which had been won by his knightly forefathers in the olden time. Villiers was not one of those who in a paltry and sordid misinterpretation of Christian humility underrated the value of birth and ancestry. No one could be more

studious to repress the vulgar obtrusiveness and familiarity of those who vainly imagined that learning, integrity, and good manners entitled them to address him as an equal, and he considered that a proper exclusiveness was part of his "duty in that state of life to which it had pleased . . . to call him." In this spirit he always sealed with his family crest!

At 7¼ yesterday to the Proctrix. Only Count Revel and Thackeray, and Procter and Wife and daughter. Very pleasant. Procter is fearfully hospitable. I don't wonder at fellows being so fond of him. So modest, has not even the degree of impudence needful for expressing himself. Everything good and true about him. We left him fast asleep on the sofa. One of Mr. P.'s girls (Edith) is *verrrry like me.* Thence to Thackeray's rooms where we had a weed.

The matrimonial discussion with Thackeray was only with reference to D. J. Somehow I don't get on in my writing. I thought yesterday I had loads of "remarks" to make. I am too generous to make any comment upon Harry's discomfiture. He is dead, so is my enmity, the lion preys not upon carcases. The Proctrix has not one smallest sparklet of humour. Witty, well informed,—or what you like (No, Mr. Caudle, what *you* like if you please), but not one jot of humour. It is a sad deficiency. They sail for Paris next Saturday. Thackeray and Procter propose going unbeknownst at the same time for a day or two. But I think they will not (unbeknownst I mean to Mrs. and Miss P.).

When I look back upon my letter, and see how empty — vapid — meagre — humourless — newsless — every thingless it is, and compare it with yours—fluent —funny—interesting—I am ashamed of the contrast. Farewell, dear Jenny—be healthy and happy at Halberton. Take care of your diet. Breathe plenty of

fresh air. Take heed to your way going up and down stairs, and don't pill—and you shall be welcome home.

God bless you,

Ever most affectionately,

W. H. Brookfield.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

Wraxall Lodge,

10*th Aug.*, 45.

My dearest William,

Thank you much for to-day's *Belle-lettre ;* as usual on Sunday I have only three-quarters of an hour after Gorging (a thrill, lest the Gorges should oversee me profaning their name) myself with a Lambic luncheon and also sooth to say, joining in with Senior and Junior and even Julia, in "pishes" and "shrugs" and "did you evers"? called forth by this morning's sermon preached by Mr. J. V. (brother to our deaf and roof-palateless friend), "*The* Mr. V. of B———, you know"—said Miss Mason whom we saw Friday at Naish. He preached on the ¼ text "Here I am," and in so very affected a voice I have not, I think, for years heard anything at all like it—our friend Rogerio of Weston-Souper perhaps came near it. One expected a curtain to fall amid clapping of hands when the sermon ended with an abrupt burst of eloquence, the voice gaining in strength and the words as much clipped as possible to make him the more affectionate cofamiliar. "'Tis the voice of the Archangels—Here am I ! ! ! "—and then the voice dropped again. He said we should be always on tip-toe (on which a few poor boys taking him literally suddenly looked very tall) ; but I can give you no idea of his intonation, poor, dear man—you can easily imagine it.

I shall not answer poor Madonna, I think, till I hear again from you ; of course I should write with due

delicacy and kindness to her, though I may own to you I feel a shade taken by surprise, and cannot quite make out how long she has thought him attached to her or thought of him herself in that light. It is perhaps rather soon, but let "him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." How foolishly, blindly fond *I* am, of being liked and admired (?). If I had not the restraint of very deep affection for you, and some restraint of conscience, I should be, I believe, still on the look out for conquest—and here I am half blaming poor Madonna who is at least quite at liberty to be in love! . . . It is impossible for me ever to love anyone as I do you—but others of course are differently constituted and yet blameless; there is no *merit* in loving exorbitantly, perhaps quite the reverse."

In a preceding letter Mrs. Brookfield had apologised for having "only witticisms—the poor gabble and quips of the humorous kind incidental to a wet day in a country house" to give to her husband. For she and her "witty cousin," Harry Hallam, had found their only amusement and recreation in frightening themselves and the family with ghost tales which they themselves invented concerning the Gorges, the former owners of Wraxall Lodge. "Madonna" was a lady of Southampton, a friend of the "set," a widow and middle-aged, who had made this girl of 24 her confidante.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

23 Gt. Pulteney St.,
11 *Aug.*, 1845.

My dear Jane,

In one week I have received from you two letters,

one double stamped and the others (this morning) charged for overweight, both of which might have contained twice the number of words on half the quantity of paper.

Before I proceed I will solemnly declare that I will return the next letter that is needlessly overweight or one syllable shortened to be underweight.

You left me no difficulty in realizing V. My sister Caroline was in love with him once. She used to hear him at Chelsea or thereabouts when she was with my Aunts. As to Madonna I don't see that I can give any advice. I think your view quite right and you must tell her the truth as kindly as you can, which there can be no manner of doubt of your doing in the best way possible. The only advice I can give additional is that you should write as wide as possible lest she find your crabbed hand illegible ; and on as thick heavy paper as you can get—as no doubt such a letter will be subjected to a great deal of wear and tear being shown to all her friends and acquaintances ; and also that you should forget to pay the postage lest she should feel hurt at your having incurred expense in such a matter. For my own part, I can hardly think that W. B. can be blameable—it could only be Madonna's wish that was father to the thought. If she is wise, however, she will leave the town. Absence is the only remedy—*and it soon acts*.

My Father came Saturday night. On Sunday night Charles Frederick and Little Gaye came in. At 10½ they went—and had hardly gone when Thackeray arrived. My Father was just off to bed—so we kept him up ¼ hour and then dismissed him and betook ourselves to serious debauch. We smoked and " conversed " till 1½. We flattered you a little. (*Your " more to pay " letter had not then arrived.*) He said " Funny little fact that—Mrs. Procter being so jealous

of Mrs. Brookfield." "Oh, nonsense—it's one of the little facts you invent for the fun of it." "Oh, but as it's quite evident," etc. But after your horribly profligate confessions in your last page but one I will go no further, not but that you are quite right in making excuses for Madonna. I hope you are aware that in your successful anxiety to reduce the weight of your letter to the lowest grain you left out a leaf more or less—the last page begins "him by surprise to find he has complete control over £1,000 a year" which has no kind of connection with the preceding page which concludes with Madonna being "at liberty to be in love." I have no doubt that the next page breathed a devout aspiration after similar liberty and that you thought it better to suppress it.

Ever most affectionately yours,

W. H. Brookfield.

If Mrs. Procter had not been jealous of Mrs. Brookfield she would scarcely have been human. She was not beautiful, but she possessed a peculiarly clear mind and a fine intelligence, and was moreover a brilliant and attractive conversationalist. The mordant touch which she sometimes added to her stories did not in any degree take from their value, but perhaps attracted to her her particular audience of eager listeners; though these—and this it seems was the crime—these were known to turn away in a body as Mrs. Brookfield entered the room, and transfer their allegiance from the one side of the room to the other—with barely an apology.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

HALBERTON VICARAGE,
12th Aug., 45.

My dearest William,

I hope you see that I am trying to cramp my writing to-day, but I am afraid it makes very little difference, because it is so entirely the character of my hand to be sprawling. However I need not be sulky about it and at all events I know it is very tiresome to find the same thing recur again and again about which you have complained, I only wish you to believe that I do try to alter my writing.

I left the Hallams' with the impression of having had a very nice visit there indeed. Julia H. amused me by saying that I had *quite* won Uncle H.'s heart by praising her and Harry, the "sure way to his heart," she said — but, of course, all I said was merely spontaneous feeling—after I had talked about them though I found Uncle H. peculiarly *empressé* in his kindness to me, calling me "My dear," not a usual term with him except to his children, and giving me a little tap now and then and a complimentary speech or two. Talking of parrots my uncle asked me (not much worth repeating), "Does not Robinson Crusoe eat parrots' eggs?" "Oh, no, I believe they were goats' eggs. I mean *turtles'* eggs." And on Harry's talking of teaching the parrot to say "Ugly Poll" for novelty ('twas *your* idea), Uncle H.'s beautiful touch of benevolence struck us all. "No, no. Why teach a poor ignorant animal to mock itself?"

Sunday afternoon the Clergyman, who was mistaken for Hensman, preached, and we behaved rather badly in the long gallery-like pew, it must be confessed. The Preacher took occasion to compare the human race to sheep, and quoted texts in support of his doing so, but then he proceeded to "mock the poor dumb

animals" by adding that *they* were "*silly*"—ergo *we* are Silly, and so he repeated (it was partly an extemporaneous sermon), "Poor *Silly* Sheep"—at least 3 or 4 times, stressing the word Silly, till I suddenly caught sight of Harry's face, and then saw Julia's flower in her bonnet most suspiciously fluttering—her head bowed down in the anguish of shame which yet irrepressible laughter called forth—it was dreadful how to recover oneself—but we did at length gird ourselves up into demureness. To-morrow I hope to write to thee again, and wash away the impression of what I fear is the grumpiness of my excuses for large writing.

Yours most fondly,
J. O. B.

In a postscript she asks to be sent Mr. Thackeray's Cookery Book in order to take recipes for the making of "Refreshing Drinks" therefrom

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

23, Gt. Pulteney St.,
13 *Aug.*, 45.

Singular good soul,

Your grumpiness is not unbecoming, and makes not the least amusing part of your letter. I would admit the force of your expostulation as to its being tedious, irksome, and a check to write close excepting that I "deny the fact." Isn't the sensiblest way to ascertain first how much paper goes to the ½ oz. and then to write up to the edge of the precipice—crop—abbreviate—close up ranks—interline—etc., but never to pass the brink? But of all the ungrateful blackguards I ever knew that must be the worst who could

upbraid me with the spaces between *my* words. Does any Man in England write letters so long and frequent as I—did I ever put you to an extra penny expense with too much paper or shorten my letter with too little? No, Jane! I hope goodness will forgive you that insinuation for I never will.

I don't think I ever read a prettier little story than Hallam and the parrot—it ought to go into his life. The long-pew scene is excellent; in short, I should say that upon the whole Wraxall Church has been to you all a very good substitute for the Haymarket. With reference to Madonna—you must have this important fact in mind as a basis to proceed upon, viz.—that W. B. is not in love; same time he is quite aware of her liking for him; I can have no doubt that she has betrayed that liking, and I think he has taken fright. In which he is quite right. They would be wretched married. Did I forget to mention that I met de Vere yesterday? He had received your letter. Stephen Spring Rice with his wife is near Newmarket at his Mother's in law, and afterwards goes into the North—Lakes, I suppose, for by the reverential expression of de Vere's face as he said "The North"—it must have been where Wordsworth is. The dinner at C. Hoare's was very good—I did not know a soul except Bart Frere. We had a haunch of Venison—as might have been expected from Mrs. H. saying beforehand 'I really don't know whether you will get any dinner or not—for everything is packed up for Wavenden, and we have not a servant left in the house (there were 13 in livery at dinner or numbers to that effect). I sate between the Princess and the Beautiful. Really the Beautiful's expression and manner is pleasing—good-natured and unaffected. And the Princess you would certainly like—probably very much. She gave me as I came away £3 for the poor and begged I would

refer to her when I could do so with advantage to any poor person. Both she and the Beautiful talked of one's (I take for granted two's) going there sometimes (I mean to Wavenden) as if it were really intended. I left at 11 and finished at Thackeray's—who had Morton with him. I was writing away up to the last word fluently enough—but Cadwalladr had occasion to call—and this has stopped my flow. I am daily bowed down by conscious meanery in making such poor requital for thy charming letters.

Love, etc.,

Ever most affectionately,

W. H. Brookfield.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

23 Gt. Pulteney St.,

15 *Aug.*, 1845.

My dear Jane,

I have ordered a small matter of fish for to-morrow. Do not look for a sturgeon or anything more than a small neiborly thing. The order was " a small salmon for Saturday's dinner with a lobster—and make up with some other kind of fish to make a nice dish for Sunday." You must tell me how the order is executed, and if it arrives by early train on Saturday.

I did nothing in the world yesterday, but travel into the city to get a few good cigars cheap. In returning I asked Tom Taylor and his friend, Albert Smith, to look in and meet Thackeray, but neither came. Thack came at 11½ and sate till 1½—and going home (I find to-day) has sprained his ancle and must be laid up in lavender for some days. I told him it would make a capital advertisement for my Spirit Merchant. "Alarming accident to the Fat Contributor. Yesterday Evening, etc., late or rather early hours,

etc., from the cheerful convivialities of a Revd. Gent. not 100 miles from Golden Square."

I have no time left.

Ever most affectionately thine,

W. H. B.

This sending of packets of fish to relations is noteworthy as an example of present giving that came in with railways. For before their date certain kinds of fish were seldom to be met with inland, and when attainable were generally far from fresh.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

23 Gt. Pulteney St.,

16 *Aug.*, 45.

My dear Jane,

I have rather a disagreeable misgiving that my fish which was sent by 7½ train this morning was a thought shabby, and now that it is gone I feel as if it ought to have been rather handsomer. Tell me your impression when you see it—that I may judge better another time.

I have looked in to see Thackeray this morning. He has a box of grouse and bestows a brace upon himself and me at his chambers. Perhaps the model you hold out to me, Father Prout, may be there. A very nice fellow—not what his name (a sobriquet of his own manufacture) would indicate or at least a good deal more. A clever scholar and pleasant companion and not indecorous. I think I shall enjoy my bit of game, while you are reddening with shame at a salmon so short that it will not curl into an S but only into a half circle. However, lay it all on the iniquitous fishmonger, and boldly say that Shakespeare was

mistaken in saying "I would you were as honest a Man."

I have got "Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces"—by Jean Paul Richter—well translated by H. E. Noel. It is charming.

Ever, my dear Jenny,
Yours most affectionately,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

August 16*th*. [Diary.]

Dined with Thackeray. Mahony came in afterwards.

17*th*.

Kinglake here in the evening. Told me he had called in our absence to ask us to whitebait at Greenwich to meet Mrs. Norton, Lady Duff Gordon, Sidney Herbert, Sir Duff Gordon and brother.

18*th*.

Thackeray and Milnes dined with me *en garcon*.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

HALBERTON VICARAGE,
17 *Aug*., 1845.

My dearest William,

Thanks manifold for your kind letters of this morning and yesterday. I am sorry to say the fish has not yet arrived. The guard of the Railroad, Edward says, is responsible for any losses, and ought to repay the value of the fish if it should be spoilt owing to his overlooking the hamper. The Church Bells have been and are pealing in honour of the new Vicar; he seems a very well-intentioned young man, and his wife is decidedly pretty, with a large Somerset nose; a nice person, very unaffected—a shade free and easy, but it seems only the overflowing of an open

disposition. Really a kind person, a little perplexed, perhaps, on some subjects of a controversial nature, proclaiming herself very near a Dissenter, and yet qualifying the assertion with being so entirely of one mind with the Prayer Book. Mr. N. is to read the 39 Articles in Church to-day, and therefore intends us to do without a morning sermon. Edward has an entire holiday as it is the necessary form, I believe, for a new Rector to swear he has performed a full service in reading himself in. He rang the Church Bell yesterday, which is also part of the necessary routine. I am delighted to say the Fish has just arrived, and in a good state of preservation being pronounced "Beautiful, so fine," etc., and the salmon and lobster is to be dressed to-day, the soles to-morrow. They beg most enthusiastic thanks for your kindness; I have seen the Salmon and must say it is a very fine one.

We have been to morning Church and heard our 39 Articles and I fear I must be very short in my letter as it is getting on for afternoon service time. I thought Father Prout was a Roman Catholic Priest who only officiated now as a boon companion and had a strong Irish brogue: can I say worse of him? Mr. N. talks of his "Patroness," Lady Down, as "My Lady," and so does his wife (tho' a daughter of my Lord William's), perhaps it is getting the fashion,—in the same way as bad grammar such as "One don't" and "Ain't it."

Well, Good-bye, my love. This is poor gabble to-day, but it is the best I can do for you.

God bless you,

Your loving Wife,

JANE.

P.S.—You seem very hand in glove with Thackeray; don't become a second Father Prout. Unkind to insult you with these words—but they are to be taken with a lofty smile.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

23 Gt. Pulteney St.,
18 *Aug.*, 1845.

My dear Wench,

"My Lady" is certainly droll. The 39 articles must have been a trial, I think then if never before you must have thought them 38 too many, and wished them where in Lindley Murray days one wished all other articles and pronouns and participles ; and you must have devoutly desired that the reader of the same would make haste and read himself out. While I was eating my grou (for, as Thackeray expressed it, we had one grouse apiece), I flattered myself that my Lafarge was choking herself with Salmon bones, but it seems that my pleasant conjectures on the subject hung together by no string of truth. We ate our birds, and a plum dumpling, then set in for serious smoking—and Father Prout joined at our Scheidam—but as we retired at 12, Thackeray truly remarked—"Well you have neither of you been very brilliant to-night."

Yesterday I did the whole at St. Luke's, preached p.m. at St. James' ! and again at St. Luke's. In the p.m. I saw Cockrane and his (Frederika) Bride come in, but at Sermon I missed them and thought they must have gone out again. There were, moreover, Gladstone, Mrs. Pearson and Elliot. At six o'clock who should step in but Eöthen. I joined him after Evening Church to call on T. but as he was out (on crutches, I suppose), we came here and pilled till after 12. He is going to Algiers to-morrow. I suppose chiefly to see a country in an actual state of war, and the French army at work. He will be back before November "D.V." He came in our absence to invite us to eat whitebait at Greenwich, it being his party—to meet Mrs. Norton, Lady Duff-Gordon, Sir Duff ditto,

Sidney Herbert (Lady Bruce's brother), and perhaps Milnes.

I should have gone to a dead certainty; and Kinglake vows that there was nothing to hinder you going (for I expressed my doubt) or nothing would have induced him to ask you (which of course he would not) —that she visits everywhere—and he himself believes nothing against her. Perhaps she would be described as "decidedly pretty with a Somerset nose, a nice person, very unaffected, and a shade free and easy, but it seems only the overflowing of an open disposition." Kinglake was very agreeable—took occasion to remark that I had been very happy in my marriage (I sighed like Billy Pearson and said "Ah, you don't know, old fellow") that you appeared to have a perfect temper, and to "fall in to my batchelor ways." Thackeray observed on Saturday night that you had the sweetest voice he ever heard. And now, you wretch, have I told you enough? I don't know what mischief I haven't done by repeating men's praises of you—a thing I generally studiously avoid. They are both coming to munch here at 7. The humblest dinner. 2 Haddocks, 2 roast pigeons, a loin of mutton, a plum tart, Potatoes, and French beans, and cheese.

I have a line this morning from W. B. No symptoms of low spirits. No, Madonna! No go!

God bless thee.

Ever most affectionately,

W. H. Brookfield.

From H. F. Hallam to Mrs. Brookfield:

Wraxall,

1*st Sept.*, 1845.

My dear Jane,

Many thanks for your yesterday's observations which did equal credit to your head and heart. I

mention the former organ because in a numerous family not, I believe, generally distinguished for mental incapacity, you are the only one who has had the discernment to offer your good wishes on the right day, everybody else having contented themselves with imprecating on me an impossibility, that is "many happy returns of" the attainment of my majority. The proceedings of Saturday having been detailed in the *Wraxall Mercury and Nailsea Free Press*, I shall merely copy its remarks.

"Never," says that ably conducted journal, "has it been our lot to record the congregation of such a galaxy of fashion as was concentrated in our town on Saturday last. The spirited Capitalist who has recently settled in our neighbourhood with a view to introduce into these remote parts the agricultural science already diffused in Knightsbridge, gave on that day an entertainment to commemorate the majority of his son. From an early hour the excitement prevailing in the district might be called alarming. The painful loss in Mr. H.'s family to which we recently had the sad duty of adverting, gave additional interest to the proceedings.* It was supposed that the village bells would have been rung on the occasion, but on the subject being hinted to the young gentleman, he replied, as we are given to understand, with astonishing firmness 'that it was impossible to eat one's cake and have it,' so that the proposal was instantly abandoned. After dinner Sir Charles Elton, a near relative of the party who attained his majority, came forward in the handsomest manner and proposed his health in a series of remarks which, to use the words of our contemporary, the *Clevedon Vindicator*, were 'alike honourable to the magistrate,

* The death of the horse mentioned in Mrs. Brookfield's letter of 5th August.

the poet, and the baronet.' In the evening dancing commenced, whilst Mrs. Elton presided at the piano. Amidst the gay group gallant Commodore Elton was generally admired for the breadth and body of colouring by which his execution of a Polka was distinguished, though in our opinion more praise was merited by the chiaroscuro of the Dowager Lady Elton's movements as she figured in the Cellarino. Our reporter left at a late hour, when it was supposed that the son of Neptune had retired with his young relative to enjoy a cigar. He is said to inherit his father's passion for agricultural pursuits, and should our report prove true, we congratulate him on his choice."

Thus far the parochial penny-a-liner whose accuracy may be relied on.

I was considerably interested in knowing that you liked Richter's "Flower and Fruit," etc. To say the truth, I had intended to present you a copy of it, if you would have accepted it, on my going to town. If you have bought it already, and not had it merely from a circulating library, I shall give the copy intended for you to the first person who can appreciate it. I think it is worth more than an ephemeral notice. It is a great favourite of mine, from its wonderful humour and the vividness of character, though perhaps the *denouement* of the plot (a husband shamming death that his wife may commit bigamy) is hardly up to the high-water mark of English morality.

Pray convey every expression of congratulation and kind wishes pilsome and unpilsome to Brookfield, who will be glad to hear that to crown all our misfortunes, my father's new horse for which he gave £40 a fortnight ago since has fallen (me riding) and cut his knee so badly that he will be sold for nothing.

Ever your affectionate cousin,

H. F. Hallam.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

54 Grand Parade,
Brighton,
8 *Sep.*, 1845.

My dear Jane,

It will, I know, afford you a lively pleasure, which I would be the last to withhold from you, to be apprised that I did not reach the coach office this morning until the omnibus had retired from that scene of bustling animation. I, therefore, took a Cab—for which I was charged 2d. under the fare—and got off all in good time and reached this scene of Royal Aquatics at 10 a.m. Mr. Thackeray was drawing on wood at his window, and fortunately had not yet taken that cheerful and, to me, most welcome meal by which the day is usually auspicated. Shrimps, whiting that but erewhile had toppled in the azure deep—eggs but recently extorted from the domestic fowl, and unexceptionable bread and butter. A cigar—with that lucid organ of liberal sentiment the *Chronicle* and its admirable contemporary the *Times*, succeeded this hospitable repast, and prepared the way for a lounge upon the beach of the blue element which lips the shores of Brighthelmstone like a lover. Mr. Thackeray occupied a few moments by committing to his sketch book some of the groups which throng this lively and diversified locality, and I accompanied the strokes of his pencil with such observations as seemed appropriate. I have since then perambulated the margin of the pebbly main alone while Mr. T. has been earning a little dinner for us by his fluent pen. The multiform and important business by which I have been engrossed throughout the day has left me but a few moments for these hurried accents ; and as we are now proceeding to partake of frugal repast at the " Star and Garter "—a 3rd rate

13—(2315)

but highly respectable house of public entertainment I must bid you now farewell.

Ever, my dear Jane,
Yours most affectionately,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

September 30th the diary tells that "Ward called p.m. to discuss the Deanery of Lincoln. Worldlier talk was never heard from a stockjobber. Afterwards A. Tennyson came in with a letter from Hallam enclosing one from Sir Robert Peel, offering a pension of £200 a year to Alfred. Alfred dined and Walpole came in to smoke."

Concerning this pension everyone of the "Set" wrote their satisfaction in the event to Brookfield—the only dissentient being Monteith, who said, "With all proper Apostolic-partizanship, all hearty admiration of Alfred's poetry, in which I do not think any could go further, I have a sense of the ludicrous in his snug pension of £200 per annum." This system of writing to Brookfield whenever anything happened to the poet dates from early college days. Tennyson's career was followed closely from the start by sanguine friends who never failed to extend to him their enthusiastic admiration and encouragement; and who, whenever a poem appeared, wrote comments upon it to each other, discussing it line by line, sympathetically criticising, and invariably finding beauty throughout it. Mr. Brookfield himself saw many of the poems while still incomplete, and Tennyson brought to him the proofs of the "Princess," over the punctuation of which they

together worked. "What a fine thing Alfred has written" was the theme of many a letter.

October 8th. [Diary.]

To Alfred Tennyson's. Wigan and his wife, Tom Taylor, and Bentinck dined there. I home at six to dinner. Thackeray came in to dine and stayed till half-past ten. We were to have gone to the G——'s but Jane was ill and Thackeray kept on with me.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

23 Gt. Pulteney St.,
London,
30 *October*, 1845.

My dear Jane,

The enormous mail that is inclosed will render a long letter from me almost as needless as it would be difficult to myself, time having already with his wing brushed the very edges of the letter box, which, I suppose, is the very worst attempt at a poetical mode of saying that it is near post time as was ever employed.

Well, we dined agreeably enough at old A.'s yesterday—but somehow there is and must be rather a want of brilliancy there. However, it is very wicked to say so as it is to say many other things that are quite true. I sate two hours with Thackeray afterwards. He brought back his poor little wife yesterday —she is at Camberwell and he seems well pleased with the people. I just now saw the R.C. Bishop of London get out of an Omnibus in Piccadilly—seize his carpet bag and trudge straight home with it to Golden Square. He had a blue cloak, but it hung below the skirts,

and on he went. A very pleasing, venerable, episcopal looking man, very like any other Bishop—save that none of ours would touch a carpet bag with his little finger.

God bless you,
Ever most affectionately yours,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

A good Thackeray in the *Times* to-day from *Punch* —called " Jeames on Time Bargains."

Mr. Brookfield no doubt also mentioned meeting the R.C. Bishop to Lord Lyttelton, for that gentleman writes back :

HAGLEY,
31 *Oct.*, 1845.

Pleasant Presbyter and Future Bishop,

We wag smoothly here wife and baby and the rest, which I beg you to announce at Paul's Cross.

I wish they would divide St. James' as they did St. George's for many reasons. St. Luke's ought to be made marriageable which I calculate would bring a Jupiter Shower of gold to you to the amount of at least £150 a year. I would then call it St. Luke's, Gretna Green St., instead of Berwick Street, which geographically I imagine would do well enough.

No doubt your carpet bag, Vicar Apostolic, is joining in the Papal cackling all over England at their *New Man*. It makes me very savage to hear their exultings. I hope you spout effectually for S.P.G.

Triumphantly spout ! Spout for Hawkins and for Fagan
Star of the Provinces ! Sun of the Town !
For the colonist distant, the uncivilized Pagan,
Earn peripatetic rhetorical crown !

They have put forth a comfortable report. What of Sam Sly, the Bishop? What of Bishop Bagot of Bath (B. and W.)? What of Ward, the dean? What of Bill Brookfield, of Berwick Street? What of his wife? What of her sister?

Yours ever,

LYTTELTON.

CHAPTER VI

Travelling with the Hallams. Travesty of a Sermon by Wilberforce. Peel. Dinners at Kensington with Titmarsh. Blunder in *Punch*. Carlyle's Humour. Forster and Dickens. Rogers. Wilberforce's Speech on the Sugar Bill humorously considered. Harry Hallam. Moxon and Tennyson. Dinner at the Garrick. Rules for Writing Abroad. A Fair Objector. A Preaching Mission for the S.P.G. Browning's Marriage. Tennyson's Hair.

In 1846 Mrs. Brookfield took the place of her sister, the one who usually accompanied the Hallams on their frequent journeys abroad, and went with them the Grand Tour.

Unfortunately, the sprightly letters of quite unusual interest, which she then wrote were totally destroyed in the fire at Clevedon Court in 1882, together with many valuable books and manuscripts. (Her brother, Sir Arthur Elton, had borrowed them, saying "I trust in your amiability to lend them, you ever were the sweetest tempered of women.")

The party, which started late in June, consisted of the Historian, his daughter Julia, his son Harry, his niece Jane Brookfield, a maid, a valet, and a courier; and, as Mr. Brookfield said to his wife, "It would be difficult to find a party better balanced for the best kind of enjoyment."

The following incident of that journey Mrs. Brookfield often described. They arrived one evening at a village in Switzerland where they had proposed to stay the night, but found the only Inn in the place

in flames. The postillion reassured them and told them of an excellent halting-place a few miles further on. They remained for a little while, however, to admire the awful grandeur of the conflagration. Presently they noticed, apart from the excited groups of villagers, one who had the appearance of an English gentleman. He was evidently in great distress, so Mr. Hallam got down from the carriage, raised his hat, and enquired what ailed him. "All my effects, my luggage, my money, and letters of credit are consumed in yonder fire," exclaimed the stranger. "It is most important that I should get on to Genoa, my destination, but how to do this without money I cannot conceive." Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Hallam produced his note case, and in the tone of one asking a favour, proffered a bank-note. "Sir," said he, "if an hundred pounds is of any use to you, it is very much at your service." The offer was gratefully accepted, and in a few weeks the money was repaid. And every Christmas afterwards until Mr. Hallam's death he received from the gentleman he had assisted a large Norfolk turkey in memory of his kindness.

Although generous, Mr. Hallam was somewhat of a martinet, and he expected his young people to be as regular in their habits as he. When they suggested luncheon baskets to him, he would look at them with the "large eyes" which his son Harry affirmed to be the "Hallam habit" when surprised, and say, "What need of luncheon baskets? It is all arranged. We breakfast at such a place, and we dine when we reach our destination at night. *What* can anyone

want more?" As long as they could, the younger travellers held out, but the mountain air became at last too much for youthful appetites, and finally Harry, with joy not unmixed with trepidation, ingeniously arranged for secret meals. Some *finesse* was naturally necessary, and while one of them was got into the rumble where he or she ate what seemed at the moment to be the most delicious of food, another would keep the Historian's attention engaged upon the prospect. Each in turn performed this office for the others.

The arrival of Mr. Brookfield's letters, which at that time almost entirely took the form of diaries, was not amongst the least joyous episodes of their travels, and they run as follows:

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

1*st July*, 1846.

My dear Jane,

Two things seem to me more doubtful than purgatory, viz., whether I shall ever reach the end of this sheet and whether this sheet will ever reach you. At nine on Sunday morning I arose, schooled, preached the first of the discourses begun last night, and between services finished the other which I preached at night. In afternoon Episcopus Sly preached. Text: "I *ask* nothing before the time." The gist of the sermon, which was as clever and adroit as possible, was this. A day is coming when motives will be revealed. In this life our words deceive others, our feelings, ourselves, even our actions, deceive. But in the last day motives will be manifested. It will then be found that our calculations about character and sincerity, etc., have

been utterly erroneous. That many a one whose actions have borne the semblance of self-denial even to martyrdom (Newman, Pusey, Keble, etc.), have been actuated by spleen or vanity, or obstinacy or what not, while many a one whose duty has happened to run parallel with his self interest, who has appeared worldly minded and insincere has in reality been solely influenced by faith and love, etc. In short, though you think me Sly I am no such thing, though you think I like Champagne and Court ladies and palaces and arch mitres, it is all a mistake,—these just happening to fall into my lap. I like none of them, and only use them for the extension of religion.

However, it was a very able sermon and I am chiefly afraid I shall be imitating his tones and looks next Sunday.

Lyttelton came in after afternoon Church. By the way, fancy Lady L. (the dowager) saying to me the other day with her placid voice "Do you know, I never could bear the Bishop of Oxford." Her "never could bearing" anybody! Sweet, kindly soul.

Monday 29th. Feast of St. Peter. Oh! Hark back. On Sunday, Mrs. Abbot asked after you. I replied "I daresay at this very moment she is looking at the bones of the Magi in the Cathedral at Cologne." She took it for banter just as if I had charged you with going off with a Hungarian officer, and answered laughing and shaking her head "Oh, I am sure Mrs. Brookfield would not go there *to-day*." "Hookey!" thought I. Well, St. Peter's day. . . .

Peel is out as belike you know, and (a rare thing) was almost torn in pieces by acclamations of popularity on leaving the house on Monday, when his resignation was known.

I hope you will enjoy your touring very much, and write so new a book upon old subjects as shall set

London and New York alight; make Lady Duff-Gordon swallow poison with envy; make Tennyson, Thackeray, Spring Rice, Captain Codrington, Edward Dean, Jeemes Spedding, Venables, Kinglake, and the Bullers drown themselves for distracted love, and Mrs. Wickham send her carriage for you to go and dine with them.

I do not remember that I ever performed a feat so creditable to my head or heart as this clean, neat-looking letter. I would give anything (except the money and the time) to sit down with you at some *table d'hôte*, or any other table suddenly. I liked your letter much. Your meek monks, your gliding priests, your vulgar grandees. Ha! Ha!

God bless thee.

July 8th.

At the Gurney's. A new dish to-day was a clear jelly with two gold fish wriggling about in it; afterwards people went off to Vauxhall.

9th.

At 1.30 Lyttelton came for a walk. I showed you portrait as Richmond's. He said it was nice but not perfect. Then I undeceived him.

It was about this picture that Mr. Brookfield said he wanted the opinion upon it "of Thackeray or some other artist," but all Thackeray said of it was "It was devilish nice, but not a favourable likeness." It was a picture of Laurence's.

14th.

I was interested in your Promenades, your *conversations haus*, and be hanged to you. Your George, Prince of Wales, James and the convent. The Gods, Herzog and the "ambling hunchback" (the best word

that could have been used but I wished the letter twice as long).

15*th*.

At eight thirty I ascended a 'bus and proceeded to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Titmarsh at Kensington, where I had been asked to dine but was at Church instead. There were Harness, Sir Carmichael Smith,* Kinglake, T.'s brother-in-law, Shaw; Leech, who does the large pictures in *Punch*, a very gentlemanly, modest, pleasing fellow. The evening was pleasant but lacked fire, I think, yet altogether a very tolerable *conversations haus*.

17*th*.

While Miss Fanshawe was here yesterday Thackeray came, and off we toddled to the City and dined on boiled beef. Coming home, seeing acquaintances of his at a window of the Garrick, we went in for half an hour.

Presently he recollected that he had made a great blunder in *Punch* for the coming week, and must be off to the office to correct it, and at eight we separated.

18*th*.

As soon as my letters were written I hurried to a Committee at London Library. Present MILMAN, Bunsen, Forster (our host), Milnes, Lewis, somebody else, and Carlyle. There was lots of fun, Carlyle being the chief lever who upraised it all directly or indirectly. It was very amusing, but I had to hurry away at quarter to six to dress for Fagan's at six.

23*rd*.

At eleven to Miss Coutts': "she had taken the liberty to insert Mrs. Brookfield's name in the invitation," to which what could a polite preacher say but that his only consolation was that Mrs. B. could not at her painful distance know the bliss she was losing

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* Major Carmichael Smyth, Thackeray's step-father.

by zig-zagging on the Continent with Mr. H. "Oh, Mr. Hallam is gone, is he?" As if she knew or was interested in the said Historiographer. There were numbers there. The Hoares, Claud Hamilton, John Manners, Gladstone, and the Duke,* looking not as in the street, insolent, and odious, but nice, kindly, pleasant and very well. I expect I shall go again next Thursday.

Write on. Nothing could be possibly better than the "Jew and Jewess gorging, then sitting like ravens on a perch cursing you Gentiles."

Aug. 6th.

Committee of London Library.

Forster told me Dickens had written him from Lauzanne that he had met Hallam's party. Hallam in great force. And a lady of remarkable, etc., etc. He did not know her name, "but," said Forster, "I have enlightened him upon that point."

8th.

Andrewes ill. Began to take his duty in the House of Commons.

11th.

Turned with the Goddards into the Green Park after p.m. service and found old Rogers quite alone. He asked immediately after you, and in the course of chaff said to Mrs. G., pointing at me "You see what an inconvenience it is to be married to an Angel before his time." Alfred Tennyson and "Mester Muxon" are off to Switzerland. I am going to dine with Pollock to-night to meet the chief baron and Titmarsh, whom I have not seen for nearly a month. I don't think I sent you Forster's most chivalrously expressed remembrances to you. I dare say we shall have a pleasant evening. I cannot get out of my

* The Duke of Wellington.

head that Thackeray insists upon it that Mrs. X. beats X. There seems a sort of droll probability in the improbability.

Walking the other day with an absent-minded friend, Rogers told him how a lady, half recognising him the day before had asked him "Isn't your name Rogers?" "And was it?" asked the absent one.

14*th*.

I went yesterday to the Lords. Sam had taken care to give notice that he meant to pill, and a regular gilt bolus was therefore to be expected. Nevertheless there was no cram. He duly rose and said it was an infinite bore to him to oppose any government, still more the present government, for he thought they might have an opportunity of sending him to Lambeth; and indeed he hoped they would still be able to do so, for he thought they were most excellent conscientious people, and he would not have said a word against their sugar bill, but as his opposition would do no harm (for he knew their measure would be carried), and as he merely wished to say a few popular things about Slavery, he hoped they would excuse him making a smart speech, and not think his willingness that poorer people than himself should drink their tea without sugar, an objection to his being made an Archbishop. He said that their making a free trade in sugar would be making a free trade in Blacks, a trade which would by no means be free to them. He did not mention that the stimulus of Free Trade accompanying and facilitating the spread of humanizing principles would perhaps strike out some better way of producing sugar than flogging Blacks, and that the impediments to the slave trade would be kept up in proportionate activity, and that perhaps even the Blacks would learn to stick up for themselves. In fact, he merely wished to make a speech and he did

so. It fell very flat, there was not a single cheer from beginning to end. It was an hour long. Then up gets the Bishop of London, whose lot it is always to *follow*. He puffed Sam and seconded his amendment, but the Bill he snubbed, he likewise, no less than his Right Reverend Brother, being no ways unwilling that the inferior clergy should go without sugar if they found it too dear under the present restrictions. The Marquis of Lansdowne then rose and said that Sam Wilberforce had an hereditary right to be heard about niggers but that he (the noble Marquis) had the honour to be Godfather to a young gent who was of more value than many niggers.* Their Lordships need not be reminded that he alluded to a party now relaxing amid the stupendous scenery of the Tyrol from the exertions which had won for him the brightest decorations of a University *the reverse* of that which enjoyed the episcopal superintendence of the Right Reverend Prelate, and he was no less anxious that this academical phenomenon should enjoy his *eau sucré* upon a more reasonable scale of tariff than the Right Reverend Prelate could be, and that the negro should eat each other up upon the shores of Africa instead of earning an honest and secure and fat and comfortable livelihood upon the cane lands of Cuba or chaunting "Buffalo Gals" and "Lucy Neal" in the fertile plains of the Brazils, etc.

And the Bill was passed.

Arriving at S.P.G. (lately) a quarter of an hour too early for a meeting I found Robert Montgomery

* This was a playful allusion to Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, who was godson to Lord Lansdowne, and who had taken his degree the previous January, being among the Senior Optimes in the Mathematical Tripos, and second Chancellor's medallist.

already there—alone—leaning in one of the window places. I did not know him, but he soon put an end to our defect of acquaintance. He gave me a good deal of his personal history—and ended by telling me that he had good hopes of a chapel being built for him at the West End of London—adding "And I can't help thinking that I could adapt the Gospel to the West End."

18*th*.

I feel very great delight in thinking of you larking about and taking your pastime. I don't think I have ever known anyone fitter to enjoy it, I don't think you could possibly have taken a more varied and experimental route, and it is quite impossible that you could ever have gone in more satisfactory company. I do not see one single thing to be wished for, except for myself, viz., that I were with you.

After calling on Andrewes, who was starting for Canterbury, I went to the House of Commons. Then to Kensington to call on Thackeray. Returning I met "Musses Muxen." Master Moxon and Alfred are this day at Geneva, and as the latter, indeed both, are among your seven hundred and ninety-nine lovers, I should think they would be trying to meet you. . . if the indolence of Alfred was not the safeguard of your virtue.

19*th*.

House of Commons. Home to write sermon in evening, then called on Mrs. Procter, but can't remember anything that was said. They have only asked me once since you went, so that I do not seem in very high favour. After Church I went to the Garrick (not the "Garrick's Head" where the blackguard Judge and Jury is held that Harry took some Bishop to) to meet Procter, Kenyon, and Browning whom Thackeray had asked me to meet there. A

very pleasant evening with several "Sallies" which compelled three pilling looking gents who were dining at an adjoining table to pause every now and then from their own stale conversation and listen devoutly to ours. Home and a cigar with W. M. T.

20th.

A characteristic letter from Andrewes I send you.

My dear B.: It is only an internal feeling which causeth a gulping and a funny sensation in the eyes which can in any degree whatever thank you for all your kindness, etc. I trust you have heard this week from Mrs. Brookfield. I pray you when next you write give her my kindest regards. She is one of the very few lovely ones I ever knew.

24th.

Feast of St. Pipe. Rules for writing abroad. First catch your goose. Then make a pen with a fine point. Then get the largest sheet of paper, or weight of paper, that postage will allow (usually quarter of an ounce), then think for a moment what letters have to be acknowledged and what facts recorded (sentiments will come of themselves). Then answer and comment upon last letter received. Then by a graceful transition from Tuism to Egoism refer to your own last written, and say where it left off. Then proceed onward to describe (as no one can so well as yourself) what has happened day by day, taking heed to Chronology and Topography; and do not leave it to one's own wit to discover whether or not the rhododendrons of the Montanicet were gathered in the crags of the Pfeffers or whether the adorable Carlo Dolce steered the steamer through Wesen Streets on Sunday or on Thursday evening after posting across the lake of Wallenstadt. The alternation to the above perfect rules of letter writing is journalizing day by day without any formal beginning or ending, and commenting

on things not in artificial order but as they come. This is the most easy and convenient, but least skilful way. Noticing them in a mere jotting, incidental fashion, sometimes gets things into confusion instead of harmonizing them into mutual relief as may be the case with a regular built piece of architecture of a letter. The jotting down diary style is my own, at present, at least, and many incongruities result which would be avoided if the whole were at one sitting.

He then proceeds to tell her that such interesting letters as hers should be written so that all might read and enjoy them, while anything not meant for profane eyes could be placed in a sort of Poets' Corner arranged on purpose for them.

25th.

I was a little surprised to find that the violent, calumnious, venomious, viperious Lord G. B—— (as everybody designates him) should turn out (for I had not known him before by sight) to be a gentlemanly looking man I have often seen listening apparently with interest at St. James'. I met him in the Lobby a day or two after I began chaplaining as I rushed out and he in, he gave a little start or sort of half smile as if going to speak, much the same as Mr. Hallam when he caught you at half-past five a.m. at Freiburg rushing to mass. "God Bless me—what are *you* doing here." This morning as I was proceeding to *my* Mass at the House, I saw the mad woman who criticises the doctrine of my sermons. She was waiting at the corner of Glasshouse St., and by her eager eye and expectant face I saw she was timing her shaft for the moment when I should pass. Unable to help laughing I puckered up my face as if the sun

was shining in my eyes and stalked on. The shaft changed its character accordingly and instead of an exception to my orthodoxy it was a reflection upon my personal appearance and a shrill rather compassionate but still partly exulting voice squeaked out "Aged, Aged!"

In the Guardian lately—"On entering the Church every eye was attracted to a stained *widow* of great beauty over the Altar."

Strazza di Poltine, 23,
16 *Sept.*, 1846.

My dear Person,

Your pathetic intonings about my being such a bully fall upon an ear somewhat steeled and relentless. I don't think my truculency has done you much harm, because I don't see that it has done you much good. Some effort at amendment I confess, not entirely without success but something like the endeavour of a Frenchman to say, "This is the house that Jack built"—"Deeze isa youze dart jacquebill."

Your vile ingratitude in never noticing that I acknowledged your letter from Interlacken to be *no* totally unworthy of the wife of Cæsar, is only equalled by the audacious levity with which you have disregarded my detailed instructions in the art of polite letter-writing. Since in regard to which you have, like many religious people, made election of the injunction you choose to obey and despise the rest.

But however, you either can't or you won't. I devoutly hope the latter, meanwhile I always allow both the letters and yourself to be deuced clever, it is only the humdrum talent that is wanting.

Mrs. Brookfield and the Hallams got back to

England towards the end of September, and Mr. Brookfield early in October went, almost against his will, to preach a mission in the West of England in aid of the S.P.G.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

CLEVEDON COURT,
16*th Oct.*, 1846.

My dear Deputation,

Thanks for to-day's letter and programme. I wish excessively that I could attend and hear you some day, disguised as a schoolmistress or any how.

In the programme I am amused at the way in which they embody the Deputation, saying "Deputation to preach" at such a place. I thought such a mode of speaking was merely admissible as a joke and that the title implied two or three individuals by rights.

Captain Beddoes is calling here (Cecilia-Alicia's husband) a most good-natured sailor, Miss Edgeworth's nephew, and the original of Harry in "Harry and Lucy," a nice frank-mannered man. Again an interruption of visitors, Clifton people, with whom I used to beat my hoop on the Crescent at Clifton in years gone by, eminently Pilsome ladylike nonentities. A soirée takes place this evening at Mount Elton, Lady E. called yesterday to invite me and Edward to step in between seven and eight, I don't think I can.

Kate is more enduring by a great deal than I am of the common run of "Société," and was spirited enough to give an evening entertainment here the other day (which seems the fashionable hospitality of the place). She had a man from Bristol to cook, gave a select dinner first of all, and then a most recherché supper with barley sugar towers and so forth, all costing only five pounds, and knocking off all the

bearing grudges people who ought to have had more attention paid them.

Harry Hallam, back at Cambridge for his last term, at this period wrote a letter in which he said to Mrs. Brookfield: "You might hint in a delicate manner to Miss Hallam that it was a foolish fond old custom in the Primitive Church for relatives to correspond with each other, until which usage be restored I must request you to be the medium of assuring her of my distinguished assurance," and to Mr. Brookfield—"Your parody, dear Brookfield, is the most perfect testimony, within this historical period, to the favourite maxim of an ancient father, that Charity is the handmaid of humour and Forebearance auxiliary to wit."

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

BUTLEIGH COURT,
29 *Oct.*, 1846.

Octavia,

My zarviz to you. Your letter rezived this morning is zhart and zweet, and I think needs no special answer save acknowledgment.

After I bewrote thee yesterday Mrs. Neville drove Lady Charlotte, young Bagot (Clerk) and self into Glastonbury. I called on old Doctor Parfitt, who I think wanted to shirk Monday's Meeting, *i.e.* not to have it, the Town Hall being occupied, but I stuck to it, saying that we would have it in schoolroom. Bishop had gone off to Yeovil to consecrate, and was to take up his son, very nice fellow like himself, at Glastonbury on his return. It is almost impossible to get the Bishop to places in time. A regular fashionable incapacity for punctuality. And they only got him

off this morning by happening to have forward clocks. We merely glanced at the ruins of Glastonbury. Home to four-thirty dinner. Church followed, with capital chanting. We being in a great room of a pew with blazing fire which the Dean kept poking while he sang on out of tune like seven. Meeting. George Neville opened, very sensible but not fluent, too sensible for that. Dean followed, I had given him a piece of report to read straight off which he did. Curate Tripp, tremulous and meek in his moderate Puseyism fired away in a cut and dried, very good and sensible, but he had written it out and had to revert to it as it lay concealed in a book which he had in his hand. Ralph Neville followed (M.P. for Windsor) as impudent as brass, and gave a very fair lay speech. The LION followed, distributed warm compliments on the state of the Parish, the services, the tremulous curate speech, etc., and went on for half an hour, without breaking down, but it felt to him very seedy. However, it came to an end.

Folks are very kind here, just what you would like very much. I will not tell you which you would like best. I don't know that there is exactly great talent, but good breeding, good nature and good tone. You would like the old lady. Perfectly unaffected and kind as they all are.

To-morrow Walton, which in my secret mind I rather dread. Lord John is a most excellent fellow, but I have more sympathy with men of less business-like minds. The Bishop for instance.

Mr. Brookfield to H. F. Hallam :

23 GT. PULTENEY ST.,
16 *Nov.*, 46.

My dear Harry,

Much thanks for the Malt : quite as much as if

the Porters at Broxbourne were not at this identical moment (4.23) swigging it to the health of all Cambridge cousins who are green enough to send liquor by rail to their relations in Town. Certes the beer hath not got into our house, which militates against the probability of its ever getting into our head. A day or two, however, may reveal it.

Meantime a thousand thanks for a present (when it does arrive) in every way acceptable to me.

I had intended a few remarks, but a sudden call to bustle off to dine has thrown me on a heap. We spend two pleasant days with the Purveyor of History to all Mankind and the gentlest of Historian's Daughters at Clifton last Thursday and Friday. My Mission was fertile in pleasant intercourses (oh goodness what numbers of nice people Heaven does bend over), and not barren of fun. Less irksome than I had expected but still not satisfactory as to my own portion in the business. I mean the speaking.

But adieu. Jane's love,

Ever most sincerely,

W. H. BROOKFIELD.

Mrs. Brookfield to Harry Hallam :

23 GREAT PULTENEY ST.,

5 *Dec.*, 46.

My dear Harry,

Your princely gift arrived yesterday and William being immersed in Sermonic cogitation has acquiesced in my proposal of taking his letter out of his hands into these unworthy substitutes—but as he is very busy to-day he could but have written a line so I am the less diffident of robbing you of that.

Very many gratitudes for your kind present and eke for a welcome letter preliminaryising your beer.

I indulged myself in a volume of *Consuelo* the other day to revive Venice—how impossible that Sky and the Evening's Piazza promenade appear in one's native atmosphere—we breakfasted by candlelight at 9 o'clock to-day.

An owlishly intellected lady was one day accounting for Courvoisier's murder of his master by the "simple fact" of his living by gaslight. In Lord William Russell's house the offices were always in the dark and "this must have an effect on the mind and lead to gloomy and evil thoughts," etc. What would be the end of St. Luke's Sunday School on this theory? for they are constantly taught by gaslight during the winter, and who knows but I may have to give evidence to this effect in extenuation of some future crime committed by one of my own gaslighted class?

Mr. Moxon has just cheerily bounced into the room with hearty shakes of the hand, "Sir," and Alfred being in Town is coming to dine with him to-day—would William come and meet him? Mr. Rogers had sent them "a very fine leveret, and they should have a pair of soles and no form." So William goeth there to-night. Of course you know that our friend Browning ran away with a sister poet the other day? Miss Barrett-Barrett (y two Barrett's ?) who has been nearly bedridden for years; they are now in Italy away from a brutish father (*selon* Mr. Moxon) who opposed the match and entailed the necessity of its being achieved in a surreptitious (gracious! what a word!!!) manner. Miss Wynn lent me Miss Barrett's poetic effusions with a strong encomium from herself. I see she has a good deal of poetry in her, but her "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" is evidently conceived in consequence of reading Locksley Hall, and the whole poem recalls it; though such a *laboured* piece of 40 pages was never put together I suppose.

(Excuse a somewhat lame conclusion to my attempt at a Critique.) As to your hospitable suggestions about Cambridge, my Harry, nothing should I like better and nothing would better please William than invading the Time honoured abode of Genius and enjoying a festive day there under your friendly auspices, but I fear it must be one of the bright possibilities of the future—a star on the Horizon but not yet over our heads. Friend Thomas hath departed for a Xmas holiday. New brooms are busily executing their well known propensities in sweeping clean, and to drop metaphor (into which I had but just stepped, for I am sure the fact of Thomas's departure is anything but a mere metaphor) the new Rector of St. Jeames's keeps a vigilant eye over us all and might take note in an unfavourable manner of both Curate and Incumbent absenting themselves at once. Mr. Chapman condescended to take care of Mrs. Garden's love to me, all the way from Edinburgh and sent it me by Mr. Spedding, who dined with us the other day. Mr. Moxon said Alfred one day while travelling said to him, "Moxon, you have made me very unhappy by something you said to me at Lucerne," the unfortunate speech having been "Why Tennyson you will be as bald as Spedding before long." Poor Alfred brooded over this till on his return to England he put himself under a Mrs. Parker (or some such name) who rubs his head and pulls out dead hairs an hour a visit, and ten shillings an hour, besides cosmetics *ad libitum*. Your father's hair would bristle up at the idea of the Queen's pension being spent in this manner, but really his hair is such an integral part of his appearance it would be a great pity he should lose it—and they say this woman does really restore hair, and she is patronised by Royalty itself! Can I say more in her favour or in extenuation for A. T.

The said A. T. was staying with Mr. Taylor, I believe, but was turned out by the arrival of the fair Wigan who was ill and required a room. My letter is essentially gossiping; and now to mount from the ridiculous to the sublime, I thought of you when at a dinner party the other day, a pilling good-natured curate was telling little parochial jests and vestry experiences, and named the circumstances of a party bringing his (their, or her) child to be baptised by the name of HYDROPATHA. On expostulation they were firm to their choice of the name, having had great benefit from the water system and wishing to memorialize their gratitude in the shape of their little girl.

Your affect. JANE.

CHAPTER VII

Lady Duff-Gordon. An unique Dinner Party. Mrs. Norton. Count D'Orsay. Living under the Church. Mrs. Wigan. Mrs. Carlyle. Cambridge. The "Cave." Reading Shakespeare. Installation of the Prince Consort as Chancellor. "Clever Men." A Criticism on Vanity Fair. "Pride of Intellect." Price of Votes. Dr. Thompson. Charles Tennyson. "Amelia" and Mrs. Brookfield. Miss Cushman. Lady Duff-Gordon's Offer. Criticism on "Dombey." "Frank Whitestock." Tennyson.

The year 1847 found Mr. Brookfield a good deal troubled by the depreciation of some railway stock he had been persuaded to purchase; and, as preferment did not seem to be coming his way, talk arose, not for the first time, concerning his chance of getting an Inspectorship of schools.

Early in January Mrs. Brookfield wrote to Harry Hallam:—

As you left the room to-day Lady Duff-Gordon and her husband came in—their first visit, very benevolently meant—to ask us to dine and meet Lord Lansdowne by way of fathering Inspectorial possibilities. I feel excited, having intended to dislike Lady Duff, and finding myself suddenly crushed under an obligation to her. She must be very good natured, but meeting the arbiter of one's interests I don't take always to be a good measure, it's putting one's head into the lion's mouth at once.

But that this meeting came off is evident from the following :—

23 Gt. Pulteney St.,
London,
22 *Jan.*, 1847.

My dearest Mother,

Pray offer all the congratulations in the world to Gould and Fanny on the well doing of the latter, and all those which the occasion deserves on the accession to their family. If there is a moment when I feel life a burden and tear my hair up by the roots it is when I hear of my friends having men children and women children born to them. Why, ah why, have they all the good fortune ? Blessed images of our blessed selves ! How thrice favoured are the toads under such quivers full of harrows ! . . .

I told you I sat next Lady Duff-Gordon at Kinglake's dinner. We dined with them the other evening at a very little party. Lord Lansdowne, Lady Charlotte Lyndesay, a Mr. Bruce, a foreign author and our two selves. The dinner was peculiar in its way. The Gordons are peculiarly far from "*fine*." He is the most gentlemanly hand at it I ever saw, and would seem perfectly unconscious that such and such things were considered vulgar ; she, on the other hand, would seem rather as if she gloried in their very commonness : but not much so—I don't mean to malign her. The dinner was soup and cod's head and shoulders, followed by the bouilli, of which the soup had been made ; two fowls and a chap, followed by a pheasant, a tart, a jelly and black puddings ; the black puddings followed by an orange pie—made just like an apple pie but not nearly so good ; cheese and salad ; sherry, bottled ale and bottled porter, with a bottle of claret after dinner. . . . Lady Gordon had dressed the

salad herself in the kitchen. But the difference with which *he* would mention such a thing as simple matter of fact—and *she* with just the least little tinge of bravado would strike an acute observer. Now if you heard Sir Alex ask whether you would eat Beccaficoes à la Reine or Black puddings (if you had never heard of either), you could not possibly distinguish which came from the belly of a sow and which from the Groves of Sardinia (if there are any Beccaficoes there).

Sunday I have a funny enough dinner. Lord Lyttelton, Eöthen and Thackeray. Lyttelton asked himself, as did Thackeray, and I added Kinglake. A learned, pious peer—the chief writer in *Punch*—and Eöthen. We shall go at 7 to church when I shall preach for the third time and return to coffee, etc. As odd a dinner as there will be in London that day. . . .

Ever, my dear Mother, most affectionately,

W. H. Brookfield.

As Mr. Brookfield invariably gave his mother an account of anything curious he heard, he, on the 4th of February, from Southampton where he was staying with Mrs. Brookfield, sent her the following:

The Saturday before we came here we dined with the Walter Jameses (M.P. for Hull). We had Lord and Lady Lyveden (the latter used to be considered a great beauty), Mr. James Wortley and wife, and one or two more. Lady L. sang Scotch songs as well as possible. Lord L. is the only person I ever met who had *seen* a "Will o' the wisp." He saw one, or rather two at once, the latter end of last year when with Edwin Landseer, the animal painter, in Scotland,—but they seemed two miles distant and had no deluding effect. It was on a marshy moor.

Leaving his wife at the Fanshawes, he wrote on the 15th February to her :

Thackwack came in at 9 last night, and we conversed till small hours. His remark on A.B. is that "There is a volcano of voluptuousness in that girl"!!! and he adheres to it that she is a woman full of passions and affections under control. Little Fanshawe, you may assure her, was spoken of as she would have liked if listening through the keyhole. You alone came in for the unmeasured tempest of our abuse. He wants to know when his purse will be finished. *Totty is to come—but no servant.*

This last concerned little Miss Fanshawe's usual visit to the little Miss Thackerays, and Thackeray himself wrote to Mrs. Brookfield about it apparently the same day, for on the next she says to her husband :

Totty is looking forward with great delight to her visit but I am afraid the going without a maid may prove a spoke in the wheel. I don't know if I can steady my head sufficiently to answer Mr. Thackeray's witty effusion to-day.

and she encloses to him his friend's letter. On which Mr. Brookfield replied :

23 Gt. Pulteney St.,
18 *Feb.*, 1847.

My dear Person,

You had better come home soon—you are evidently getting mad. Thackeray's letter is very good. I will take care of it. . . . I am passionately in love with Heritage. I had her up yesterday to consult*—but finding that she was fascinating me I dismissed her

* He was giving a dinner to Thackeray and others.

to wrestle with the great dinner Angel in private and to announce to me the result of her meditation. This morning the conference was resumed. When I must do you the justice to say that her imagination had not been able to soar above "a nice piece of salt beef to boil." I shook my head and said it was not quite company enough—to which she added—verbatim—"I have nothing else *to suggest.*" Whereupon I devised the carte which I inclose and of which you will perhaps consume the leavings on Friday evening.

After writing to you yesterday I enjoyed my "bit of fish" at 5½ in solemn solitude and at 7 to church when I proche. At 9 o'clock the sublime and the ridiculous developed themselves in the persons of Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Spedding, who sat till 12. Soon after that hour I retired to my downy and fell asleep in the arms of *Mr.* Milman. . . .

I wish you had been here at our festival to-night—at least I wish I had had it a day later—but we shall have other opportunities for the exercise of your favourite gift. And so farewell—I shall hear to-morrow by what train you come, but if by chance you find any reason to stay another day, as in persons full of brimstone in every pore may be the case, do not hesitate to think yourself a free agent.

God bless you, love to Fanshawes—less and least—and the Bullars.

Thine most affectionately,

W. H. BROOKFIELD.

Mrs. Brookfield was under treatment for gout and taking sulphur baths; she wrote to Thackeray:

SOUTHAMPTON,

18*th February.*

My dear Mr. Thackeray,

As I hope to be at home to-morrow it seems

hardly worth while to write any more than just a few lines to thank you for your letter which amused us extremely and for which Mrs. Fanshawe also was much obliged and desires her best thanks and respects or regards. Totty could not get ready soon enough to come with me, so that at all events you will not expect her till next week—and further particulars I may be empowered to enter into when I see you. It was entirely out of my power to answer your kind letter yesterday, tho' I tried hard to do so, and made several beginnings. You rose grander and more awful in the majesty of your authorship each time I made the feeble attempt to write a few unpretending words in answer to your letter, and it is only the fear of appearing rude and ungrateful which has mastered my trepidation to-day. The ancient doctors are still alive and have been experimenting on me with hot air and sulphur baths satisfactorily, setting me up to brave the airs of Pulteney again.

Bishop Oaks, on an ambling Palfrey, rides by in innocent self-contentment. You left a great blank behind you—not to be filled up at all.

Believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

J. O. Brookfield.

I beg your pardon for crossing—will you give my love to the two children.

Mrs. Fanshawe, wife of the Rev. Fanshawe of Southampton, was a gifted woman, one of the brightest intelligences of her time: she took rank with Mrs. Carlyle and Mrs. Procter in intellectual attainments; her reasoning powers were exceptionally keen, and to a happy lucidity of expression she added a charm which neither of those ladies ever possessed. She was a

dear and true friend, both to the Thackerays and the Brookfields.

Harry Hallam to Mr. Brookfield :

WILTON CRESCENT,
Tuesday.

My dear Brookfield,

I am base enough to shrink from the responsibilities of Whitechapel. The Licentiate, whose great mind cannot yet fathom the object of oriental pilgrimages, has it much at heart that I should do myself the honour of waiting on Mrs. Robert Fillymore at a *very small evening party*, and can suggest nothing better than that I should defer any experimental acquaintance with the Codger's Club till after Gully.

I shall despatch this early that you may not be premature in making your arrangements for the day. Pray, pray do not reward my treachery by taking Mr. Thackeray to those delightful regions ; but remember, that in this important struggle, in which the interests of the Church are so deeply at stake, of independence against conventionality, of appropriativeness against property, of draymen against monarchs, of the Catholic East against the Erastian West, a humble but faithful companion bides his time and now subscribes himself with regretful affection—

JOHN MANNERS.

It was part of a pose of the time to sign letters with the name of a friend or with some fantastic imaginary signature, while a similar buoyancy prompted them also to spell phonetically, to head their notes " St You and St Mee," " St Stephen Sprice," etc., and address Mrs. Brookfield as " The Countess of St. Luke's,"

"The Rev. Mrs. Brookfield," etc., while Harry Hallam would sometimes closely copy Thackeray's handwriting, and then apologise for "this base imitation of the Great Humourist."

At the end of a "war of wits" with his mother, it is noticeable that Mr. Brookfield always changed the subject by giving her the gossip of the town. On this occasion Mrs. Jana Brookfield had been criticising somewhat sternly a certain sermon of her son's upon "Baptism." Tired of the tussle, he sent her the following:

23 Gt. Pulteney St.,
26 *March*, 1847.

My dearest Mother,

What the juice had happened to make you so uncommon cross with every body towards the close of your last letter ?—poor lady Buff !—poor lady Borgad ! —(I've got such a cold id my dose I caddot write the letters *eb* ad *ed*)—poor Mrs. Dortod ! As to the last mentioned—your virtuous indignation is all very well conceived—but entirely misplaced. Nobody thinks Mrs. D. a woman of strict conventional habits, and all people are free to exercise their private judgement as to the desirableness of intimacy with her, because she does not care a bodle for what Mrs. Grundy says, and like a goodish many of her charming sect I dare say she likes men better than women; but merely their talk; of course it is very bad judgement and indicates a very unenviable state of mind to think that men are better company than women. I don't think so, nor I am sure does anybody with proper taste, but still nobody in London believes a syllable of harm between Lord M. and Mrs. N—nobody that is that knows anything at all about the matter. You must remember

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he was acquitted, and that not in the least ambiguously or discreditably. Surely it is very unfair to punish people because they are *accused*. But still that is not so conclusive as the general conviction in the minds of all that know them both in their favour. After all it is not individuals who are to settle what society is to do in such cases. Society receives her—and does not *most certainly* receive those who are believed to be incorrect. And it would be unjustifiable to refuse to meet her—and rather harsh to refuse to be introduced. I enquired all about it of most competent decorumists two years ago when we were asked to meet her at dinner but did not go. And tho' I should not approve of her as an intimate friend there is nothing against a mere slight acquaintance even for the most prudent. I believe her to be as entirely free from any impropriety as Miss Bates or Miss Harrison or Mrs. Best,—three as spotless virgins I should think as the chaste moon ever sees putting on their night caps.

And if the case were not so favourable for her as in the judgement of those best capable of judging it really is—still—is there not an *a fortiori* lesson to be drawn from a narrative you have met with ?

Hath any man condemned thee ? — No man. Neither do I condemn thee.

That was not in the case of an innocent person, whom 12 men had deliberately acquitted, and whom competent members of society believed to be blameless. . . .

The inauguration of Albert as chancellor took place yesterday. I might have lunched at the palace, but had no curiosity, all members of the Senate being admissible . . . .

I saw Kinglake last night but forgot to ask him if he was an infidel. By the bye, Warburton was there too but I did not happen to speak with him. This

was at Mrs. Milman's. I had gone alone—Count d'Orsay having driven off Jane to a masquerade, he dressed as Neptune, she as a sea nymph.

Good-bye. Jane's best love with mine to Sire and all.

Most affectionately,

W. H. B.

P.S. — On the Carte of the Carlton Club the day before yesterday (the General Fast) was to be seen these words :—" The Committee, taking into consideration that the observance of a General Fast has been ordained, have directed that the Coffee room dinner shall be confined strictly to—Two soups, Fish. Plain Joints. Spring Tarts. Omelettes and Cheese.

A Birthday letter from Mr. Brookfield to his father runs :

23 Gt. Pulteney St.,

2nd May, 1847, 6.30 p.m.

Honoured and Beloved Sire,

. . . I wish I had been dining with you to-day instead of preaching indifferent sermons (three in number) in London. I would much rather have joined you in Stanley port not indifferent and six in number. I would have fallen fast asleep with you over Adam Clarke, while my Mother kept awake over Hannah More and wished she had a husband and son of better mind. I would have said my Catechism before tea—then eaten toast and drunk bohea from Sidebotham's (or who ever may now sit upon his grocer throne) I would have afterwards repeated Watts' hymns ; strolled round the pond ; got called in from the dewy grass ; slept again like the maids over one of Cooper's practicals, and then awaked to the best and merriest supper of the week, when my

mother's gravity could hold out no longer—as it never could last through a whole Sunday. . .

Towards June, owing to the state of the Stocks and also because of Mrs. Brookfield's health, it was decided they should give up their London house for a time, Mr. Brookfield undertaking to live in the vaults beneath St. Luke's Church, which he had the right to do, and Mrs. Brookfield going to visit relations in the West of England. They are no sooner apart than correspondence begins. Harry Hallam writes almost before his cousin has reached her destination :

You will be glad to hear that a depressed public walking along a vacant and dreary Piccadilly in moody silence fell in with the creature-comfort of Spedding who discoursed eloquently, feelingly and gushingly for the space of two hours to his not unwilling audience on the great divinity whom to name would be profanation, but whom he has worshipped on five distinct occasions after a regimental, diabolic, normal and sleep-walking ritual, and is in a most proper state of enthusiasm, although when pressed on the point as to whether or no " he would that Grote's gay lot were his," his apostolic caution induced him to say that he should think it a great responsibility. She spends Sunday in singing hymns in her own room to herself. A most touching letter has been received from Thompson in which his gracious condescension extends to me and all clerical relations the use of my old rooms to be had and held for our common benefit during the period of our Prince his installation.

F. Lushington came up to town in the most opportune manner just in time to be hooked for the dinner.

After some guarded fencing, and preliminary beating about the bush, I drew the grand fact that the Tennyson habit of coming unwashed and staying unbidden was, is, and will be the great burthen and calamity of the Lushington existence, socially considered. They actually groan under M., who they expect will stay to keep up the establishment, when the original family retires to Malta. I did not venture to touch upon the delicate ground of E., but I expect they labour under undefined but not ungrounded alarms that Mr. J. may be a permanent fixture.

I have hired myself to a party signing himself W. H. B. as secretary for S.P.G. communications in consideration of a breakfast to be given under St. Luke's.

Adieu, my dear Linda, time flies, cabs rumble in the distance to whirl me to operas, and audacity conscious of having written a dull letter without any reasonable excuse—quails at its own presumption. Julia, I believe, returns Monday, the Licentiate probably not till Tuesday.

H. F. H.

The "divinity" alluded to above was probably Jenny Lind, between whom and Harry Hallam there was jokingly supposed to be a romantic attachment.

Mrs. Brookfield, after duly bemoaning that her husband should be relegated to so "monastic a cell," tells him:

ROCKBEARE HOUSE,
EXETER,
30th June, 47.

. . . I am amused at the difference of our grand events which we have to communicate to each other—

yours comprising Consecrations, S.P.G. meetings, and all the usual bewhirlings of the Great Babal, and mine being such very petty events to narrate, but (equally) in default of anything more stirring, narratable somehow or other. . . .

The blow was given to the intended dinner of to-day by Clericus Sanders sending over a man and horse to mention the death of an aunt, which obliged him to give up dining with us and so the Salmon from Exeter and the green-pea soup and the chickens and jellies have to be eaten at an early dinner to-day—a "*Comble de richesse*," the hot weather not permitting delays. . . .

Julia was telling me that a friend of Mrs. Joy's had seen Mrs. B. at St. Bennett's Church lately. He was so much struck by her interesting appearance and melancholy expression that she said she could not help feeling more leniently towards her. "Pray how was she dressed?" asked Mrs. Joy. "Oh, beautifully dressed—a white lace bonnet with blush roses," etc. "Well, then, I don't pity her," said Mrs. Joy, "for if she were penitent she would wear a slouch bonnet and print dress so as to attract as little attention as possible." It seems that after the scene between Mrs. B. and Mr. W. was discovered, she had a long conversation with her husband beginning (by her saying), "I may as well tell you all my history," and confessing (to him) several other similar adventures, but concluding by declaring that all along Mr. B. was the only person she ever really loved. Perhaps she confesses to Mr. Bennett and may be reformed under his auspices, and made publicly to confess her sins before the congregation according to the Rubric. Some Americans, Mr. and Miss Joy (cousins to the late Mr. Joy) were staying here before I came, and Mrs. Wilson told me their servant amused her so much by his free and

easiness ; he never waited at table or appeared with the other servants in the house, but one evening Mrs. Wilson was going to walk out with Miss Joy when a fashionably dressed man with a slight bow joined them, and walking beside Miss Joy, discussed the various shrubs and talked quite at his ease, and this turned out to be the servant. . . .

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

St. Lewkes, Berwick St.,
1*st July*, 1847.

True, there may be a slight difference in the shape of topics relating to Babylon and Rockbeare. But after all what difference in magnitude? Who knows how to measure such magnitude? (I have only ten minutes), and for my own part I think the spoiling of a pudding quite as important as the Queen choosing to ride to Regent's Park instead of up Rotten Row, or the consecration of a dozen pilsters to an office that will multiply 50 fold their pilsomeness and their conceit.

I was in the Chancel close by the rails with about 150 clergy. Robed. It was good to see Bennett utterly neglecting his prayer to watch the rubrical movements as cat watches mouse. No doubt my neighbour thought it good me neglecting mine to watch Bennett. I went last night to the Duffs'.* Lind was to have been there, but the Queen had secured her. There were Bishops, actors, Wigan and wife, Hans Anderson, Milmans, Elliots, Monteagles, Procters, and I don't know who. I am going to dine at the Chilvers', and then to Mrs. Gladstone's. I daresay Thackeray will be here for an hour to-night. Mrs. Wigan told me last night she had had a triumph.

* The Duff-Gordons.

She had always said I was like Schiller—which Tom Taylor denied. She had taken a bust of Schiller to Duff and asked her which of her guests it was like, and Duff at once said me—and that another had also found it. I recollect thinking something of the sort myself. Well, I shall be really "too late" if I do not close. Mrs. Carlyle said to me last night that everybody told her what a charming person you are. Miss Wynn had told me that she said so to her.

Most affectionately yours,
W. H. Brookfield.

Mr. Brookfield and Harry Hallam went up to Cambridge at about this time in order to assist at the Prince Consort's Installation as Chancellor, which visit gave occasion for the following series of letters. First of all he mentions the lines current at the time:

"A prince is on this side—a peer is on that;
We do not ask which is the brighter;
But we give up the boy who invented the hat
For the man who protected the Mitre."

Trinity College,
Cambridge,
Saturday, 4.45 *p.m.* 3*rd July*, 1847.

We have only just arrived — weather perfect — the place none the better for frivolous preparations. We are too late for Hall (dinner), the train very full and slow—

We are just ordering dinner in this apartment.

Sunday morn, 4*th July*.

It was to no purpose posting this last night—as it would only have remained in London all to-day—reaching you no sooner than it will now. I don't

remember if I told you in yesterday's letter to direct to me here—if not, I shall hardly hear from you till—bless me—Thursday—as we are two days removed, the great gulph of London roaring between. Well, we had our dinner at 7 yesterday from the College kitchens. Soup à la bonne femme—soles à la mauvaise femme—neck of mutton à la Death*—quarter of lamb à la deuce knows what—croquettes and cutlets—champagne, claret and sherry.

They are all very nice fellows but not equal to Harry. This morning we were up at 7, at chapel at 8. Harry read the first lesson—not very like a curate of Bennett's. It was pleasant to sit under his ministry. Bentinck — Gibbs — Sergeant — Lushington — Grey — Maine—are all breakfasting here. The oldest of them 10 years younger than myself. I don't like the place half so well as in full term. It is full of strangers and masters of arts—but it is the students that give the character to it. Great numbers are coming up to-day and to-morrow. Tuesday will be the great day. The Queen will dine that day in our Hall—when admission is to be only by ticket of invitation—and I believe I shall not get one—they are obliged to draw some line—and I fancy the line is under those who *have* been fellows or *are* persons either of title or of decided distinction—in none of which classes do I find a place.

But it is not the great doings that would afford me pleasure here—but the common everyday doings. Coming up yesterday the joke was to pretend we were not Cambridge men. And after various remarks made in the character of aliens—such as " What is going on at Cambridge ? Is Goulburn or Lefevre, Chancellor ? Shall we be able to get on to Huntingdon to-night ?

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* Death was the name of the Cambridge butcher.

&c., and other equally facetious buffooneries from Harry, Lush, and self—without much effect on our fellow-passengers, Harry felt called upon to enquire of Lush : if parties were allowed to see King's College Chapel (which is, you know, *the* lion of Cambridge), and if so whether one purchased tickets—to which I replied, "You noodle, King's College Chapel is at Windsor." This drew the small collegian, and he eagerly broke in to assure me that I was wrong—and that there would be no difficulty in seeing it without payment, &c., &c., &c., which Harry received with tolerable gravity—but I was obliged to find in the Number of Dombey in my hand an apology for laughing.

The place is rather saddening. Things are just the same as on a broad hot summer's day, 16 years ago. The same pigeons hovering about the ever-murmuring fountain, living nobody knows how, wild yet quite tame—having nests somewhere about the holes and corners ; the same bells ringing the same chimes, the same customs and observances, everything but the same faces, for even those that stand on the same shoulders are grown older. Which is not exhilarating. God bless you.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE,
5th July, 1847.

My blunder about the letter has placed me in a position of the most questionable veracity. I have nothing to answer ;—and besides feel all my wits stodged and stupefied by the enormous quantities of humble pie which in consequence of that fatal step I have been compelled to masticate. I have never been my own man since I found that unblessed letter on my table here ; everybody says that I am altered—

and H. F. H. has locked up my razors, and I shall never cease to deplore that I did not fling it into the Cam and deny that I knew anything about it. Perhaps the agony that I have suffered may in some measure atone for a fault which if I had the recklessness to commit I had not the baseness to conceal.

Well, I dined in Hall yesterday, not so nice as if the place were in its normal condition. I sate next Dandy Ellison and Pranose Ellison of Smedleyan connection—and Bayley who writes for the *Times*. We laughed a good deal. After Hall, Chapel, which I did not like very, very much. Then the Shakespeare—the Cave as they call it. "Twelfth Night" was read. Sir Toby was Bentinck's part, I fancy, and so it was given to him. Harry read Viola uncommonly well—as did Lushington the clown—wonderfully. All was exceedingly well read—much better than we did it in my time. I had Malvolio, which I could make nothing of, Sir Toby was the part for me—nevertheless, all went off well. Venables, Chapman and Merivale, with myself were the only oldsters, and were charmed with the youngsters. We all thought it if not the best—one of the very best evenings we had ever known. We were thirteen or fourteen. I can give you no conception of Harry's quiet absurdity. So different for instance from mine, which was always bustling and noisy.

We retired to our beds by the grey light of 2.59. At 8.45 I rose and rushed to breakfast with Kay Shuttleworth, who had invited me overnight. Harness there. Very pleasant. Since then, all the uproar has been going on. Our great court full of folks walking about and waiting for the Queen's arrival. A few ladies—but comparatively few—mostly M.A.'s (I do not mean persons standing in any maternal relation to filial parties but graduates in the position of Masters

of those Arts which at once soften and adorn society. A troop of dismounted Horse Guards turned into the court looked incongruous. At about 12.30 the old duke came pacing across the court in his scarlet doctor's gown on a full dress black suit and a doctor's hat. You can guess what a locomotive mob of gowns surrounded and accompanied him. It was worth seeing. The Queen came at 1.30. Well received.

Our rooms are in the great court and command everything. It happened that the Queen's particular carriage with gorgeous red coachman was drawn up (empty) just under our window—and as Harry and others were looking out as I happened to cross the court —I felt it my duty as I passed so finely dressed a party as that coachman to take off my hat with all the gravity I could, upon which the splendacious functionary with no less command of countenance removed his own, to the infinite joy of the youngsters in the window. The best of it was Milnes maintained that there was no joke in it—as the Queen's own coachman is by office an Esquire!

I am not quite sure after all that there is much to regret in your not being here at this time. There is a great deal of nonsense which is ten times better done in London, and I would a great deal rather you were here in the middle of term if it could ever be managed. To-night I am invited to the Nevilles' at Magdalen. I must to Hall. I am to have no ticket for the dinner to-morrow—a very slight privation indeed. I shall have a much pleasanter with Venables in Jesus Hall. Many persons with stronger claims than myself are excluded. It would, after all, be only like a dinner in Freemasons' Hall, so that I really do not care tho' I had brought down those shorts which you so much admire. I have tickets for the Senate House like every other M.A.—that for to-day remains idle in my

pocket, and I suspect that for to-morrow is not unlikely to do the same. It will be rather good to have come down to the installation without witnessing it. Everybody goes away Wednesday, H. F. H., for example, I shall stay for three quiet days, which I think I shall like very much.

Mr. Aitchefaitch has just entered and desires his love—he is imprecating final dissolution upon all his stars for the besotted state of mind which permitted him to commit going to the Senate House to see the Albert doings. He commends the common sense no less than the sense of epistolary duty which detained me in my room.

I must now leave you for Hall festivities—so good-bye.

Mr. Brookfield to Mrs. Brookfield:

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
6th July, 1847.

My dearest Jane,

After writing yesterday I *done* in Hall—sate near some special pilsters—one of whom asked what relation Wordsworth the poet was to *the great* Wordsworth (meaning the late Master of Trinity)? It was a singularly dull Hall, Sir Harry Smith was there—his health proposed by Sedgwick and very rapturously received; and it followed of course that the youngsters deride him as a humbug without any pretentions to military renown. After Hall I went to Magdalene. There was tea drinking on the grass. Bishops Oxford and London, Sir R. and Lady Peel, Coutts, Rogers, &c., there.

I soon retired, there being a "cave" here. I found them reading "2 gents of Verona." Same party as night before with Milnes. Harry and I retired at 2.30, and at 9 I rose to go to breakfast with th

Nevilles—everybody had done—but it was that kind of breakfast which admits of idlers carrying it to any length.

Then came the great business of Installation, to which I did not go. A great horticultural fête followed, to which I did not go. And this evening will be the banquet in Trinity, to which I cannot go. I got a ticket for my uncle Preston who, I believe, came up to-day on purpose, having gone down yesterday. To-morrow comes the great *déjeuner* in Trinity—*al fresco*—with dancing, &c., in the walks of St. John's—to which I shall not go. Then I fancy every one goes home.

The *cave* derives its name in one of those indistinct ways which *do* lead to names. The word is connected with the melodramatic business—in which a cave is as necessary as a dungeon is for the authoress of the Mysteries of Udolpho. They got to call themselves, therefore, a *cave of bandits*—whence—&c.

I cannot help thinking that I have been hardly treated by Harry. As after I have kindly permitted him to use one of my rooms he has been perpetually employed in introducing Juice and Paphists in various disguises—they may differ in non-essentials and in speculative points of doctrine but they are equally offensive to me and pleasing to themselves. It is supposed that an attachment which I fear will be highly disagreeable to Mr. Hallam's phelins has grown up between H. F. H. and the celebrated contralto. I allude to Alboni. He insisted, in spite of Thompson's remonstrances, in introducing her to our *cave* last night. The great T— instantly saw through the flimsy disguise of the scarlet habiliments of a Dr. of Seville Law in which he vainly endeavoured to conceal her. Every day when we go into 'all H. F. retires to take a *petit diner* at her lodgings—and returns at a late hour

of the evening reeking with champagne and singing "catches" of her favourite hairs. I cannot say for my own part that I see this in a very bad light. They are well suited. His strong attachment to mewsic and his excellent tenor voice have made rapid progress and he executed a fugue from Purcell's "Macbeth" with a precision which would draw three souls out of one Weaver.

I need not say that every syllable of this paragraph must be true as I have written it down from the verbal dictation of the gent. himself.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

ROCKBEARE HOUSE,
NEAR EXETER.

My dearest William,

I can't help fancying there is a tinge of sadness running through each one of your Trinity letters, and I feel somewhat of the same myself, and as if I could not fill a letter; *your* letter was eminently "worth sending," but I don't fancy I have anything to say, except that I was seized with a fit of dolefulness last night about being with you again, and not having any *pied à terre* in London or anywhere else at present, gives one a Citizen of the World, Wandering Jew, sensation.

The event of a country house, the going in to the nearest town, has been talked of for to-day, so that I may be interrupted to get ready for Exeter.

Do you recollect Fanshawe putting it to his wife during one of her bursts of extolment of the masculine persuasion, whether she would rather apply to young Slavery for advice than to a sensible female? I have been reminded of that by the sensation of mockery and sell, conveyed by the presence of a coat and

trousered individual bearing the exterior of a man and occupying a place in the house just such an one as might be so far otherwise and sublimely filled. I sit in inward chafement and ill-natured indignation while the pill goes on of "What we do at Oxford." Who in the world cares what is done at such a place? And so I have to school myself into Christian toleration and benevolence, but one is so little accustomed to be *much* with any but clever men, that one forgets that all is not gold that glitters, or man, like that wears the garb of man, and that there are very worthy well-informed individuals giving their opinions, and presuming to profess opinions, who are so totally and utterly different to the "clever men" to whom I allude; that they might just as well be Bushmen or Baboons at once, for any glimmer of understanding even of one's ordinary home dialect it would be vain to look for. Mr. Parr is enlightened and unbigoted, at all events, and I like to get him to talk, but the "young Oxford man," with a dash of the wit of George Ward about him, you can fancy being slightly provoking, good-natured, and otherwise inoffensive as he is.

I feel wrathful at Bentinck for not giving you Sir Toby, but should like to have listened to the whole thing behind the door,—and should like to have seen your boy's play with Her Majesty's coachman. Chapman I should have feared might have been a somewhat verjuicy ingredient among the rest in the Cave. The last No. of "Vanity Fair" is exceedingly good, I think, but I begin to wish he would give Amelia a few more brains. Julia read it and rates it (even on such a mere scrap of it) much above Dickens.

I don't suppose the Licentiate would spare Harry to come, pleasant as it would be to us to have him, indeed to me the next best thing to having you, as he would come redolent of you and Cambridge.

Mr. Brookfield to Mrs. Brookfield :

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE,
7th July, 1847.

My dearest Desdemona,

Leisure fails this and every day, but I must thank you for this afternoon's letter which was duly funny. Unhappily, Harry could enjoy no portion of it as he did of yesterday's—for he had fled an hour before it came.

Yesterday I dined in Jesus Hall. Venables my host. There were ladies. I never saw that persuasion in any Hall before. The dinner was good and sufficiently pleasant. All was over by 8 o'clock (we dined at 6), and Ven. and I and Tom Lushington walked in the walks, walk*ddd* in the walks*sksksks*. Then into Trinity where parties accumulated—this having been the rendezvous of the wise and good. Milnes and I sang. Horace Mansfield had stolen an enormous pine from the Hall dinner (the Queen's dinner) which was the object of much witticism—the best being Frank Lushington's "A poor thing, Sir—but mine own." (Touchstone). A reception was going on at the Queen's rooms in the Lodge (which means the Master's House in the College). This enlivened the Court, but you would be struck with the *utter* indifference of all the kind of men in our rooms to this sort of business. By about 12 most had gone. We had had Merivale, Blakesley, Stanley (who wrote Arnold's life), Signor Conaro of Venice, Mansfield, Gray, Frank Lushington, Harry, Self, Venables and others. Only five remained when I proposed reading part of a play, each one taking the part that came successively, reading in a ring—so that, for instance, I began—next party that spoke would be Harry—next Lushington, &c., straight away round and round so that one man in his time played many parts. The absurdity of this

I cannot describe—we laughed into fits—but the remarkable thing is the gravity of these youngsters when there is need of it. Thus Harry would be reading Polonius, Laertes, or Ophelia with the most shameless attempts at propriety, while we were all splitting around—and he was equally convulsed when others than himself were reading. At length we were obliged to give it up. At 3 we retired. This morning Prince Albert held a levée I was eligible to that, but of course did not go. So that I have been absolutely to nothing. Monday's Senate House, Tuesday's Installation, Levée, nothing have I been to, but such fun with these fellows of whom even if Harry is the best—the rest are really worthy of him. Very good indeed. We oldsters are quite of one mind about that —and I like them excessively. To-morrow they will all be gone, but I wish to see the place at quiet.

God bless thee, wretch. Evermore thine most affectionately.

W. H. Brookfield.

Mr. Brookfield to Mrs. Brookfield :

Trinity College, Cambridge,
8th July, 1847.

My dearest Person,

I don't quite recollect where I left off last night. Most likely before the evening meet, which was very good, in my rooms. Merivale, Thompson, Bayly, Lush, Mansfield, Gray, Maine, &c. &c., &c., the very cream of Society. Lots of good things said, but it was a little funny to see the decided line between the old (my) and new (H. F. H.'s) generation ; the latter scarcely speaking, though not a jot inferior birds. I told stories—so Venables. One was of a gyp whom I had met in the street yesterday and who greeted me " La, sir, I knew you again first moment you came

into the Court. Many a time I have laughed out when you have been at table! No doubt you are a good deal altered from what you was." "Not at all, Pleasance (that is his quaint name), there was nothing in me to alter." "Oh, no, sir—I only mean you are a little *dried down* from what you was."

The only thing I have seen here worthy of you is the *Cave*. By George! what a good Bandit you would make. A complete Bandit epistle yours of to-day. That wretched Oxford daisy. My goodness! why don t you make him into soup for the poor? I met Mrs. Fisher in our anti-chapel this morning who "presumed that you lived so much in that state of divorce, &c., not without benefit to the Jane Elton bloom which was still celebrated."

And, by Jove, I must say that tho' I have seen numberless gracefuls here, I have not seen one a quarter so good-looking.

Your humble

W. H. Brookfield.

Harry Hallam to Mrs. Brookfield:

Trin. Col., Cam.,

9th July, 1847.

My dear Jane,

I must make an elaborate apology to his reverence in coolly assuming the ownership of the apartment and opening a general Cremorne Gardens for all my friends, a varying number of whom, from six to fifteen at a time, poured in and played off their bear pranks from ten in the morning till three in the morning inclusive,—the other seven hours being allotted to rapid slumber. The experiment was a hazardous one, based upon unlimited faith in the tolerance of his Apostolic disposition, but unless his practice belies his preaching, and he relapsed into the (imputed)

black blood habit of sacrificing veracity to kindness, he managed to extract some amusement from my audacious brutality of conduct. However, I was far too pleased at getting him down to mix with the real modern cave not to be determined at any risk to be exhibited in the privilegical character of a real lion-keeper, and he roared most good-naturedly and effectually till the wild unpolished hearts of the young Bandit-brethren were overpowered with their emotions and longed to embrace him in affectionate brotherhood.

I fear his first evening was dull for him, a select party of youths being obstinately bent in discussing the chances of Lefevre's election, and you are too well aware of the helpless inventive jackery of the Idiotry who presided at the dish covers, to suppose that though disgusted at their folly, he had the wit or tact to turn the conversation into a more genial channel. At 12 we dispersed, and walked melanchololily in the cloisters, wishing for you to see the Court by moonlight, to hear the plashing of the fountain, and to enjoy your midnight weed under the piazza. Sunday morning having secured by a decent attendance on the ecclesiastical ritual an immunity for the profaner enjoyments of the rest of the day, at about 10 o'clock commenced that singularly well-defined and punctual meal, a Cambridge breakfast, lasting with changes of parties breakfasting till 4 o'clock, when the majority of the world being Fellows and Masters of Arts retired into their College Hall, and I meekly retired to a small college to eat peas and rice pudding, the only dinner I thought it prudent to take during three days of such intense, and protracted debauchery. Parties of the orderly persuasion having again satisfied their professional cravings by hearing vespers after chapel, a collection of gents, books, cigars, and bottles, slowly wended its way to my room, and preparations were

made for holding a *cave*. Considerable quarrelling as to the choice of a play having subsided, a general feeling to hear an artistic representation of Malvolio gained ground. How successfully has no doubt been elaborately concealed by the party from whom alone it was hitherto possible for you to have received your information, but public feeling and sympathy ran high on that occasion. There is no one quality of the accomplished dramatic artist, which was not separately recognised by someone of the audience. Mansfield pointed out to me in a whisper, the breadth and brilliancy of the colouring. Venables, in a low tone, bade Lushington remark the elegant distribution of light and shade, while Milnes swore he should never forget the scientific interpretation in a minor key of some of the less remarkable passages, or the flavour which, as a whole, this *chef d'œuvre* had left with him. In perfect seriousness, Malvolio (Mr. Brookfield) and Clown (Mr. Lushington) were read as well as it is possible to hear them. Mr. Bentinck was thought by a good, though possibly a severe critic, not quite up to Sir Toby. Mr. Hallam's interpretation of Viola's character was original, and it may be doubted if it was correct, but there is no doubt that assuming it to be true, he threw himself in a very natural manner, and with great spirit, into the vapid stolidity which he imputed to her. After supper, Locke's music to Macbeth was performed by the whole strength of the company. I am afraid that the older members were not sufficiently impressed by this brilliant performance. I regret to say that Brookfield displayed a lack of information on the subject (attributing several times and in a most obstinate manner the authorship to Purcell and not to Locke), which considering his ministerial capacity, and the well-known fact that Purcell is the author of several anthems, does honour

neither to his head nor his heart. I beg most particularly that you will never allude to this confusion of his by word or letter, as I happen to know that he is particularly sore upon the point, as well he may be. At least I can only add, had I made such a mistake, I should hardly venture to look—" the finger of scorn in the face again."

Can I venture to allude to what followed, or can I not ? How am I to know whether your principle is that it is only on the boards of the theatres of Catholic countries, as for instance, La Scala at Milan, that dramatic art is ancillary to revelation, or that Terpsichore can throw light upon the Hebrew institutions. Remember you did see " Mose in Egitto," and learn that the story of Job has been experimentally proved to have still greater opportunities for representation in a ballet of action, than even the fortune and reverses of the prudent legislator of the Jews. Further I shall draw a veil over our proceedings, trusting that if dragged to the light of your pious censure, it may be through the élite medium of one of two priests who were present on the occasion.

Next morning, Job (Mr. Bentinck), returned to his forensic occupation in his native metropolis, leaving me in sole charge of a benighted foreigner, called Carnaro, *nobile Veneziano, ultimo della famiglia ducale dei Carnari, e ancora amico del caro mio Cheney, e del diletto Conte Brown. Vous concevez, ma chère Jenni, combien cette intimite honorable, m'a valu de felicitations et même d'envie de la part de toute la cave, et notamment de ton mari.* At all our subsequent orgies this noble stranger was an assiduous though possibly an astonished spectator. At least his face betrayed a slight expression of amazement at seeing gents eat pine-apples with their fingers and thumb, and stick candles in empty bottles.

On the evening of Monday, we read the "*Two Gents*" Cornaro present and "bien fatigué." It is to be observed that his acquaintance with English is, to say the most for it, limited. The play did not go off quite as sprightly as the first night, though Brookfield's "Speed" was a rich mellow piece of finished and mature Art. But about 1.30 a.m. the greatest event of all and the climax of our happiness occurred. Thompson, himself, condescended to look in upon us. I was delighted that Brookfield should have an opportunity of recognising with his own eyes the kindness and condescension for which he hardly gives him credit. He stayed for an hour, smoking, but it was long before I could command my feelings enough to listen to the inspired conversation of a Being, to be seen in such familiar intercourse with Whom gave me a constant glow of pride and happiness. I am afraid that your reverent connection, who is influenced by unworthy feelings against the great god of my idolatry may be tempted to conceal or explain away the affability and condescension of Thompson, and the unrestrained character of our familiar intercourse with him, and thereupon I think it right to make these statements.

On Tuesday I thought it my duty cautiously to abstain from any expression of loyalty to our beloved Queen and her Consort, and I passed the whole day in similar intellectual and sensual enjoyments to those which had marked Sunday and Monday. An evening of the (to me) most fascinating description was signalized by the kind consent of the clerical occupant of the rooms to intone a chant in the Somersetshire accent, which was rapturously encored, and to execute a cavatina on an incident which happened at the Court of the Great Mogul, which would have been encored up to this moment had there been any chance that the public ever could by such a course of action have

satisfied its desire to hear it again. At about 2.15 a.m. in the midst of a heavy thunderstorm with vivid lightning, the guests, thinned, and *epurés* by the lateness of the hour, rushed impetuously at their Shakespeares and read the 4th Act and grave-digger scene of Hamlet, not in parts, but (like boys at a national school perusing the Holy Scriptures in public) speech by speech in turn ; whereby the laughter and enjoyment of the public was wrought up to its highest pitch. The red glow of the morning sun gilded the clouds above the Chapel, as his reverence and myself retired reluctantly to bed ; thereby concluding my brief career of vice and enjoyment ; and the stern visage of Gully rose pointing to a shroud as the speedy consequence of his violated precepts.

It is very well for you, dear Jane, that you have been following the peaceful habits of the Parr *menage* tumbling in hay, and keeping in health, whereat the hearts of them who heard thereof rejoiced, and doth rejoice ;—but had it been possible to introduce you in perfect health and the garb of the gentish persuasion to the Cambridge orgies, the delight of parties concerned in them would have risen to a giddy height, and been quoted at an enormously high figure. I think you would have enjoyed it all amazingly, for the Catholic greatness of your disposition involves the composition of a Bandit gent.

It must be amusing to your peacefulness, if you get accounts from the two parties who tenanted one room on that occasion wholly dissonant and discordant in their natures : whether Brookfield was pleased I know not, but I can only depose to the immense popularity achieved by him among the younger members of the Cave, and I, as the acknowledged medium of the acquaintance with him, received the most touching felicitations for his success on those boards.

Ne te tourmente plus, ma chère Geneviève, au sujet de la Lind. Personne ne l'a vu à Cambridge, et d'ailleurs, si elle y était venue, et que nous l'eussions adorée, le culte de son nom, n'est-il pas joint au culte du tien, et le souvenir de ses perfections aux souvenirs de ceux qui l'ont premièrement admirée ensemble? My head is running on French phrases, having been assiduously plying the Italian with the best I know, and I think that for elegance and unmeaningness the above may vie with G. Sand.

Ton très devoué et affectionné.

H. F. H.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

NEIGHBOURHOOD OF EXETER

10*th July*, 1847.

My dearest,

. . . . I was egregiously pleased with your note of to-day as somehow I had the sort of impression that I should be out of favour with you since writing to bore you to say when should we 2 meet again (*Dolce far niente*) I do not doubt but that I could remain obtruding myself upon Rockbeare endurance for a fortnight longer. . . .

I was much amused with your Gyp anecdote and wish you were here and giving me the benefit of all you can recall of your Bandit proceedings which will have *dried down* out of mind, I am afraid, if I don't see you for 3 weeks. . . . Last night, duets with Mrs. Wilson were prefaced by a game at "Puss in the Corner" with the young gent. from Oxford and the children during which much uproariousness took place —the said youth stands somewhat in awe of me, and does not venture to begin a remark, but looks sensible of receiving a favour if I open fire upon him, which

I occasionally attempt. He and Mrs. Wilson pull together in their walks, and apart in their sentiments. The young man has just come from Harrow, where is a sort of training school for Colonial Clergy, so he describes it. They all wear a garb of cassock like calibre, have matins and nones and a good education gratis, the major part of them being taken from the farmer or still humbler walks of life. Owen deposes to their being very devout and very happy in their minds and not finding the number of services per diem at all burdensome. Mrs. Wilson disputes the point and I stand neuter with majestic mien, but am held up (by Mrs. Wilson) as being the right person for Owen to talk to as we should agree in our views.

Mr. Buller told me in his letter that Mr. Cayley Shadwell told him a Romanist friend of his had sent in his name to the Church at Paris where the conversion of the English is continually prayed for and where special cases are brought forward by name. I should be in alarm, if I were Mr. Cayley, and if I wished very much to keep in a Protesting attitude, "the prayer of a righteous man," &c.

After all, I have come to the Pilling reflection (which I beg you to enclose to your Aunts at Islington immediately) that you and H. F. H. and all the Bandits dwell a deal too much in the "Pride of Intellect, William," and it goes for almost a synonymous term with you that a man if a genius is ¾ parts Beatified already, and if a Fool, unworthy the name of either man or demon—and I think it may be a "snare" to you really in earnest.

I must close my hasty letter, which won't reach you till Monday.

God bless you.

"DOUBLE POSTAGE"

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

St. Luke's, Berwick St., Oxford St.,
10 *July*, 1847.

My dearest Jane,

Your brilliant letter of to-day did equal, "&c." Harry's is also delightfully clever—but you are not to swallow his flummery about me.

I knew, of course, perfectly well what I was doing—had plenty of stamps lying about the table—was reminded by parties (as if it could possibly have escaped my attention) that the letter was not labelled, and that Her Majesty had deemed it prudent to enforce double postage on the receiver when such an omission had been perpetrated by the sender; but I know my dear Jane that nothing could afford you such happiness at your remote seclusion than the Laffage feeling that I was committing the precise vices (for I will not trifle with morality by designating such atrocious blunders foibles) for which I blame others and that nothing could shed such a flood of sunshine on your letter writing hour as the proud consciousness that you could sell me cheap.

"When in London Tavern reeking
Moody bandits sit alone,
Each one in his neibor seeking
Some *green* spot to *plant* upon,
Then you'll sigh and sadly ponder
On the friends *'twas safe to sell*,
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Cave of Bandits fare thee well."

Such is an extract from an ode penned by the immortal Tom as a formula of regret on separating after an evening's festivity such as has been so graphically described by Mr. Aitchphaitch. And it is admitted that you are worthy to be the wife of an outlaw. "*My*

Saphphira alone can be his Whyph." I must explain that to *plant* is to jin or sell a person. And it is impossible to the present race of brigands in fewer words than as " friends 'tis safe to sell."

But yesterday it all came into a close. The bridge that had spanned 12 years (true I have said this before) fell into shapeless ruin, and I fell with it into deep waters.

I walked alone in the country about Cambridge, found names of streets I had forgotten all that time, saw rooms of men that are dead, and was more miserable than most.

I eventuated in Merry Vale's rooms where we had sober cigar and pill. I left at 11, at 12 to bed, so stifling hot that I could not sleep, rose at 5.30 and at 6.45 was under way for the station. Reached London 10 o'clock. Read your letter and Harry's, which was not the work of a momink.

You are quite right, the Cave is not so healthy as the Temperance of St. Luke's, and I am for the moment tired of excitement.

Bride of Bandit fare thee well. With love to the tamer citizens around you (why do you not cut their throats and bring the money to your outlaw.

I am,

Yours most affectionately,

ANGELO GUICCIARDINI.

In August there was another election at Cambridge for which Mr. Brookfield's vote was desired, so he went up to record it and wrote afterwards concerning it :

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, BERWICK ST., OXFORD ST.

3 *Aug.*, 47.

Jean Octavia Relton,

. . . . . I started for Cambridge at 9.30. Read

newspapers all the way. Arrived 12.40. Found Lefevre had a respectable minority but no chance. Goulburn and Fielding neck and neck with alternate majorities of one—which however soon yielded to a gradual improvement on the part of Goulburn which (as we learn by telegraph) has kept up till 12 this day and at 2 the poll closes. No doubt Goulburn and Law are the Members. I voted for Goulburn and Lefevre, at Lefevre's own request, since it was impossible to get the latter in and it became an object to keep out Fielding. Goulburn gave me £11 17s. for my vote. I could have got £12 ten minutes sooner when Fielding was 1 ahead.

. . . . I saw several old birds, Spedding was ensconced in H. F. H.'s old rooms. He left before Hall. In Hall I sat between Alfred and Merivale, Thompson and H. Lushington being near at hand. Joe Romilly squeaked out miserably thin jokes—which however passed current. Tell Harry with my humble duty that Larky Thompson (as he was always called—because he never did lark) was infinitely less downish, having none but cotems. around him. He even degraded himself so far as to put his 'ed out of the combination room (which I had just left) and call out, not only in the hearing of Mrs. Haddock (Harry's favourite sultana) and all other Bedmaking and Gypping inferiors—but even in the immediate presence of several Masters of Arts, quite loudly into the Court "Brookfield, will you take a walk?" I coloured—stammered—scraped my feet—glittered about the eyes—muttered something incoherent about "honour—happiness—taking up his time—familiarity—what would be thought of it in the college—not for me to bandy compliments, etc., etc.," but it ended in our walking behind the colleges. He was quite affable—and if it had not been that the excitement of a great

honour conferred always rather interferes with enjoyment I should have thought it quite a pleasant walk. Of course one never initiates subjects . . . . and as he introduced plenty of remark, and as there was nothink to laf at I got on very well."

It was in speaking of this meeting in Spedding's rooms that Dr. Thompson said of Mr. Brookfield, "He was by far the most amusing man I ever met, or shall ever meet. It is not likely I shall ever see again a whole party, all grave and learned men, lying on the floor for the purpose of unrestrained laughter, while one of their members poured forth, with a perfectly grave face, a succession of imaginary dialogues between characters real and fictitious, one exceeding the other in humour and drollery."

CLEVEDON COURT,
4th August.

My dearest William,

I own to the impeachment as to my first two letters, I was somehow out of the writing vein and destitute of facts, could not take refuge in fiction and fancy (or any other alliteration) wherewith to fill my letters.

. . . . At 6 last night the Weatherlys and Ceteras arrived, Mrs. Weatherly turned out to be a Miss Ford whom up to my grand climacteric year of 15 I used daily to see at Clifton without ever knowing her to speak to. . . . At the end of the evening she sat between me and Papa, and now and then between a sigh and a bleat brought out her little remarks. "Ah! yes, how many changes to be sure, since we were both young and girls and unmarried together at Clifton.

Ah! but you look just the same as ever Mrs. Brookfield, I knew you directly, not at all altered. I think we must be about the same age," etc. (I believe she must be considerably my senior, but this by the way) a well meaning, innocent little body, but rather depressing. . . She is a favourite with Papa in her white muslin frock and an immense silver cross on her breast which Aggy, with cruel want of reverence, dragged off with chubby clench and held up to public view. Harry has been excessively amused with your account of the Thompson interview which I let him have—and declares you write inimitably. I may as well send you this by him, instead of post, as he will see you to-night I suppose, without fail.

On this letter W. H. B. gracefully comments:

"My blowing up has done you good—this morning's was even better than the one before. Mrs. Weatherly is capital. Aggy clutching the cross was perfectly graphic. Between a sigh and a bleat? By George, you must write a book. This afternoon I have called on C. Turner and Mary Tennyson. I am going to drive with them in half an hour. I only sat a few minutes, and going away C. said in his short, true-passing-observation way "We used to be wits, now we're going off, I think, nothing but languid commonplaces."

To which Mrs. Brookfield replies indignantly:

"As for C. Turner, let him speak of his own Kettled wit if he will but leave the Pot to its untarnished brightness. Interruptions have occurred and I fear this won't be a good letter, nor fit answer to yours of this morning. The pending trial about Papa

haunts one, and like a nightmare weighs one down whenever one thinks of it. Could you find out what means are used to buy up Reporters? it would be easily done in Bristol, but how to keep the *Times* and other papers silent? . . . I am so very sorry you missed H. F. H., it was an odd mistake, but it is a consolatory thought to my ruffled mind that one of the male persuasion should have fallen into a blunder over a railway paper—they all took greatly to him here and were very glad he came. Arthur praising him with a spontaneous warmth the evening after he left and then pedantically (as I told him) checking himself with an "as least as far as I can judge on so short a time, I am too apt to make rash judgments, and take sudden fancies to people, but still he does seem a very nice fellow."

You would have been amused with Papa, the night of the party, while sitting next Weatherly and near me, suddenly giving vent to a loud groan, just such an one as he gives when he wishes to express "Never was so tired in my life," or "Is Arthur never going to have prayers," "Uncommon dull, in short—Knobbed Evening" or any other of his wonted phrases in private life. Arthur, from the other end of the Drawing-room, heard the groan, but neither he nor I could catch the explanatory whisper which followed and was delivered into Mrs. Weatherly's ear. Comparing notes afterwards we feared that he had confided to one of his guests how uncommonly dull they all were. I begged for an explanation next day and singularly enough he recollected the circumstance—had been trying for 20 minutes to ask Rhoda a question, but each time he attempted it she was engrossed in the "most *flippant*, brilliant conversation with Harry," as fast as one stopped the other began and Papa could not get in his question which was to ask Rhoda whether she ought not to call

on a certain Mrs. Cave who had accidentally been mentioned by the fair Weatherly.

Harry Hallam to Mrs. Brookfield :

RYDE,

12*th August*, 1847.

My dearest Jane,

The Licentiate is staying with his Premier and does not arrive till the afternoon, and it is imagined that as he dislikes large houses he will be out of temper at finding himself lost in a barracks.

I imagine you, I hope not delusively, stronger under the combined influence of cooler weather and Rhoda's example of early hours. As usual, not a syllable breathed either to the Jewess* or me as to whether you had not been a martyr to daily headache. It is true that we habitually jeer at your sufferings, but you might occasionally brave our cold unsympathy by giving a faint outline of your state of strength and painlessness. The regular tenor of Clevedon life renders it possible to trace your course and think of you praying at 9 o'clock, hamming at 9.30, letter-writing till 1 o'clock, given over to Aggolatory† till 3.0, driving on the beach till 5 o'clock, watching the grass mown till 5.30, reading Sharp's Magazine till bed-time, and stealing Dombey to sit up with.

A steamer containing the author of my days and the Middle Ages is slowly wending across the Channel, filial duty sternly sanctions the claims of the post-man, and Poll observes, "Seal up your note."

Ever your most affectionate

H. F. H.

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* His sister Julia.

† Worship of Arthur Elton's baby Agnes.

17—(2315)

It was a tiresome law case in which Sir Charles Elton was involved which brought forth from his daughter her ingenuous question concerning Reporters—while in a letter of the same date she said " How I wish that someone, Mr. Thackeray for instance, would just let Cockburn know the facts of this plot against Papa."

At this time Mr. Brookfield was seeing a great deal of Mr. Thackeray, who almost daily sought him out in his vaults. And after the case had been tried in Bristol (Mr. Brookfield being present " to the great comfort of all concerned ") he wrote to his wife :

L'HORRIBLE BOUGE,
26th Aug., 1847.

Dearest Madam,

The Godfather to whom my present abode is indebted for the above designation sits beside me—brewing Vanity—in a dreadful fright lest the month of Sept. should arrive before No. next. I encountered him in Piccadilly on his way to my subterranean Palace ; he had asked me to dine, and was coming to say that he meant it to be at the Garrick and not at Kensington. Where it will now be I do not quite know—but we talk of a walk as soon as I have finished this.

I arrived at 4.30, we were overtaken at Didcot by express. 6d. additional (sixpence—twelve sous additional) transferred me to that reckless train, and brought me into London an hour sooner. John Bullar called at the vault and insisted on my going up to chops with him *en garçon*. Went up in a tuppenny buster. . . . John of course discussed *the* topic with me. Had conceived the exactly true view of it—

and had written to his Father to that effect. Said that Wylde has towards Cockburn much the same feelings of devotion which a certain potentate has towards holy water ; [a sketch of the Devil and a Font by himself] and that did us no harm. Little Gaye I met this morning ; who spoke very kindly about it (not till I led to the subject). Of course he at once saw Sir C. was a mere victim of design.

I wish very much we could have had Wylde's summing up. But, however, we need not wish. The thing has eventuated as well as it could and better than at one time we dared to hope.

I think a proper letter to G. would be as follows :—

My dear G.,

I cannot possibly say anything harsh to you or unjust to my husband. I have therefore no resource but silence.

Yours ever affectionately,
JANE.

I am the only one to whom G. would have acted in so extraordinary a way. But it is no use raking into the matter again. I can only refer to Thackeray's pencil again for illustration of his undisguised feelings towards me [Sketch of the Devil and Font by Thackeray*]. I must draw this very disjointed letter to a close. It is now agreed that T. shall go off and write till 8, and then we partake a slight repast at the Garrick. Adoo.

Ever most affectionately,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

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* For this sketch see the Preface.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

St. Luke's Church, Berwick St.,
27th August, 47.

Young Miss,

At eight last night I proceeded to the Garrick where Mr. Thackeray had been writing, dinner consisted of oysters following stewed sammon, beef fillets with olives ensued, a grouse and cheese concluded, while champagne and claret accompanied. We then adjourned to another house in company with an old medical gentleman who had been at Waterloo. Thackeray wishing to get some hints for his forthcoming No. We smoked a little and parted friends at about twelve. By the bye, I should mention that Mr. T., on my naming that we were going to Sheffield, proposed to go himself, as he has a call to Derby on that Monday to some great meeting that is to be held, and wondered if we could make a party to Chatsworth and Matlock. I am going to meet him at the Procters'.

September finds Mrs. Brookfield staying at Southampton, whence she writes to Harry Hallam :

22nd September, 47.

At the R. Catholic Church yesterday, the check upon my performing any strictly orthodox evolutions such as Holy water, crossing oneself, etc.,—was the sight of Mr. Elliot just before me, also I suppose, come to gaze and not as a real convert. The catechising from the altar was very entertaining . . cool contempt inculcated for protestants and for their present turn of setting up crosses on their Churches, etc., as a " mere return to antiquity, a passing fashion, without attaching to them the solemn thoughts that

we attach to the sacred emblem," etc., and the colloquial style was amusing. "Suppose one of your children had a picture of your mother you would not feel the same honour towards it as if it really was your mother, but as it reminded you of her what should you feel if another child came and spat upon it? You would be angry. . . Very well . . . that is the answer I should give if accused of honouring the picture of our Blessed Lord idolatrously."

He also instanced the picture over our Altars of a Crown, a Lion and a Unicorn, and asked if that was more suitable than a Crucifix?

The influence of the religious movement of the day is shown in the acts of Mrs. Brookfield and her cousin as well as in their letters (in which a large part is taken up with criticisms upon the questions that arose and the persons most interested in them). When abroad these two seem to have attended Mass with some regularity, and when at home to have sought out different churches in the hope of getting difficult questions solved. Harry Hallam says about this time "The Catholic world is devoid of interest. I invested, at the expense of much personal humiliation at revealing my Parliamentary ignorance, in a work called 'The Stranger's Guide to High Mass,' which satisfactorily explains the parts where bells are rung, a mystery which I never fathomed as Catholic Missals disdain the facts: so now I hope to come out very strong at the first opportunity. I have visions of Sundays involving early Parliamentary Rituals, without sermons, to be followed by Sunday schools belonging to parties, and then real Mass at Warwick Street."

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

SOUTHAMPTON, *St. Michael's Day*, 1847.

My dearest William,

. . . . . I am sorry for the odious shares, but Dr. Wm. says the *last* call has now been made which *when met*, will leave the shareholders at liberty to look out and hope for profits. Anne has just enquired if I am writing to you and if so if I will express how much disappointment you will cause if you don't come, she begs I will put this in a thoroughly comfortable form . . . as being heartily felt. She admires the present length of your hair and complains of your threatening to have it cut directly it is praised—and that you know no medium between the close shave and the luxuriant flow.

I met Mr. L. to-day, as radiant as ever with his white teeth. He asked three separate times "And how's Brookfield?" escorted me up the Town talking all the while, with the most palpably wide deviation from truth in his account of Adora and her proceedings this summer, "Been yachting, stopping at various watering places for a ball here and a ball there, very gay; but the curious part was they had no ladies' maid on the yacht and so the gentlemen made a point of dressing the ladies . . . upon my word, I was never so much amused . . . Doe wrote me word she had a *married man* to hook her gown and lace her stays and all that, and so of course as he was a married man there was no harm . . . in point of fact he married the sister of the Hon. Mrs. K. . . Adora had two or three proposals . . . refused a man with £1500 a year the other day, upon my word; he did not suit her fancy she said, and in point of fact she declares she prefers Capt. C., of the Dragoon Guards, to any one she ever saw, and he has only £200 a year . . . now that's

unfortunate isn't it? . . . . and pray tell me how's Brookfield? and are you still in . . . . St.? Ah, gloomy St. it was, but dear me, where ever you were must look pretty, never saw you look so well, upon my word," etc.

Mrs. Brookfield to Harry Hallam:

2nd October, Southampton.

My dearest Harry,

I have had a letter from Rhoda most strongly condemning the wearing of caps and declaring it spoileth the colour of the hair, and that it robs one's youth and one will look back with a sigh and a tear 20 years hence to the time when one could wear hair without a cap and did not do so. Meantime the Southampton hairdresser solemnly warned me 2 days ago I should have to come to shaving eventually and I had better do it at once and allow him to make me "a neat front," forthwith.

Declined with dignity.

I have been getting up at 7 every day and rushing in to morning prayers at 8, a thing I never achieved here before, and which I contrive to compatiblate with sitting up till 12 with Mrs. F. At 10 the Lady Anne and the Patriarch retire to their peaceful couches and as soon as their retirement is achieved, I fling on a plaid and a bonnet and emerge into moonlight with one of the Doctors to escort me over the way. (Have you "Gone over" means here not Romanising but Fanshawising) where the little F. and a bright fire and either tea or negus are discussed, the Drs. always leaving us for tête-à-tête while they get a pipe at home. . . . . There is a New "Vanity" not good—except the wicked ones—Mr. Thackeray has now got a 2nd Amelia, Lady Jane Sheepshanks. I wish he had made Amelia more exciting especially as the remark is he

has thought of me in her character. And on the plan of 2 negatives making one affirmative, I suppose I may take the 2 dull ones of the book to make one Mrs. B. You know he told William that though Amelia was not a copy of me he should not have conceived the character if he had not known me—and though she has the right amount of antiphlegm and affectionateness she is really an uncommonly dull and a selfish character, and very apathetic to the only person who cares for her, the quaint Capt. Dobbin.

Harry Hallam to Mrs. Brookfield:

THE CAVE,

Sunday, 3 *Oct.*, 1847.

My dearest Jane,

I write in a rapid interval between Hall and the performance of an Operatic Anthem and other parts of the Parliamentary ritual, which I hope to hear at 6.15 p.m.

. . . I have finished the Thimple Thtory and was amazingly interested and moved, though I cannot take so much credit to myself as if I had not seen large moral signposts planted in my mind from your remarks pointing out the afflicting passages . . . but I believe I should have jumped to the same conclusions by the light of Nature. . . . "Vanity Fair" I have also read, being 2 nos. in arrear, Pitt Crawley is very like my friend Campbell, but the notion that Lady Sheepshanks had any right to her name was indignantly rejected and sympathy is felt for the wholly negative character of Amelia. Dombey if possible, viler than usual. . .

To-day I enjoyed the privilege of sitting at the feet of the Great man* and partook of a cheerful meal

* Dr. Thompson.

at which he condescended to talk about Venise and A. Brown from which he is just returned, and about George Sand's novels, and I even thought he sometimes stooped to smile when we loft at his humour.

. . . The College servants are up in arms against me and make my life a burden. I was much amused by a conversation reported to me by Mrs. Attack, my bed-maker, purporting to have taken place between herself and the head porter, a venerable, obese, clerical party of immense dignity, who never touches his hat to anything below the Master or Mrs.

" Well, Mrs. Attack, so your master is not going in after all more shame for him."

" Yes, Sir," says I. " Isn't he a naughty boy, Mr. Freeman ? "

" Well," said he, " I tell you what, Mrs. A., you ought to flog him and make him go in."

" Well," said I, " I don't know what flogging would do, but I think he wants something a doing to him, I do."

All which duly reported as I was sitting at dinner, made the *gratin of souls* stick in my throat from shame and vexation. My natural horror at its being known why the Licentiate really professed not to let me go in was considerably increased by the awful manner in which Thompson, as if he blushed for his species, remarked, " Your father almost spoke as if he regarded the College as something in the light of an eleemosynary foundation. I can hardly suppose that is a general opinion ; I can only say if it ever becomes so, I shall be very sorry," so that one's black blood rushed to the tips of one's fingers and I burst into incoherent falsehoods.

Gypes are roaring for the letter. (Forgive idiotcy).

Ever your most affectionate

H. F. H.

witch, please providence, I don't mean to change for another name as yet.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

St. Luke's Church, Berwick St., Soho,
3 *Nov.* 47.

At 6.0 I began to wash—to dress—boots thinner and brighter than ordinary enveloped a foot not so huge and shapeless as in my daily shoes. A shirt as clean and stiff fronted as Mrs. P. could make it gave my person an appearance of comparative nattiness. A cravat, broad and starched, creased itself into a shape of picturesque negligence. Hair brushed into the glossiness of a thoroughbred brown and straps gave a finish to the figure which at 6.30 emanated from the sewer of Berwick St. Meantime a regular London fog had set in—the 2nd only that I had ever seen—if seeing it could be called when you saw nothing. One lamp in advance as you went along the streets was only just dimly visible. Link boys were rushing about. I, however, found my way to Chorley's—No smell of sauces—no unusual lights—no briskness of butlers in the door—no prompt starched waiters—it was the wrong day! Chorley only regretted that I had not come an half hour earlier, dinner had just gone down—*I* should have ordered it up again if it had been *me*. But he did not ; and felicitating ourselves that my blunder was on the right side of the real day (Friday next) I retired and amused myself by strolling thro' the fog.

This morning has produced no adventures, save that after Litany I behoved to push on to Kensington and found Thack. droring for his new Annual which is to be called "Our Street." He has engaged a Governess—a young person from Richmond. He invites us to go there for two or three weeks. What think you ? *i.e.*,

after Governidge and babes are arrived. He invited me for Friday but I am booked for Chorley. He goes to-night with the Gordons to see White's new play at the Sadlers Wells'.

At this time Lord Lyttelton is urging Mr. Brookfield to leave London for a change and at the end of a felicitous letter breaks into verse.

> Perfidious Brookfield, enemy to visit,
> Why never think of Hagley, but to quiz it ?
> Yet entertainment both for man and beast,
> At Hagley would'st thou find, perfidious priest.
> Fare thou not well but ill, and in thy dungeon
> Into parochial matters dully plunge on,
> Pill wise—though late, perfidious cavern-dweller,
> For Glent Hill thou wilt leave Black Berwick cellar.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, BERWICK ST., SOHO,
6th November, 1847.

My dearest Jane,

Dinner at Chorley's very pleasant of course. Actresses, Mrs. Jamison, Mrs. Alfred Shaw. Old Kenyon, Maule, Miss Chorley and a Mrs. Arnold filled the octagon, which was covered with careful dinner. Artichoke soup, Brill and smelts, Turkey with white truffles (a great dainty), stewed beef, Plovers, Damascenes of unspeakable quality, Wines from Hartz Forest ; Champagne, Southern Spain ; Ripe Western Portugal. A shaddock as large as a celestial globe, &c., &c. In the evening the two Miss Cushmans came—hot from the Princesses. The younger is in fact a widow and going to be married again. She talked about preachers more than anything else. She has considerable prettiness. The elder, *the* one, talked without reserve about acting. Mrs. Shaw is very jolly and unaffected, not pretty but good-natured looking ; I should not have

found her out to have been in silks and short doubtlet as a man at Drury Lane. Her husband is where " you Jane " will be—in a maddus.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

ST. LUKE'S, BERWICK ST., SOHO,
VIGIL OF THE SOLEMNIZATION OF MATRIMONY,
1847.

My dearest Jenny,

While I was writing who should come here but Lord and Lady Duff-Gordon ; I sent word that I was busy and could not see parties more than a minute or two, when in rushed both of them with their usual unembarrassed good nature, they came to propose " What does your La'ship think ? "

That we should take part of their house as Lodgers.

Now the first blush of getting rid of our bothers about Lodgings flusters one a little too much to see clearly the pros and cons. I entirely take for granted that we should pay half the rent, but again I think their rooms are furnished ; they talked of our having the ground floor (which would make a dining and drawing room) with a bed and dressing room. Rather scanty this. But as Lady Gordon suggested a *provisionary* arrangement by way of experiment there is opportunity of looking before we leap. H. F. H. came in while we were laughing and discussing the thing. I said I would call to-morrow and speak of the matter more coolly. Meantime what do you think of it ? I know you will be rather excited at first—I own I am—because it would relieve one from so much bother and they are people I always had rather a weakness for. I am decidedly of opinion that there ought not to be too much matter of course intercourse—or we should all quarrel in three weeks :—but what do you think of paying half the rent—taking half the house and being

nearish neibors? They seemed in high good nature, enquired much after you and Lady Buff thought she should be able to coddle you advantageously. . . .

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

SOUTHAMPTON,
November, 1847.

Thank you, my dear, for your kind letter to-day, I value it very much. I hope this may be our only wedding day spent asunder. . . . But what do I think of the Duff-Gordon plan?

I think it exceedingly kind of course—*but* that it would be exceedingly imprudent on many accounts to accept the offer. I quite felt with you at first, how convenient and easy it would be to step into comfortable lodgings all ready for one, and either to use them for a month or so while seeking *permanency* or stay for good if all suited—and the house is old fashioned and quite to your taste, I know—so that I had the feeling of disliking to say to you that I did not think it would answer—because afraid you would be disappointed.

I could cordially like Lady Duff-Gordon for a mere acquaintance and feel admiration for all her good qualities, but it would go against me to be so much mixed up with her as to be living together. I can't help thinking that when you have thought it all over you will agree with me—that you wrote off on the spur of the moment while the kindness and convenience of the offer was yet fresh in your mind. The only possible way of arranging it, of course, would have been as you say, to be entirely distinct families, but I should feel a nervous presentiment of its leading to no good. Consider how very little we know of the Gordons in private life, what their ways are, as to religious observances for instance—and if "Birds of a feather flock together" should not we be careful to know, at all

events beforehand what their ways are, before we lay ourselves open to be set down *as doing the like ourselves* and to cause any *" weak brother to stumble ? "* Cannot you call up visions of cosy little Sunday dinners with Mrs. Norton, Mr. Thackeray, and Mr. and Mrs. Wigan ? —and I would not vouch for your or my virtuous sense of congruities restraining our joining in such *delassements* as long as there was no intrinsic wrong in them. And besides all this, I don't fancy Queen's Square, Westminster, would be the healthiest place one could hit upon.

My idea for lodgings would be very decidedly to seek some as near your work as is compatible with a freer air and lower rent . . . Margaret St., for instance, or the end of Piccadilly looking over the Green Park but, tho' they are small houses they be also dear. . . . Harry made my hair stand on end by mentioning Chelsea the other day, unless he called the Helps' neighbourhood, Chelsea (which, of course, one would not shriek at), but recollecting the pilgrimage it used to be for us to go and call on your Aunts at Chelsea, buried alive was the idea it suggested to one's mind.

Harry Hallam to Mrs. Brookfield :

My dear Jenny,

Thanks for your note of this morning. The conviction increases upon me that in the giddy vortex of Ogle's and Bourne's you will run out two or three weeks more so that I shall be off to Malvern before you return. The Gordon excitement is at its height, I have been living in her society as unremittingly since my letter to you as before. The Harrises dined here yesterday. Mrs. H. made me the present of a plaid wrapper to keep myself warm at nights (fact, I assure you) likewise has sent me a heap of Socinia

books to read. Everybody is pretending that the death of Paul Dombey is the most beautiful thing ever written. Milnes, Thackeray, and your Uncle own to tears. I am so hardened as to be unable to look on it in any light but pure "business." I hope you are getting up a stock of health in spite of the Sno'.

H. F. H.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

St. Luke's,
22nd Nov., 47.

My dearest Jane,

I looked in on Mr. Hallam whom I accompanied to Mr. Venables, where cheerful and charitable Chapman was. We staid till twelve and retired.

The following day introduced me to labours which have been enumerated on previous occasions. . . . After evening service I "cleaned myself" and went by 10 to Duff-Gordon's. Found Tackeridge—Higginge—Haywarge—Tom Taylorge—Wige (M.P., Ireland)—Kinglake, etc. Duff looked very handsome—said nothing in the least queer. Thack says she is very much improved. Would it be any way less or more than right that you should write a few plain good-natured unhumbugging (and all the better if slightly droll) words to Buff (8 Queen's Sq.) thanking for the notion being entertained. It really was very good-naturedly done even considering also that they intended to benefit themselves slightly at same time. The subject was not referred to. Then we proceeded to Bentinck's where were Horace and Benjamin Gray and young Holland—and H. F. H. of course. A few humourous remarks were made, but time carried us to bed. . . .

Towards the end of November Mrs. Brookfield

had one of her "wise" teeth out with—"the new invention," chloroform. After pages of praise of the anaesthetic she ends:

I suppose you are the Frank Whitestock who figures in Punches' travels?

St. Luke's Church,
Berwick St., Soho,
27 *Nov.*, 1847.

My dearest Jane,

. . . This evening we have a cave at Mansfield's—Troilus and Cressida. To-morrow Jackson eases my shoulder by preaching at night the first of 4 advent sermons. And as I only preach a.m. it will be quite a vacation to me. Marry—read—preach—read—baptize—read—baptize. Monday I partake a little homely fare with Mr. Thackeray. Leech, Tom Taylor, and Alfred Montgomery to be there. . . . Wednesday Mr. Hallam kindly invited me to celebrate the birth of Miss Hallam, the 1st December having been the 1st of her existence. I was obliged to excuse myself by reason of previous engagement to parties desirous of hearing their native scriptures expounded and enforced at St. Luke's—but begged leave to go afterwards. As the Palgraves and Phillimores are to be there you may judge my feelings. . . .

I suppose you will write to-morrow. But, mark me, I will have no such letters as the last four or five. You wrote very differently when you were in fear of Buff. It is the same principle as sick piety.

The Whitestock story is literally true—rather too literal to be very amusing. The children were 3 little Bowens in Bentinck St.

About this time Mr. Brookfield received an intimation that the next Clerical Inspectorship would be given to him, and as this would improve their prospects Mrs. Brookfield was to return to London and new plans were to be made.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

St. Luke's Church,
Berwick St., Soho,
30 *Nov.*, 47.

My dearest Jane,

I write this (as I opened yours this morning) entirely under protest and only because I have *occasion* to do so with reference to your return (which must be Saturday) —and like my mother when she is forced to write a letter on Sunday shall be terse and brief. I believe I shall have taken Ebury St. lodgings. They are nice enough—discovered by Harry—the tip 37s. including kitchen fire, plate, lining and attendance. Do not fall into the error that the above correct spelling of the vulgar " Linen " means lining of the inward Jane with victuals—but simply lining the bed with sheets and the table with cloths, etc. The apartments are 4, airy and reputable. I and H. accompanied by Maria and Julia went to-day to see them.

At Thackeray's last night Leech, A Merivale (the third), Alfred Montgomery, a very nice, pretty, good-natured dandy, sung little sentimental songs without any sense of *pill*. Merivale also. A Mr. Strachey and self—all very pleasant. But I must conclude. . . . God bless you, my dear.

Most affectionately yours,
W. H Brookfield.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

St. Luke's Church,
Berwick St., Soho,
3 *Dec.*, 1847.

My dearest Jane,

This is a great bore and I am very much disappointed—but . . . I shall not now go in myself till Monday as it is more convenient for me to be here. Alfred Tennyson has this day taken a lodging some 50 yards off—one of my discarded ones. Only for a week or two. . . . Harry and I left at 10 o'clock and found Spedding and Venables at Alfred's rooms at the Prince of Wales'. This morning I have spent chiefly with the same parties, and am about to close the day with a little innocent festivity in the shape of dinner at Lady Newbolt's. I have seen Maria and Julia to-day who mourn over your delay. I am afraid you will be disappointed with the distance from Ebury St. to W. Crescent. It is ½ mile I should think.

. . . W. H. Brookfield.

Mrs. Brookfield, who could not travel because of illness, finally arrived in Ebury St., where, with Alfred Tennyson as their opposite neighbour, a very happy time was spent.

Harry Hallam to Mr. Brookfield:

Clevedon,
Vigil of St. Steeven, 1847.

My dear Brookfield,

I do not need any stirring up to wish Venables sitting on the two pill-consecrated chairs of Poetry and History. How far the Licentiate can be wrought upon to do anything, I do not know; it must be very indirectly, and by the most artful *beebeeery* that he

must be attacked ; by proper impregnation of praise he may be induced to tell Lord Lansdowne that Venables is spoken of in well-informed quarters as likely to succeed his present lamented friend and pilster, and that the appointment will probably give universal satisfaction ; but he certainly will never do more : in fact, when to lose no opportunity, I plunged into the subject at breakfast, I got nothing for my pains but nose-bitings and snub. 1st of all he " very much doubted whether Smythe was ill." Then, " that they might appoint whom they felt disposed, but that he hoped there might be better claimants than V." " Then that he thought Whewell ought to have it." After making this climacks, he began to mollify and ultimately " hoped Venables might get it, though the world would ask what he had written for it." I was obliged elaborately to prevent the suspicion arising in his mind that he could do anything, and particularly that we wanted him to do anything ; but I think that by early and repeated mention of his name it may be associated usefully with the L.'s current of ideas on the subjick.

Campbell, the pilling M.P. for Cambridge, is supposed to have got Maine his Civil Law professorship by a well-timed threat of voting against the Ministry. I will try his influence, which I really believe to be something ; but I cannot well do it by letter or without seeing him. Milnes and Spedding (via Lord Grey) will be useful ; and I don't see anyone likely to start, but one of the Apostolic Set, nor any Apostle who would compete with Venables.

I believe we are boring everybody to death here, which will be the only fruit of my mad desire to desert my metropolis and my Alfred for the base desire of grubbing turkey here.

Dinner bell. Adieu. H. F. H.

Harry Hallam to Mrs. Brookfield :

CLEVEDON COURT,
Christmas night, 11.5 p.m.

My dear Jane,

I want to indite a few lines and fear that if I wait till to-morrow my project may be marred by the happy inconveniences of Mr. Pedder's ecclesiastical arrangements. We have been spending an evening of creditable though not overwhelming exhilaration at Blindman's Buff with the Bairds and a gent of the name of Charles Young of Shakespeare reputation.

The common awe of the Licentiate works its usual effect of producing silence, which was by no means successfully dispelled the first day at dinner by the interposition of Mr. D. of Twickenham, who after several ineffectual attempts on my part to elicit his stupendous learning (vide report by Rhoda) betrayed himself into an expression of opinion on the epistles of St. Ignatius—only to bring about a withering set-down from the Inventor of History.

I was amused at the Licentiate's undertaking to give an account of Alfred's poem to Sir Charles, his fixed idea being that it was tremendously comic and that the merit turned on the quaint conceits of the plot. . . . I mean to carry my point and sleep at Baber's at a late hour on Tuesday, hoping to find the world still rife with poets and dinners. . . .

By the way it is rather good to see the Licentiate falling into the spirit of the thing so completely—its having been proposed that Arthur should lead the way into the Drawing room from the hall, and that every-one in a line should copy his proceedings—divers forms of hopping, etc., took place and the Author of the 9th to the 14th centuries inclusive was to be seen crawling on all fours all along the passage.

Adieu,
H.

Harry Hallam came to London and joined the friendly *coterie* in Ebury Street. He was present at the party which Tennyson gave and he gave one himself the Sunday after his arrival to the "Eminent bard and to parties of the Church-going persuasion." Of the Poet's party Mrs. Brookfield says:

He consulted us as to a dinner he wished to give to a few intimate friends, ourselves amongst the number—my cousin Harry Hallam, also there. The invitations had all been accepted, and the day for the dinner had arrived, when, in the early part of the afternoon, my husband found Alfred Tennyson at his lodging, superintending the dismantling of his bedroom, with workmen taking down his bedstead; it had occurred to him that there was no drawing room for the ladies he had invited, and that we should all have to meet together in his one sitting room and remain there throughout the whole evening. My husband succeeded in persuading him to give up this chivalrous intention, and assured him we should enjoy the novelty of remaining in the dining room. We had a most agreeable evening, and Alfred's hospitable anxiety on our behalf was entirely relieved, after all this perturbation, by the landlady placing her own private sitting room at our service for the special occasion. I believe we were all surprised to find how perfectly everything had been arranged for this party of seven or eight guests. The dinner was excellent, the waiting admirable, and we found that Alfred had quietly secured the best possible assistance from outside resources.

CHAPTER VIII

Belvoir Castle. Louis XVIII. Inspectorship. Henry Hallam. Thackeray's thoughtfulness. Thackeray at Clevedon Court. Charles Buller. Friendship. Fredk. Maurice. Mrs. Thackeray. The Brookfields at Cambridge. Charlotte Wynn. "Cook's Folly." The Ashburtons. Harrison Ainsworth. Thackeray's illness. Charlotte Brontë.

Tennyson and Harry Hallam seem to have kept up Christmas courtesies well on into the New year, for we find the latter on the 8th Jan., 1848, buying a gold pen for the former, for which he gave the sum of 19/6, but altering his mind almost at once as to the value of a poet's pen, he changed it a day or so afterwards for one at 30/-. While he wrote on the 12th to the Brookfields, who had arrived at Belvoir Castle in the course of a round of visits :

My dearest Jane,

I wish to pen a few remarks by way of improving the present occasion, as it is more than probable that I may have no time to-morrow between the consumption of my moral rasher, and the post time. I fear it is painfully obvious, that my only motive in writing at all is to gratify an ill-concealed vanity at the expense of Maria, and telling her to put the letter with *no less a direction** than that I hope to put on this. She having

* Such phrases as "No less a Direction," "No less a Castle," etc., were in allusion to an anecdote which Mr. Brookfield used to tell of Cartwright, the dentist, who once remarked to him during a trifling operation, "This instrument has been in *no less a mouth* than that of the Prince Consort."

clamoured for parties' address this morning, owing to gents having called, and wanted to know it, I completely perished in my attempt to communicate it when I handed her the card being merely encountered by a wink of wayward scepticism, and a suppressed murmur of "Oh, Gammon!"

Mortgages and pale ale have got so much into my head that I feel nothing but the glorious desire of satisfying the snobsome element in my nature ought to allow me to inflict this upon you. I am about to retire to short pipe and the contemplation of Powers appendant, mixed with meditative visions of you treading on coronets, or swathed in strawberry leaves.

It is needless to say that "Violet" was carefully deposited at A. Hayward's door: I feel that I looked exactly as if I had never heard of Hayward or the Temple before, when you suggested my taking it, and must apologise 'umbly for the brutality in my manner, which was not in the remotest degree connected with any real desire to go elsewhere, but from moon-gathering and wool-strickenhood of wits, which likewise allowed me to give Turpin the trouble of taking "Rest in Christ" to Wynn, when in point of fact it would have been on my way to Wilton Crescent. Perhaps my apology is as tedious as my behaviour was loathsome, but I crave forgiveness.

H. F. H.

Mr. Brookfield wrote back in answer:

No less a Castle,
14 *Jan.*, 1848.

My dear young Friend,

Some are born great, as the party on whose paper I write, some achieve greatness, as I hope by years of patient toil coupled with good fortune you may do, some have greatness thrust upon them, of which last

proposition modesty alone prevents my furnishing an illustration.

If you had seen the affable demeanour with which a peer of the realm asked me to take wine yesterday and the elegant condescension with which he drank it you would allow that Peacocks and Daws are not so incompatible as vulgar fables have maintained.

Jane was asked to sing last night, and with exquisite tact and promptitude adapted the following to the tune of New Tabernacle.

As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So long'd so long my soul to sit
At table with your grace.

Your affectionately,
W. H. B.

From Belvoir they went on to the Hoares' at Wavenden from whence came

NO LARGER A RESIDENCE THAN
WAVENDEN,
18 *Jan.*, 1848.

Best Harry,

I am yet stiph and disorganized from the spasmodic efforts which, in purely passive compliance with the incontestable determination of a practised hunter (a horse, I mean, on which Grace mounted me), I was constrained to make to track a stinking Leicestershire phocks on Saturday, Grace alone preserved me in the saddle where Grace had placed me, and that my skin and the pig's remained undivorced thro' that awful experience so truly called "a burst" is a thing for gratitude to adore, but for goodness mussy alone to explain.

Ever yours affectionately,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

The Brookfields stayed with the Hallams a good deal during this Spring, and Mrs. Brookfield occasionally gives a graphic picture of the Historian. She says, "His nervous energy was sometimes betrayed by sudden rubbings of the hands and hasty walks about the room, during which he would remain absorbed in his own thoughts. When the deposition of Louis Philippe occurred and the news of his flight was announced I was at breakfast with him in Wilton Crescent. On reading the details my uncle in his agitation caught up an empty plate, got up from his seat and walked up and down the room with the plate pressed close to his heart!"

Mr. Brookfield was appointed Inspector of Schools in February—he was allowed by favour to keep on his preacherships until the end of the year, though it was not considered that the two duties could very well be worked together.

When he went off to his first inspection Mr. Hallam said "What! Has Brookfield gone second class this weather?" showing, as his niece observes, "his aristocratic ignorance that the second class had windows." From the scene of one of his first examinations he writes to his wife:

"How beautiful is the law of compensation observable throughout the arrangements of Nature. For the obvious purpose of disciplining Inspectors and keeping them from indolent wantonness and fat she has ordained that there should be country clergymen proud of their schools, who will show off everything, who will not suffer them to go the shortest way to their real object, and who keep them therefore nine hours over

what might have been done in one. But on the other hand it has been mercifully ordered that their scholars should fail, be sheepish, silent, dumbfounded,—their teachers confused and blundering."

In April the Brookfields went to live in Portman Street, and here, later on in the year, Harry Hallam came to share their house with them. Of this event Mrs. Brookfield says, "After the death of my dear Aunt Hallam (which occurred in the year '40), her daughter and son, Julia and Harry, were watched over by their father with the utmost solicitude. With regard to Harry this took the form of a restless anxiety lest ill should befall him. When he left Cambridge he lived with his father in Wilton Crescent reading with a barrister in the Temple for some hours daily, and studying hard at his future profession. He had many friends but though he cared little for general society he greatly enjoyed that of his intimates, and would join them in the evening after dining with his father and sister at home. One night his tender feelings received a shock;—letting himself into the house, probably soon after midnight, on coming into the darkened hall he found his father in his nightdress searching for his son's hat, in order to discover if he were safely under his roof—for Mr. Hallam would not risk betraying his anxiety by opening his son's door to look within his room. Harry was greatly touched by this constant wistfulness concerning him, and his dread lest his father should not get proper rest when he happened to be out was the origin of the proposition that he should share our house with us."

That this arrangement was satisfactory in every respect to all concerned there is abundant witness. Never was such a time of easy gaiety and light spiritedness as that passed during the two and a half years these three lived together. It was a period of unmixed pleasantness and ceased only with the sad and untimely death of young Hallam.

Mrs. Brookfield, still somewhat of an invalid, was obliged to rest for several hours a day upon a sofa; but around that sofa there gathered perhaps all that was best and brightest then in London.

The intimacy with Thackeray was close and joyous; the friendship between that gentleman, Harry Hallam and William Brookfield being one almost unexampled; it was as sincere as it was fervent, the older men delighting in the younger one's sweet nature and bright promise, while he gave to them cordial admiration and true affection.

In June we find Thackeray asking Mrs. Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble) to go and sing to a "sick lady of his acquaintance," and as at that same time Mr. Brookfield had sent some owls from some country place, we get;

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

15 PORTMAN ST.,
22 *June*, 1848.

My dear Owl,

Payne said to-day when I asked her if the owls were only fed night and morning, "No, ma'am, I don't think Turpin serves them more than twice a day," which phrase when applied to the voracity of the

Pike and not only to human beings struck me as amusing. Mrs. Sartoris did come yesterday and after a few preliminaries proposed to sing to me; took off her bonnet and poured forth in German, Italian, and English. I felt it was so very good-natured of her, as she came alone and there was only my stupid lout of a self to hear her, language seemed inadequate to express due gratitude and in my really genuine admiration for all artists, it seemed to me the right thing to kiss her hand. She took it with a smile as if she had *expected* it, squeezed my hand, hoped I would let her come again, left Mr. Sartoris's card for you and disappeared, leaving me in a cold sweat (to be coarse) as to whether the kiss of the hand might not have been *un peu trop fort.*

I have not seen Mr. Thackeray since the Sartoris misfortune. Miss Macready called on me yesterday and offered to read to me! which with many thanks I declined. Miss Wynn comes to tea with me to-night, but I said I went to bed at nine thirty. Harry, I believe dines with me, Uncle H. and Julia dining out. Mr. Spring Rice called yesterday and also Mr. Fanshawe. Julia H. has just been here, and Lucy has just heard she must depart!

Mrs. Brookfield usually had a sister or a friend staying with her at this time. Mr. Brookfield replied:

I am sorry you are left alone this week, but as Lucy Gaskell says you have plenty of consolations in Mr. this and Mr. that and Mr. T'other. How often has Aubrey de Vere? has Makepeace Thackeray? has Spring Rice? nay, the whole troop, been, I should like to know?

Mr. Thackeray was in the habit of sending to Mrs.

Brookfield for her perusal any work he was engaged upon which particularly pleased himself or was likely to please her,—as well as letters written to common friends when he thought they would amuse and interest, and, indeed, he contrived in every way to help to lighten the tedious hours she had to pass. Once when they were discussing a manuscript over which he was somewhat dispirited she wrote to him :

. . . You must sometimes feel happy when you think of the good you are able to do,—I should wonder if you did not feel a very vivid confidence and hope for the future. You quite give it to me when you write as you did to-day,—and this power of influencing others which you have is so evidently an inspiration. You have only to recall your talents and to remember that you have not misused them, but increasingly used them for good, and you have at once an evidence of God's favour towards you, which the stupid untalented class must seek for in a few benevolent impulses carried out, or a little endurance more or less humble,—don't you see what a little handful of grain most can lay hold on for self comfort, while you may look on a whole barn full of Corn, always before you.

Writing in October to Harry Hallam, Mrs. Brookfield says : " His reverence will return to-morrow, so please have something in the house by way of frugal meal. Mr. Thackeray arrived here Thursday and is busy sketching out and inside the house."

This was Thackeray's first visit to Clevedon Court, and he was so charmed and delighted with the picturesque old place that he then and there planned writing

Esmond and using the house as Castlewood. He wrote a portion of "Pendennis" whilst he was staying there, he made many fantastic sketches with which to amuse its inmates, and he also drew pictures of the place. And Clevedon Court was worthy his pencil. An ancient manor mentioned in Domesday Book, it stands to-day as perfect a specimen of our mediæval homes as any we possess. The main building is of the early 14th century, altered and added to, but still retaining the original plan,—while kitchens and out-buildings are of even earlier work. A feature which greatly struck Thackeray was the remarkably fine hall with its gallery for musicians. A mansion which housed several interesting families between the time of John the Dane (who held it under Edward the Confessor) and John Digby, Earl of Bristol (from whom Abraham Elton, the first baronet, bought it in 1709); one of which was descended straight from Hereward the Wake —it has since received under its hospitable roof personages certainly no less interesting, viz., Lamb, Coleridge, the Hallams, Tennyson, and Thackeray.

Back again in London in November late one night, Thackeray sent by a special messenger the following:

My dear Lady. I am very much pained and shocked at the news brought at dinner to-day that poor dear Charles Buller is gone. Good God! think about the poor mother surviving, and what an anguish that must be! If I were to die I cannot bear to think of my mother living beyond me, as I daresay she will. But isn't it an awful, awful, sudden summons? There go wit, fame, friendship, ambition, high repute! Ah!

aimons nous bien. It seems to me that is the only thing we can carry away. When we go let us have some who love us wherever we are. I send you this little line as I tell you and William most things. Good-night.

And the next day he says :

I have sent off my letter to Lady Ashburton this morning, ending with some pretty phrases about poor old Charles Buller, whose fate affects me very much, so much that I feel as if I were making my will and getting ready to march too.

To which Mrs. Brookfield replies :

I wonder if Lady Ashburton will write to you ; I think she must have felt your letter very much, as so few would really understand her grief, and it is one of the most painful and absurd ways of the world to assume that one is in affliction for anyone who happens to have been related to us, while intimacies which must have a much deeper root from having been sought out for ourselves and made where real sympathy exists,—these are so soon to be forgotten, " only a friend, no relation," you hear said many times when the words should be reversed into " only a relation ! " Not but that I am very fond of my relations, but there must be exceptions.

Charles Buller accompanied Lord Durham as Secretary on the famous Mission to Canada in 1838. He was a close friend of Lady Ashburton, a woman who possessed, in an especial degree, an aptitude for making and keeping friends, a possession of more serviceable value in days of friendships " *pur et simple* " than in these complicated times. For friendship was then an

emotion to be reckoned with, it was still a helpful, encouraging, reliable commodity, and one which could be accepted and indulged in without *arrière pensée* on either side.

The whole of this particular set of people had unaffected admiration and affection for that which pleased them intellectually,—they were proud of friendships so formed, and expected and received from them nothing but their own interior satisfaction : they, moreover, experienced no fear that any such affection on their part might be misjudged.

When towards Christmas Mr. Thackeray sent her the ballad beginning "O stupid little printer's boy," Mrs. Brookfield acknowledged it with :

SOUTHAMPTON,
21 *Dec.*

My dear Mr. Thackeray,

It is so very cold and dismal to-day I don't feel as if I could write though I wish to thank you for your letter and the notes of the Ballad—which I shall keep as a curiosity and perhaps leave it, with all your letters as a legacy to Annie for her to work into your memoir according to her discretion 50 years hence. Do you know that if you do not write in more commonplace style to me I shall be quite unable to answer you at all —I have just read your letter over again and thought how flat and dull all that I could say would be and how presumptuous I am to be writing anything by way of an answer, except to say I am grateful.

I saw that Dickens's was a presentation copy to you and will take care of it—there is a bit at the end about a little dead child which is very touching and perhaps was what your mother thought I should feel.

William is at the school to-day for the inspection—I meant to have gone, never having seen him *officially* employed, but I have a return of pain and must not go out. William Bullar dosed me with *Chloroform* as a medicine and it is very soothing. Dr. Joseph has just been in with some of his theories as to all suffering coming upon us as a distinct punishment for a distinct and definite sin, which it is our duty to be seeking out—I told him I felt I must be horribly wicked to require so much discipline, but that if I had encouraged such a thought it would have driven me to despair. He said it was the best thing I could come to, as a transition state, all of us ought to go through the stage of despair before we could be fit for any real peace or comfort!

If I had time I would write all this over again as an entirely new letter—for my awe of you with which I began writing has quite disappeared and I don't mind a bit whether I have written idiotcy or sense—which is a great proof of my confidence in you.

Ever your friend,

JANE BROOKFIELD.

Mr. Brookfield who never let an opportunity for visiting Cambridge pass him by, went up in March, '49, with Thackeray; and Mr. Thackeray who was in the habit of saluting his friends whenever a chance occurred drew himself on the envelope while the following letter was being written. He would sometimes stand by Mrs. Brookfield as she wrote to her husband, and sign it or draw his pair of spectacles upon the letter as a hint that he was present. They all in those days

For Sketch of Thackeray raising hat see p. 538.

illustrated their letters and if not always according to the canons of art, yet always after the canons of humour.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
12 *March*, 49.

My dearest Jane,

It is not everybody who steps into "the Bull" with Thackeray, finds there Jenny Lind's agent (who had been dining in hall, and seeing me prating to Sedgwich, besides which he twigged Thackeray), and receives from him a polite offer "for Mr. Brookfield and friend" to the Lind concert to-night. So I stay and go on by mail at eleven arriving Norwich before two.

Breakfast with the pretty Maines this morning. Nice creature the Male Maine and two very nice youngsters there, Fane and Harcourt, who with Thackeray and self made up a very ee and freasy party, since then stroll through many colleges with Pen. Most likely I shall not have a moment to-morrow, wherefore I write to-day. Sorry it should be so short but hall gapes.

Ever most affectionately,
W. H. B.

This was Mr. Brookfield's first meeting with William Harcourt, afterwards they met frequently.

> When Brookfield had hit on his happiest vein
> And Harcourt was capping the jokes of Delane."

Thackeray himself writes concerning this occasion:

I have had only one opportunity of saying how do you do on the envelope of a letter which you will have

received from another and even more intimate friend, W. H. B. This is to inform you that I am so utterly and dreadfully miserable now he has just gone off to Norwich by the horrid mail, that I think I can't bear this place beyond to-morrow and must come back again.

We had a very pleasant breakfast at Dr. Henry Maine's and two well-bred young gents of the University, and broiled fowls and mushrooms, just as we remember them 200 years ago. . . . Just now William (I was going to write Villiam, but I knew you wouldn't like it) says, "She's dining at Lady Monteagle's," so I said "Let us drink her health," and we did, in a mixture of ale and soda water, very good. There was a bagman asleep in the room, and we drank your health, and both of us said "God bless her." I think this is the chief part of my transactions during the day. . . . Then we went to Jenny Lind's concert, for which a gentleman here gave us tickets, and at the end of the first act we came away. . . .

I think William is a little disappointed that I have not been made enough a lion of, whereas my timid nature trembles before such honours, and my vanity would be to go through life like a gentleman—as a Major Pendennis—you have hit it. I believe I never do think about my public character, and certainly didn't see the gyps, waiters, and undergraduates whispering in hall, as your William did, or thought he did. . . . Present my best compliment to Mrs. Fanshawe, if you see Mrs. Elliot remember me to her most kindly.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

15 PORTMAN ST.,
13*th March*..

My dearest William,

I am glad you staid for the Lind Concert and hope you liked it, and that your journey was prosperous.

Think of your being o'er moor and mountains while I was figuring at the Monteagle dinner which was pleasant, as their parties always are, but I felt a blank and strangeness in being there alone. I cabbed down with Henry, and Harry Hallam, who was at the evening party, brought me home. At dinner, besides all the Spring Rices, there were a Mr. and Lady Arabella Somebody (whose name I caught not, but it was not Baring), and Mr. Trench, Aubrey de Vere, and four or five other men. I sat between Stephen and a man named Chesholm, or something like it, starch and gentlemanly, an evident M.P. and Irish, condemned the practice of fasting and had heard that Mr. Bennett was ruining his own health and that of his curates by the rigidity of his fasting rules. In the evening there were Venables, Elliots, Hallams, Romillys, and others. Mr. Laurence was there and begged I would resume my sittings, so I am to go to him Thursday evening at eight for an hour, he has taken to paint by gaslight and prefers it to day. Venables and others enquired much after you, and Stephen Spring Rice hopes to see you soon. Mr. Maurice is just now calling here on Mrs. Fanshawe, and has sat a little while with me. I liked him greatly and felt a reverence for him and yet not the same stammering awe I have of Trench, not that I thoroughly like Maurice's writings, but he seems broad-minded and earnest.

Mr. Maurice asked after you yesterday; he said he remembers Mrs. Thackeray so well as a little girl of twelve years old, very lively and graceful. Mr. Thackeray has returned from Cambridge sooner than I expected; he wrote me a letter describing your breakfast at the Maines', and also, what I cared for more, that you as well as he, had drank my health at dinner and said "God bless her," for which I should like to kiss your hand at this moment.

Engd by J.J. Waddington Edr

William Makepeace Thackeray

From the drawing in crayon by Samuel Laurence.

MISS WYNN AS THEOLOGIAN

Miss Williams Wynn to Mrs. Brookfield :

GRAFTON ST.

My dear Jane

We heard an uncommonly good sermon from Maurice the best I ever listened to of his, and he only got once into an unintelligible difficulty about notional Truth as opposed to truth untainted by our notions.

How we are to get at it at present without such taint I did not make out.

Mr. Fanshawe came in to bring Mrs. F. away and with him I was charmed. There is a kindliness and a wish that his wife should talk her own way while he listened that was quite touching to me, but I could not go on talking while he was there. It was too much against the right order of things to have two women twaddling about Baptism while the Clergyman sat there listening.

Lady Bath, Lady Castlereagh, and Lady Lothian are all reported to be going over to Rome—I suppose the first may be, as Dr. Wiseman announced that he was giving her instruction previous to it.

She is a very good woman, and has lived quietly through a long widowhood. Strange that she should now feel that which has carried her through the heat and noontide of the day—not sufficient to help her along in its decline !

But this is, I think, the characteristic of the age, particularly among women. We are all fancying we shall be better somewhere else.

All like Pontius Pilate asking " What is truth ? " and then like him too, don't wait for an answer, but " go out," go anywhere but stay in the place where it is most likely to come to us !

CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS WYNN.

Miss Wynn was one of the many who were moved by the religious influences of the time. She sometimes wrote long and able letters to Mr. Brookfield, in which she entered boldly into theological discussion, and in which she gave him her own views and challenged criticism. Mr. Brookfield replied always to these letters seriously, giving her all the help she desired, though once he told her jokingly to be careful, for "Arthur Elton had turned Puseyite and now smoked to the East." She was a fine spirited, fine-minded woman, and much esteemed by her friends who included all worth knowing at the moment.

As they were people who moved about constantly there was always opportunity for sending a letter, and in April Mrs. Brookfield wrote to Harry Hallam :

My dear Harry,

I resume my pen at a late hour in the day and after having emerged from the gay throng assembled under the auspices of your Father and Miss H., both of whom looked in their respective manner well and handsome. Mr. Spedding has come on from Wilton Crescent to imbibe a weed with W. H. B. Yesterday we dined in rare dull company at a Dr. and Mrs. Alderson's (related to the Baron of that ilk) where an enthusiastic voice proclaimed in clear authoritative terms that the description of the railroad in one of the last Dombeys was the very finest writing and description he remembered to have read for I don't know how long, that it quite thrills thro' you !

I sat next Mr. Hume (the celebrated financier) at dinner yesterday, he was "true to himself," and our talk was of money and figures, how many people per diem visited the B. Museum, how many pennies

collected in catalogues, and so forth, interspersed with grave speculations on the probable ingredients of ice pudding and in commendations with genuine gusto on the very fine forequarter of Lamb.

Mr. Thackeray steps in more rarely now that the "Season with unusual severity hath set in," *selon* the wit of the periodicals of the day, but he is cordial and kindly as ever. We are going to stay a day at Hither Green with the Spring Rices on Monday, May third, to return Wednesday May fifth, for I love to be particular. I did my hair in Carolinic fashion—plain instead of ringleted to-night, which Wm. approved, but Miss H. condemned (interesting facts!)

I am deep in Quintus Fixlein at present. Lent me by Miss Procter, not Mrs. (Mark me) but Miss Procter, with whom I find congeniality and an under current which ought to be encouraged.

Adieu.

JAYNE OCTAVYA.

Mrs. Brookfield was a methodical reader of all the current literature of the day. Though a tolerant—if somewhat sprightly—critic, her sense of humour was quick to detect the ridiculous or pompous.

From Clevedon she wrote to Mr. Thackeray:

CLEVEDON COURT,
23 *April*, 49.

Dear William Thackeray,

You gave such a hardworked picture of yourself when you wrote last, I wonder you could ask or wish to be written to when you are so busy. I have just been seeing William off to London. He had hoped to be here another week at least. I told him I should be writing to you to-day, and he will try to see you one

evening if your numerous engagements don't interfere. Major T. and his wife come here to-day, with another brother officer, a very plain Capt. B., who plays the flute and brings it with him. Rhoda is preparing for duets with him. He has never been here before, and we are told to expect scars from small-pox and other personal blemishes to weigh against his intrinsic worthiness. I am to leave the state Green room and remove into the one which was yours, which I shall very much prefer, as Agnes will be a protection to me next door. I had a fright even with William in the house the first night I came. Just as I had put out the candle and was getting into bed, I felt the hand which one has dreaded all one's life, clutching hold of my foot, of course it must have been mere fancy, but I was so sure at the moment that it really was the hand that I ran off with bare feet down to Arthur and Rhoda's room, and brought them both back armed with pokers, but nothing could be found and I had to look rather foolish the next morning at breakfast when daylight had sobered me into owning that I must have been mistaken, which I could not admit overnight. . . . I have just been interrupted by a long visit from Lady Elton, and now it is post time.

Imagine Miss W— being so touched by my saying I hoped she would come and see me in London, that she left the room and burst into tears, and begged Rhoda would explain her apparent coldness by the depth of gratitude she was inwardly feeling.

William talks of Saturday for our going to Cambridge so I suppose about Thursday week I shall come back. We shall get Pendennis down here, I shall expect to see a great deal of the Major in this No., as you would bring him out so completely *con amore.*

Yours,
J. O. B.

The whole of the company met by Mrs. Brookfield at this time, and of whom she gives a clearer account in the next letter to her husband, interested Mr. Thackeray deeply. He often in after years went back to that period and mentioning those worthies by name, would recall gleefully incidents concerning them.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

CLEVEDON COURT,
BRISTOL,
26 *April*, 1849.

I have been so busy abusing Mrs. T. all the morning as to have but little time left for writing. She has a Becky-ish sort of good-nature, picking one flowers and being obliging, but Becky's light green eyes, prying into one, all over one's face and dress with a steady inflinching curiosity of scrutiny, and about her music, she entirely *monopolises* the pianoforte every evening.

Arthur and I have been caballing to overthrow this system to-night, when the Weatherlys and Thompson of Wraxall and others dine here, and we are to have a musical evening. Mrs. T. entirely appropriates poor B. (altho' they have only once met before). I may seem spiteful but we are all of one mind here about it, and all wonder why Major T. should have married her, she is not unlike Kate Beckwith with a dash of Phœbe Blundell (in her best moments), very thin with projecting white teeth. I would not care what her face was if she were not so self-satisfied, she is certainly very sharp and clever, really very accomplished.

Julia Elton sounded her as to what she thought of all of us. Arthur she likes, and Mrs. Brookfield she is very much pleased with, ungrateful fiend that I am not to be crushed by this! Rhoda said at

dinner when Mrs. T. first arrived she watched her scanning me thro' and thro' with the air of thinking "Ah! you flirted with my husband, I know that." Since then I suppose she sets me down as a good-natured harmless idiot, tho' Arthur says I am a snake in the grass with regard to her, but cannot you fancy how provoking she must be? and the Major is always very pleasant and kind, but why have married Becky?

Good-bye, my dear love,

Ever more thine,

J. O. B

While Mrs. Brookfield was away Mr. Brookfield seems to have lived in the constant society of Mr. Thackeray. One wonders how so much solid work was accomplished by two men of such sociable habits, who walked together in the morning, talked together in the afternoon, and sat together late into the night, or rather, into the small hours of the morning.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

P. C. O.,
28 *April*, 1849.

My dear Child,

Forthwith after dispatching my brief remark of yesterday I hastened to the Garrick where Thackeray, Stansfield and Fladgate awaited me. It was a very pleasant scanty dinner, positively scarcely enough to eat, and only that by reason of the great painter being a Catholic rigid about meats. Oysters, a sole with mushrooms, a bit of salmon not larger than you help one person to, followed by a *fricandeau* not nearly so big as this paper, and eight lamb cutlets with cucumber. Then came omelet (sweet) and toasted cheese, the last only an after thought because of dearth.

But somehow there was enough, and two bottles of Champagne made it very pleasant and we chirped away and never went to Sartorissa's.

I think Cambridge will be much better a fortnight hence than a week hence. I therefore propose to go there the 12th. Stay then at Clevedon so long as you list and is good for you, and return at the like time. I am going to dine with LADY NEWBOLT, and to-morrow Thackeray and I go to some Church together and walk out to dine in the country *à la* Lyttelton and me.

God bless thee. Ever thine,

W. H. B.

Mrs. Brookfield did not show her "note-taking" side to the friends she criticised. To them she was always the most amiable as well as the most fascinating of women. But she had an admiring circle who awaited her letters and delighted in their frankness; and as, according to the fashion of the time, no sheet must be left unfilled, and possessing as she said, "a sense of the ludicrous," she filled her sheets.

Mrs. Brookfield to Mr. Thackeray:

CLEVEDON COURT,

28th April, 1849.

What a shame that you should read my letter to your mother. I thought it remarkably freely written and neatly expressed, and I congratulated myself on your being away at the time and that I could therefore be so easy—not that I care at all for being stupid to you but I expect you to feel ashamed of me if I show my dulness to people who already wonder (as you do yourself), "what there is in me."

I am very glad that you are free again now and able to thread the mazes of refined society without any

distraction. You have plenty to fill your letter with but how can I thrust a description of Capt. B— upon you in return ? Yet there has been no better novelty here than his arrival. I have been walking a good deal lately with the T.'s, Arthur and B—, and the cousin to whom the Captain gallantly dedicates himself when unappropriated by Mrs. T., who is writing at the same table with me in all innocence while I am dipping my pen in venom to run her down; she is so singularly well satisfied with herself that I don't feel much remorse. Rhoda observed her the first day she arrived, scanning me all over with a satirical expression, conveying her perfect acquaintance with a bygone flirtation. However, I looked so harmless and so perfectly indifferent that she relented and came up to me in an olive branch spirit, with a little speech about having heard so much of me from her husband that she had *quite longed* to make my acquaintance, and ever since she has been in her most condescending mood towards me, but I can't respond, and feel sorry because the husband evidently wishes me to praise the wife to him, and is always leading the conversation towards her, but all I can bring out is praise for her music, which is rather good. It is amusing to see him wrapped up in his children and this lady, and to recollect his extreme of politeness to me when I met him here before. I think he is inclined to laugh sometimes himself when the former visit is alluded to.

We walked to the sea yesterday, and I boldly went into the library and ordered No. seven to be sent to me immediately on its appearance down here, "We get it either the 1st or 2nd of the month," they said, which seems very behindhand when we get it in London on the 30th. I am glad you are to dine at the Royal Academy, and is the Bust to be made ? Rhoda has heard that Virginia has quite eclipsed Miss A. in

the Duke of D—'s admiration. As to Turpin's looking so handsome she is not at all in favour with me and getting quite spoilt as a good servant. I daresay in a new place she would come out quite briskly again, but I think we shall have to dismiss her. Now don't take her yourself, you would not like it. What an odd girl Adelaide Procter is, I should give her a little quiet set down some day if I were you, I think it would be friendly and do her good. Do you think me very spiteful to-day ? I am afraid I have abused everybody I have mentioned, which seems ill-natured. I would not do it to anyone I did not know so well as I do you, and where it is not likely to do harm to anyone. Such dreadful pens with all my attempts at mending them, they won't write any cleaner, which I daresay revolts your sense of propriety, as you pique yourself so much on your own handwriting. I am glad William was to dine with you last night. I have heard from him every day though he was so busy as hardly to have time for it, and Harry penned me a note which came with yours this morning, and another letter from Mrs. F. very kind as usual, but giving but a bad account of herself, and a prim, well-worded A. Bullar. Five letters, all so different I read them while I was dressing, William's and yours first,—and they made me so late I was obliged to breakfast upstairs.

I sang for two hours yesterday by myself in the schoolroom, fully believing that no one could hear me, when I came down and found they were all listening in the Hall which was unpleasant. Give my love to Anny and Minny, and thank you for being so kind as to write to me, but please do not feel *gêné́d* any more. Good-bye.

Mr. Brookfield was able at this time to fulfil the wish of his heart and take his wife to visit his much-loved

Cambridge—and from there she writes to Harry Hallam.

CAMBRIDGE,
20 *May*, 1849.

My dearest Harry,

According to agreement I pen a few lines descriptive of the festivities at Professor Maine's, but I am rather fearful they will be more briefly expressed than may meet your views. There were, I daresay, thirty or forty people, Mrs. Maine singing Italian as we came in and subsequently the celebrated Scotch songs. Not knowing a human being rendered the first half hour slightly depressing, but I was introduced to one or two ladies and to dear Harcourt and Holland, who were both of them affable and conversed agreeably with me for the rest of the evening. I thought it was a brisk little party, "take it for all in all," with a most sumptuous collation by way of supper. Trifles and pyramidal tipsey cakes and jellies of the most ornamental description were flanked by the solid fowl and the energising sandwich and people "pitched in" tremendously. Mrs. Maine has a very pretty voice and looked very pretty doing the honours, and with her husband I am much smitten, as I always was, you know. We are now just going off to the luncheon party at Catherine Hall. People are invited to meet us, as if it were a dinner, so we agreed it should be our dinner, and that we would go down to the boats in the evening if it is fine. You were much regretted and lamented over last night, not only by both Maines, but by Harcourt and Holland, the first is a remarkably sprightly young man, and of the handsome order. Why don't you come back? Frank Holland thought you needed change of air, go and make the Doctor feel your pulse and order you Cambridge air.

This was an eminently successful visit, and one which pleased them both, as well as the many friends who helped to make entertainment for them. There is an episode connected with it of a grave don who in an endeavour to be gay before Mrs. Brookfield swung himself on the chains which hung between two posts in one of the Courts, which chains, to the discomfiture of that gentleman and the exceeding joy of the party with him, gave way suddenly and left him on the ground.

That walks with Lord Lyttelton continued we find by the following from him :

HAGLEY,
23rd June, 1849

Intimate Inspector,

Learn that we condescend to Babylon, though but for a few and childless weeks on the 26th inst.

So let Butchers rejoice and the Excise shout with triumph.

Let the practical development of this dark saying occupy much of your thoughts from this time till The Day. My own contribution towards it is confined in two words. A Saturday.

Known to Universal History is the despotic sway of the Inspector. Nor without significance is the Lord Lieutenant's humbler craft. But the Walk of Walks—the Tea garden—the Pot—the Rum—and the Steak, or the Rumsteak—the Shrub in the Shrubbery—here is the real final cause of things, and the pitchpipe to the music of the Spheres.

I am told you are living with Mrs. William Dobbin, nèe Sedley, once Osborne.

I hope that lady is well.

For aye,
LYTTELTON.

Mr. Brookfield went soon after this a voyage in the revenue cutter *Vigilante* with Stephen Spring Rice, an expedition he made almost yearly, Carlyle sometimes being one of the party. These cruises seem to have been quite originally pleasant and much appreciated by all concerned.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

15 Portman St.,
5th July.

Harry begged his love, he is so gallant as to insist on escorting me to Southampton to-morrow by express train, and returning here the same evening. I demurred and opposed so extravagant a measure, but he seems to be resolved.

Charlotte Wynn told me yesterday the name of one of her Ducal suitors,* B—, to wit, not the present one but his father, it was an old man's fancy, she said, but three years after he died, and she might have been Dowager Duchess at only three years purchase money, but she couldn't bear him, unfortunately. This, however, makes her take a great interest in all the S. proceedings now, and she laments over the present Duke's ill conduct in a kind of half step-Motherly way, I suppose. The old duke was a pattern of chivalresque honour and probity she said, and would rise from his grave to contemn his son, if he could. Charlotte was at the Procters' on Monday and said it was rather pleasant. Adelaide called yesterday and sat an hour, I suppose ; she is going to Scotland with some friends and won't be at home again for some time, so it was our parting interview. I dined in Wilton Crescent yesterday. Louisa Elton had said she wanted to taste white bait, so Uncle Hallam had ordered it and

* Miss Wynn is supposed to have refused three dukes.

was in a great fuss that it should be served up hot and in right style. We went down to dinner, and found nothing on the table, not even soup. Harry began to redden, in embarrassment, Julia and I to giggle, Uncle Hallam looked sharply up, "What's the joke? I see none." "Only that it's a Barmicide feast," I meekly said. He laughed and saw the joke of that, but in a few more minutes the white bait and lemons and bread and butter came smoking in all right, and brows began to smoothe and mouths to "tuck in."

Harry Hallam accomplished his amiable desire, and to Mrs. Brookfield in Southampton Mr. Thackeray wrote:

At Procter's was not furiously amusing—the eternal G. bores one. Her parents were of course there, the papa with a suspicious-looking little order in his button-hole, and a chevalier d'industrie air, which I can't get over. E. didn't sing, but on the other hand Mrs. S. did. She was passionate, she was enthusiastic, she was sublime, she was tender. There was one note that she kept so long, that I protest I had time to think about my affairs, to have a little nap, and to awake much refreshed while it was going on still. At another time, overcome by almost unutterable tenderness, she piped so low, that it's a wonder one could hear her at all. In a word she was mirobolante, the most artless, affected, good-natured, absurd, clever creature possible. When she had crushed G., who stood by the piano hating her, and paying her the most profound compliments,—she tripped off on my arm to the cab in waiting. I like that absurd, kind creature.

To which letter she replied: I read out your letter to Mrs. F. I should rather like, maliciously, to have witnessed the Sartorissian crushment of the Gaggiotti. If you do send the children down to Clevedon, I am

sure Maria and Julia would like to see them often and your Mother too, but it sounds melancholy their going there and you by yourself. I wonder where you will go ?

Mrs. F. is very kind to me. We often speak of you, she has a sincere affection for you. They talk of her lingering on for two or three more years only ! and when she asked the doctor, " Do you think it might be for ten years ? " he said, " No, not the least possible," so her life is ending very soon for us. But she only looks forward with earnest desire to a happier state, about which she never seems to have a fear, she speaks as trustingly as a child might do about her Father. Dr. Locock told me a gentleman who sat opposite him lately introduced himself as knowing him through his friends at 15 Portman St. Viz " *The Thackeray !* I was very proud to be asked to take wine by the man who had created Becky." I did not think the worthy man would have had the time to read V. F.

I have not heard from William since Penzance, when he was on his way to Brest. I wish he was safely back again ; he told me they had had some very rough weather, and that he could not say he had thoroughly enjoyed it.

This was an exciting day to the doctors here, painfully bringing Cholera very near to us, a lady patient of theirs, who was playing on the Pianoforte till one this morning giving a party,—was taken ill to-day and died just now.

While to Mr. Brookfield she wrote :

PROSPECT PLACE,
17*th July*, 49.

My dear William,

Harry has written to-day to urge my leaving Southampton at once on account of the Cholera, as it happens

I am engaged to-morrow to go to Ryde under escort of the polite Fanshawes, otherwise the black blood of the Eltons would likely enough have kept me on here a little longer, as it is so complete a Cook's Folly business to fly from the hands of God, as if one could not equally have the Cholera at Ryde, if it is to come upon one. You know "Cook's Folly" at Bristol was a tower built by a man of that name who went into it to be out of the way of some pestilence or other and he would only have his food lowered to him by ropes so as to avoid all contact with infected people, in a faggot one day arrived a venomous snake which bit him till he died, and you may see the Tower to this day near the sea-wall on Durdham Down.

I have just had a letter from Mr. Thackeray who is hoping to see you at Brighton; he intends the next Pendennis to be a right down good number, he says, so I hope it may be. Good-bye.

Evermore your loving wife,
J. O. B.

Mr. Brookfield had been landed by the revenue cutter and had taken up his duties again, which fortunately brought him to Brighton.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

BRIGHTON,
19 *July*, 1849.

Dearest Jane,

I have not heard from you to-day at this present writing (four p.m.) tho' perhaps there may be a letter this evening.

Dined last night with W—. Respectable, courteous, gentleman-and-lady-like, and specially dull. Was main glad to go at ten thirty to Thackeray at his club where he was entertaining two dragoons with

the wicked weed and wickeder distillation. At twelve thirty I turned in and slept without interruption till nine this morning, when I took my usual Tavern breakfast of Fry dam and toast, from which I adjourned to a school; huge, difficult, cursed with that infernal modesty without humility which distinguishes fools, puseyites, and "a parcel of silly galls," and thence without delay to another where I am now writing and whence I long to remove to the C side. Thackeray dines with me this evening. Love to all.

Ever yours most affectionately,

W. H. BROOKFIELD.

After leaving Brighton this year Mr. Thackeray spent a few days in Wales, where he wrote in an album in order to amuse a friend,

"A better glass or a better pipe
I never had in all my life."

S. ROGERS.

For some time Thackeray had been striving to get the Brookfields and the Ashburtons better acquainted, so about this time he wrote Mr. Brookfield the following:

My dear Vieux,

I wish you would go and call on Lady Ashburton. Twice Ashburton has told me she wants to make your acquaintance, and twice remarked that it would be but an act of politeness in you to call on a lady in distress, who wants your services. Both times I have said that you are uncommonly proud and shy, and last night told him he had best call on you, which he said he would hasten to do. But surely you might stretch a leg over the barrier when there's a lady actually beckoning

you to come over, and such an uncommonly good dinner laid on the other side. There was a vacant place yesterday, as you might have had, and such a company of jolly dogs, St. David's, Hallam senr., and ever so many more of our set. Do come if you can and believe me to be yours,

A. Pendennis, Major H.P.

This was just before he went to Paris to see an aunt who was dying there, and as the Ashburtons called at once upon the Brookfields a new and lasting friendship commenced between them to his great satisfaction.

Now ensued an interesting series of letters between Mrs. Brookfield and the great author, who had begged her to write often to him, as he was low spirited and depressed.

Mrs. Brookfield to Mr. Thackeray in Paris :

1 *Sept.*, 49.

My dear Sir,

It was kind of you to send the little note with G. B. Y. Just as I received it Totty Fanshawe came in, having come to spend ten days in London. I was pleased to have her, she comes out most companionably, and is like her mother in many ways. She spent the day with me on Wednesday, and we went together to the Vernon Gallery, which I had never seen, and I took up a *connoisseur* air to point out the best pictures to my young friend who is fond of drawing.

Yesterday was William's birthday and also Harry Hallam's and by a curious coincidence Stephen Spring Rice's, who wrote to propose dining here, but called and breakfasted instead, his father having made up a family dinner in his honour at home—he enquired

affectionately after you and declares he never sees you which he laments, and he praises Pendennis more than anybody. We had the new number yesterday. I should think people would like it, as it is of the amusing order. But you are rather hard upon the people who have not good Cooks or Butlers of their own, at least I think that they would be justified in thinking you were scoffing at them.

I have just had Mrs. Fry's memoirs to read. On her death-bed she says, " I can say one thing that since I was 17, when first my heart was touched, I have never wakened or gone to sleep, without my first and last thought being how best I might serve my Lord," and this as a deliberate death-bed assertion is very striking, as she had Mr. Fry and I don't know how many children who might have been expected to distract her thoughts occasionally.

We had three of the Council Office men to dine yesterday, one of them brought a friend, Mr. Clough, who seemed to know you, and I tried to talk with him, but he has the most peculiar manner I almost ever saw. His eyes cut one through and through, twenty times sharper than Sir Alexander Duff, who has that way of scrutinising one. Mr. Clough sat at the foot of my sofa with this keen expression of investigation, but I determined not to mind and only thought him ununderstandable.

Mr. Thackeray sent Mrs. Brookfield in reply a long letter, in the course of which he said :

The man who was to carry my letter yesterday fled without giving me notice, so Madame loses the sermon to Annie, the pretty picture, &c. I haven't the courage to pay the postage for so much rubbish. Isn't it curious that a gentleman of such expensive habits should have

this meanness about paper and postage? The best is that I have spent three francs in cab-hire, hunting for the man who was to carry my two-franc letter. The follies of men are ceaseless, even of comic authors who make it their business to laugh at the follies of all the rest of the world. . . .

W. H. Ainsworth is here; we dined next each other at the 3 Freres yesterday, and rather fraternized. He showed a friendly disposition, I thought, and a desire to forgive me my success, but beyond a good-humoured acquiescence in his good will, I don't care.

Mrs. Brookfield to Mr. Thackeray:

When you suggested you may end in a fatuous old age without memory, &c., I merely thought how much better suited I should be for a friend to you when you are brought a little more to my level; and perhaps when you are in that state you will see what a nice provision you have made in securing an idiotic sister in your comparative early life instead of a Miss B—, who might be bored by the second childhood, while I should have such a comfortable sympathy with it that we should get on very well together.

But I wish you could be made independent of having to work so constantly. I sometimes imagine legacies from unknown individuals coming in to me, and I make the handsomest settlements in an anonymous manner upon Annie and Minny. I wish they would come true some day and that I could "hand you over your freedom," which is a phrase I have heard applied to some kind of privilege awarded to citizens.

I heard from Arthur to-day, a long letter, containing a long critique on V.F., which he never regularly read through until just now—they have been such absurd Dickensites under Julian Young's guidance, that with

every personal *prestige* for you, they thought one periodical-luxury sufficient, and have always plodded on in the old track, and that one being Mr. Dickens'. However, Arthur allows that he never fully appreciated your powers as an author, till now, although he complains of an occasional "morbid cynicism" and too constant imputation of background and unworthy motives to all the actions of men—he is much impressed with the Author's admirable talents, "wit, graphic powers, touches of feeling," "fragmentary traces of reverence," "strong and honest indignation against cant, worldliness," &c., &c., &c. I have copied you out quite a wedge of praise which will fall mildly before you as coming from the mild country gentleman. I am amused at your having Mr. Ainsworth at Paris—he was at Venice when we were there, and was always called "Tiger or Tig" by uncle Hallam, who did not know who he was till he came up one day and proffered the hand of fellowship to uncle H. on the ground of their mutual authorship. "I am Mr. Ainsworth," as if he had been Herschel at the least, and we sat together in the Place St. Mark, eating ices and discussing you, and I recollect saying you had "such an affectionate nature," which Mr. Ainsworth made me repeat about 3 times, pretending not to hear, and I felt I had thrown pearls before swine and been unnecessarily frank in my praise of you, and began to think he might very possibly have a feeling of jealousy about you as an author, tho' it would be ludicrously presumptuous in him—as of all detestable writing his is the worst, I think. Mr. P. is in Paris . . . there is a great deal of worthiness in him *au fond*—am I not quite Mrs. Gore-like in my little French words to-day? tho' he does hem and hesitate before he can bring out a title, so awful is it in its attractiveness in his eyes. Forgive this nonsense, I wish I could make you laugh even

if it were only at me. Why did you not send me the sermon to Annie, you need not have paid it, if you were determined to be stingy that is no reason why I should dislike paying postage; on the contrary, as my writing is too large to be over suited to underweight letters, I am quite hardened to all postal expenses.

The loss of memory and the depression of which Mr. Thackeray was complaining were evident indications that his health was failing him, and shortly after his return from Paris he was attacked by serious illness. There was, amongst his intimates, alarm concerning him from the first, and Mr. Brookfield wrote to Harry Hallam.

W. H. Brookfield to Harry Hallam:

15 Portman St.,
24 *Sep.*, 49.

My dear Harry,

You will be happy to know that our Thackeray seems to have quite turned the corner. Yesterday he seemed low and very uneasy, and thinks himself that his crisis did not come till yesterday evening. This morning, however, he seems quite fresh and like himself and as I think the words of so eminent a party ought not to be garbled by a minister of truth I must inform you that he sent word to you by me that "he is apparently recovering." He is very grateful for your kindness in looking after him. It does not seem that anybody is calling upon him, as his illness has not been bruited, which is all the better, as his servant is very efficient. If it has been Cholera, he has no idea of it himself, but calls it a liver attack.

An advertisement will have to postpone Pendennis for some days.

Love to your connexions.

Ever thine affectionately,

W. H. B

And two days afterwards he wrote to his wife :

I reached Winchester duly, and the day being glorious marched on my way on foot, when as luck would have it a regiment (23rd) was marching out with full band, both drums, and the other things, to exercise. In *cooorse* I marched with them along side the old white goat which headed them in front of the band. It was very pretty, I overheard three officers talking away against Bishops, saying how the Curate did everything for the poor, and had to buy a black coat and white choker besides, &c., which was sweeter music than the band.

To which she replied :

15 Portman St.,

27th Sep.

My dearest William,

I was much amused at the idea of your marching along side of the British Grenadiers. Did the officers know you were one of the order in whose favour they were arguing I wonder ? " Once a Curate always a Curate " until you are a Bishop, that is Ecclesiastically correct, is it not ?

Mr. Parr has just gone off to Clevedon ; he took me this morning in a Hansom to enquire after Mr. Thackeray. John said he had been worse before the bleeding, but that he was now better, only exceedingly weak. I sent up word that I should be writing to his Mother if he had any message, and he begged I would

come up and speak to him for a minute. John held the door of his room open so that I saw him, looking terribly pulled down and his voice very weak, he looked still feverish, and seemed low about himself, altho' he said he hoped he should not be in bed more than four or five days longer, but I am afraid he is still very seriously ill. He seemed very anxious to have you back again, and asked when you would be coming, and if you were well. I don't feel easy about him, especially after his so often speaking of presentiments lately, that he should be cut off early, like Charles Buller. Just now I had a note from Mr. Spring Rice to tell me he had been to see Mr. Thackeray this morning, and that he told him he did not expect to be really re-established in less than six weeks, but that he considered himself to be getting daily better, only so very weak as to feel very ill still. I enclose his Mother's letter. I am afraid I can be of no use at all but she seems to imply by her gratitude that I am.

To Harry Hallam, who, during "our Thackeray's" illness had bulletins sent him every day, and who sometimes came up from Clifton, where he was staying with his father, on purpose to assure himself the patient was going on well, Mrs. Brookfield wrote:

1 *Oct.*, 1849.

Dear Harry,

Thanks for your letter of to-day. I only answer to send you word of Mr. Thackeray—I am afraid he is not recovering as *quickly* as I had hoped when I wrote before—he is again forbidden all nourishment except tea and lemonade. I suppose there is still fear of a continuance of fever; he has had better nights, however, and says he feels better.

I saw him with William yesterday. I enclose his Mother's note to show you she is not backward about coming. I only wish Mr. Thackeray had anything to fall back upon when he recovers from this illness, instead of that constant writing which wears him so much, and which he can never have any rest from, unless he could get some settled employment, which would not be such a strain upon him as this fagging composition is. I will write again soon.

J. O. B.

When the illness was at its worst Mrs. Brookfield wrote to her husband :

15 Portman St.,
3rd Oct., 1849.

My dearest William,

Thank you for your little note, and I hope you will be comfortably at breakfast when you get this. I wish tho' that I had any good news to send you, but Henry* has just been here and made me still more uneasy about Mr. Thackeray. He has had a very bad night, his room is darkened, and he is ordered to be perfectly quiet, and not to talk at all. Henry overheard the doctors say that what they are now anxious about is some former complaint of his which is more to be feared than his present attack of illness. Of course I could not ask what this complaint is ; I can only fear that it is serious, because I remember Mr. Thackeray's once saying that he had something which prevented his being able to insure his life. Henry says the doctors are there three and four times a day and that they feared he was worse last night, but to-day he seemed a little better since the blister. I feel sorry that you are not able to be with him, as he

* Henry was an extra servant lent by the Hallams to Mr. Thackeray.

can see no one to whom he can talk at all seriously, or who can really be of comfort. The day I was there he talked of the end, as possibly near at hand, and said he could look forward without dread to it, that he felt a great love and charity for all mankind, and tho' there were many things he would wish undone in his life, he yet felt a great trust and hope in God's love and mercy, and if it was His will, he would go to-morrow, and only feel about leaving the children unprotected. I did not think then that he was likely again to be in danger, and felt afraid of his exciting himself by talking in that strain, but I am now sorry I did not encourage him to say more, as it seemed a comfort to him to speak of it, and he said he felt quite happy and peaceful, that it had done him good to speak to me, and that you were the only other person he could do so to, and he spoke of you with much affection. Now I reproach myself for having rather turned off his thoughts from his own state, and tried to amuse him by talking of indifferent things, when perhaps it may have been the last opportunity he would have to talk to anyone of his feelings in dying, if that is really near at hand, which I cannot help fearing, and as you did not seem to be in any alarm about him when you left, dear William, I thought I ought to tell you all I had heard, tho' I know you will very much grieve to hear it. I will write again to-morrow to Southampton and hope it may be better news, but I cannot feel much confidence in reports of amendment which are always contradicted by fresh relapses.

During part of this dreadful time Thackeray's children stayed with the Brookfields. The illness of the great writer created somewhat of a panic when it became known, and everyone of his friends were

anxiously awaiting the result, when happily better symptoms set in. It was then seen how much the kind and genial man had endeared himself. His mother came to nurse him ; his doctors were positively devoted to him ; his friends lived upon his doorstep. Mrs. Brookfield and Mrs. Elliot were sometimes allowed to peep at him, and no one thought at all of his genius and talents, but only of his kind and sympathetic nature.

The relief caused by his recovery is marked in quite a vivid way in the letters of that period.

When Thackeray was well enough to get away from London Mrs. Brookfield writes to her husband :

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

15 Portman St.,
23 *Oct.*, 49.

I have not heard from Arthur nor indeed from anybody, except a line just this minute from Mr. Thackeray, dated Brighton to my surprise, and announcing that he went off there yesterday and bore the journey very well and had a beautiful sleep after it. I don't know if he took any one but John with him.

Mrs. Wm. James came and staid a good while, giving accounts of her visit to Kissingen where she and fat James drank the waters, the Malthus's were to have gone with them, but two days before starting Mrs. Malthus tumbled down in getting into a boat on the Thames, and put her shoulder out of joint, by clinging to a post in preference to dropping into the water ; at last both the post and her shoulder gave way, but she was speedily picked up, and only obliged to give up Kissingen and have her shoulder set in England, while her rosy husband also staid to nurse her.

Adelaide Procter has since appeared on the scene, with Florence who sat kicking her heels, literally three-quarters of a yard apart, but who nevertheless has the elements of better looks than either of her sisters. Adelaide is in a highly excited state about Dunse Castle and her three months' visit, "making her feel so completely one of the family," sitting down twenty to dinner and breakfast every day as the mere family party, and guests frequently in addition.

I suppose she is in love with one of the sons, but she did not confide it to me. I thought the shooting sounded suspicious and "we used to practise music often five hours a day. I, on the pianoforte and the sons" (as she always called them, clubbing them together) "on the Violincello and Violin." I hope you made pretty speeches for me to my Father's oldest friend the Canon. Don't bring back a bat in your pocket and a hen in your hat from White's Selborne, please—remember the fate of the Owls :

While to Mr. Thackeray she wrote :

I must write so as to keep you in mind of telling me how you go on. I wish you would make John tell people not to talk while you are *airing yourself* as it will do away with the good of the sea-breezes if you are tired with talking, even to the fascinating Mrs. W—. You will see Mrs. Elliot, I suppose, to-morrow, as she set off for Brighton to-day, and by her your Mother has sent a pamphlet on Mesmerism, Dr. Elliotson wished you to read, showing you the cloven hoof of his besetting sin, now that you are recovering tho' he kept it so well under control before, and a small wedge of soup which she said had been forgotten when you went down. I called in Young St. to-day and brought Anny and Minny back with me, packed three in a Hansom. They are sitting here buried each in a book

while I write, and they send their love to you. I am going to make them chaperon me to Russell Square to call on Virginia Garden who is ordered to Malaga for the winter, being threatened with consumption. If you make your expedition to Cadiz with Mr. Baring you may fall in with her; they have had Alfred Tennyson staying with them in Edinburgh, and are highly pleased by his writing to the lady by her Christian name. Your Faithful Admirer, Miss Dobson, has written to beg to know if you are really ill, and to make great outcry at their desolation for want of Pendennis, "tell me of *Thackeray;* it is too horrible to put '*Mr.*' before his name," and she wishes very kindly to come and stay with me. I daresay she would gladly come to *you* as Cook or shoeblack or Coachman all in one, she really is very warm in her feelings. Pray be very martyrising upon yourself about your health.

It was towards the end of November and when Mr. Thackeray was fairly well restored to health again that he gave a dinner to Miss Brontë then in London practically for the first time. Mrs. Brookfield says, speaking of that lady and that visit:

There was just then a fashion for wearing a plait of hair across the head, and Miss Brontë, a timid little woman with a firm mouth, did not possess a large enough quantity of hair to enable her to form a plait, so therefore wore a very obvious crown of brown silk. Mr. Thackeray on the way down to dinner addressed her as Currer Bell. She tossed her head and said "she believed there were books being published by a person named Currer Bell . . . but the person he was talking to was Miss Brontë—and she saw no connection between the two."

CHAPTER IX

Attacks on Thackeray. Ceremony at St. Barnabas'. Harry Hallam. Clerical Flirtations. Virginia Pattle's tears. Kate Perry. Tennyson's In Memoriam. Thackeray and the Penitentiary. The Ashburtons and Thackeray. At the Grange. Death of Harry Hallam. His funeral at Clevedon.

The Gorham case and the Slave question were keeping interest alive in men's minds in the early days of 1850. James Spedding wrote many a strong letter to Mr. Brookfield touching upon the former, and ended one of them with " Is it true that 850 clergymen will resign their livings if the P.C. decides for the Bishop of Exeter, and that 850 other clergymen will do the same if they decide against him ? I should think better of the Church if I could believe it."

While Mrs. Brookfield remarked to her husband on the 8th January :

I have been reading to-day Carlyle's slave article, and rather agreed with his view of the question, though being ductile in my Politicotheological *opinions*, I am afraid as far at least as their theories are concerned, I might whirl round to a perfect agreement with a pamphlet by Wilberforce on the same question to-morrow.

Mr. Thackeray has been here and read to me a long letter which he is sending to the *Morning Chronicle* to justify himself against certain attacks which have appeared there and in the *Examiner*, against his ridiculing literary men in Pendennis thereby " trying to

curry favor with the non-literary public," &c. He was wishing you had been here to give him your opinion on his letter. I thought it was very good though I could not so well judge as I had not seen the attacks.

And having what Kinglake called one of her "attacks of shyness" upon her she wrote to Mr. Thackeray:

My dear Mr. Thackeray,

I was very nearly writing after you left to ask you to come to tea on Friday, if you could do what would be so very dull for yourself; and I am sure that you perfectly understand that it was only on that account that I did not very gladly accept your kind offer. Mrs. Prinsep is not of so vain a disposition as to fear the loss of a friend by making him endure a stupid hour or two, and I very much wish I possessed so happy a temper. I believe you only wrote your note to try and provoke me, so I will merely say that I shall still be glad, if you should be disengaged any other day, if you will entirely take on yourself the punishment of finding it dull. William returns Friday and I am just expecting Miss Wynn to tea.

Believe me

Yours

J. O. Brookfield.

On the 15th of February this year to the joy an delight of themselves and their friends, a daughter, their first child was born to the Brookfields. The arrival of this young lady created quite a stir, everybody was genuinely pleased and sent heartiest congratulations. Lord Lyttelton wrote from Hawarden to Mr. Brookfield that he and his family as well as all

the Gladstones rejoiced in the birth of the maiden, and that an event expected in his own family would be quite dull in comparison (the 8th) and, "how quaint the paternal mantle will sit upon you!"

The parents had rather to explain away the name of Magdalene which they bestowed upon the infant, but the child was lovely and lusty, and they allowed nothing to mar their perfect bliss. Mrs. Tennyson, on hearing the news, wrote "If it be not too exacting we would beg for a line to be assured that all goes well with dear Mrs. Brookfield and the baby. Alfred would have enjoyed that meeting with you, but he was so good as to stay at home and help nurse *our* baby."

From this period there is naturally a good deal of "nursery" in the letters, but not always to the blocking out of other subjects. Mrs. Brookfield writes to her husband:

15 PORTMAN ST.,
19*th June*, 50.

My dear Papa,

I am a great deal better and I have been laughing and talking all the morning till I was quite out of breath and I am gone out for a walk in the Park this morning, and in the afternoon I am going a drive to Hampstead to fetch back Miss Hallam, and my Mamma will call on Lady Pollock in Guildford St. on her way to Hampstead, and I hope you are quite well and I am your affectionate little daughter,

MAGDALENE.

Dearest William,

As Magdalene has written, little remains for me to

say, except to put you in a rage by describing Harry's and my expedition to St. Barnabas' yesterday evening. We arrived there at twenty minutes to seven and found the whole street crowded, quite mobbed with well-dressed people; the Duchess of Sutherland among the number and Lady Glentworth to whom I talked a little; Mr. Trench, looking quite out of place, and the gaunt Eliza, Wilton Crescent housemaid; but not a chance of getting into the Church! Every seat, we were told, was full, and the doors were closed. (N.B.—I saw her grace of Sutherland gain admittance through a side door), but we all stood till the bell had stopped, expecting room to be found for us somehow, and also to hear the Hymn which is chaunted in the Procession from the school house to the Church; the Priests, Churchwardens, and Choristers, carrying staves and a silver figure of St. Barnabas, preceding it. Mr. Thackeray appeared in the crowd (he had heard the day before that we meant to be there) and joined us just as the procession appeared, and I fear he scandalised some of the crowd by remarks more humorous than reverent, "Oh, my dear fellow countrymen of the nineteenth century, are we gone back to this?" but he and Harry and all the men took off their hats as the doors opened to admit the procession, and the Altar was revealed to view, a blaze of lights, twenty or thirty little tapers exactly like those at the Oratory.

It was quite the Hippopotamus excitement over again, and would form a good pendant to it in the next *Punch*. Some of the people in the crowd called out "Just like the Catholics, there's the Saint."

I must not write more to-day as I want to trim a little bonnet for the child before we set out for our drive.

Good-bye, my dear, and God bless you

Writing back, Mr. Brookfield says :

BURHAM COURT,
20 *June*, 1850.

" Your Child writes a very good hand and expresses herself, though very like a child, very much to the purpose. I am splenetic at St. Barnabas, and hope to live to see it pulled down and Bennett burnt in effigy by a Latitudinarian mob. . . . I am pleased that being built expressly for the poor, the Duchess of Sutherland slipped in at a side door while you were excluded."

Mr. Brookfield records just now that " The Bishop of Oxford had up a clergyman to row him for hunting. The sporting Vicar retorted that he was informed the Bishop often went to scenes of gaiety—to balls, for instance. The Bishop made plausible excuses from the peculiarity of his social position and what not, and added, ' Besides, Mr. M., I never was in the same room with the dancing but in the room adjoining.' ' And I,' retorted the Vicar, ' am a poor man and ride an indifferent horse, and I never was in the same field with the hounds.' "

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

15 PORTMAN ST.,
30*th June*, 50.

My dear,

You will be glad to hear that Magdalene is quite lovely, and as well as I could wish to see her, and I was much pleased to have your line to-day, my dear, and thank you for making time to write it. Your absence was much lamented at the Clerical Club. H. was quite sprightly and damp (as compared with

usual dryness) sauntering round among the ladies after dinner to know which would favor him with a song and humming operatic airs as an incentive to their timidities. Mesdames D., W., and M., with respective husbands (except M.) attempted glees, accompanied by H., a faint bleating being all that was achieved. I continued my talk with friend Hawkins unrestrainedly and did not attempt to listen to the performances in the back room, till in a pause, I heard H.'s bland voice saying " Oh, no. I daresay it sounds exceedingly well in the next room," and then sprightly W. honestly called out " We want applause," which Mrs. H., in a dim yellow satin and crooked expression of face, did not dulcetly fall in with, and the singing died away.

To-day I have had visitors ever since I was dressed, Mr. Maine to breakfast, then Mrs. Hoare, and Fanny to see Baby, then Julia Hallam and then Mr. Parr (only in Town for a day), and then I went by invitation to luncheon with the Elliots who called yesterday to beg I would come ; they are so affectionate I cannot but like them. Mr. Thackeray, of course, was there, and read us out his paper on Miss Pattle's tears at Henry Taylor's poem, which I believe he is now going to read to her.

Mrs. Brookfield here refers to Mrs. Elliot and Miss Kate Perry, the daughters of James Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, and some of Mr. Thackeray's dearest friends. Miss Perry says of her first introduction to Thackeray : " He and I went through no gradations of growth in our friendship ; it was more like Jack's bean stalk in a pantomime which rushed up sky high without culture and so remained. It was at Brighton. He had just begun ' Vanity Fair,' and

he used to bring his morning's work to read to me in the evening. The first day he dined with us I was fearfully alarmed at him. The next day we walked in Chichester Park and there he told me all about his little girls and his great friendship with the Brookfields, and I told him about my sister and Chesham Place." These ladies were also the intimates of *the* Miss Berrys, to whom they introduced Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield.

Mrs. Brookfield to Mr. Thackeray :

. . . . Dr. Joseph Bullar has sent me a work of his, "Evening thoughts by a Physician." They are something in the Henry Taylor line, shorter, but quite as dogmatic. " The sense of the ridiculous is clearly of Human, not of Divine origin. Man's frailties make Angels weep, his fellow mortals laugh. The highest human beings have not a sense of the ludicrous, Milton and Schiller, for example." I don't see why Milton and Schiller are to be set upon a pinnacle above Shakespeare and Richter, and supposed to be the type of human perfection. He brings *you* in, " Shakespeare, Fielding and Thackeray exhibit the marks of the beast in the best, and the traits of goodness in the worst specimens of human nature." However, I won't fill my letter with extracts from Dr. Bullar, but I dislike that pompous, didactic way of laying down the law, and especially when it is exercised upon perfectly open questions about which scarcely two men have precisely the same opinion. Mr. Maurice, in his dissertations, has the same sweeping mode of setting before you what he means, as if there was no question that you must agree if only you have sense to understand, and Dr. Pusey also will say you

can get no rest to the sole of your foot, "till you are heart and soul under your Mother the Church," and "till you duly confess your sins to her appointed ministers." While Maurice would quite set aside human intervention, and, more in the Francis Newman style, tell you to look for the signs of inspiration in your own heart direct from the fountain head, or, without looking for the signs of it to take it for granted they are there, that you have wings and are saved. And once take this for granted, Maurice would say you cannot sin, you cannot be a traitor and rebellious when you know you are loved as a child. It would be a curious exercise to take out passages from each and from twenty more, who give out their own peculiar views as *the* guides for all alike; when after all it is quite impossible conscientiously to say you agree exactly in all points with anyone alive, at least so it seems to me; but you do see people who give themselves out as being of Paul or Apollos, and ready to swear by every word that they have or ever shall propound.

Are you in a broad yawn and wondering when I will have done? I don't know what makes me so prosy, but you may set it down partly to my cold, which is still heavy enough.

Mrs. Brookfield at this time began to receive and to go out a good deal. And as everybody then took tea after dinner, people made it a habit to drop in upon her for a cup. They would come on their way to or from their parties, so that an interesting assemblage was usually to be found about her at her own house during a certain part of the evening, and often composed of the people she was most likely to meet later on in the night.

Mr. Brookfield says of a dinner of this time, at which the Duke of Wellington was also present :

" It is an undoubted fact, and attested by hundreds of Anglo-Indians that something occasionally happens to the wine in cellars there which many of them believe to be caused by a musk rat burrowing through the saw-dust and flavouring the wine, through glass or cork, so as utterly to spoil it. I have heard of it first hand over and over again. The Duke attempted to relate this, and made only a confused blundering story of it—to this effect : 'When we were in India it frequently happened that a sort of rat peculiar to the country would get at the bottles, nibble through the corks, let out all the wine and then creep into the bottle, and make itself at home there.' 'Indeed, sir,' said somebody, 'they must have been very large bottles.' 'No, on the contrary, they were d——d small bottles.' . . . 'Then, perhaps, sir, they were very small rats ?' 'On the contrary, they were d——d large rats,' said the Duke, getting angry. But Lord Fitzroy Somerset whispered to his neighbour at table—'That's what we're at all day at the Horseguards, trying to put large rats into small bottles.' "

About July Mrs. Brookfield wrote to Mr. Thackeray :

My dear Sir,

I am very glad you are well again, and I cannot feel sorry for the resignation from *Punch*, which is really a grand thing to have done as a testimony,—but they ought to cut out the Jerrold article and make you come back.

I took a turn in the park, but was soon knocked up, it was so hot.

Poor Harry went off with a dismal face, and I am very dismal too. I am glad you will have the *Prophète*

to-night. Pray don't make yourself ill again, I mean I hope you take proper care of yourself.

And to Harry Hallam, who had just gone on the Midland Circuit, she sent the following letters :

My dear Childe,

From your silence I am much disposed to think your fears were justified and that you were at once pressed into the service of some needy murderer and that I shall see your tears in asseveration of his innocence recorded in the *Times*, to shock Tom Taylor. I hope you reached the Midland Circuit quite safely and found the Clerk's lodgings comfortable.

We miss you very much and are to drown care by going to Southampton on Saturday next, the twentieth, where our address will be " at the Miss Ogles'."

I made your apology and Julia's to Mrs. Procter last night. The Carlyles were our chief stronghold there, but the Coventry Patmores clung to us ; Mrs. C. P. talking of Alfred T. as if he was her most intimate friend.

18 *July*, 1850.

My dear Childe,

Your letter was very welcome, and so was your note from Lord Northampton's.

Who do you think called yesterday ? Mr. F. Lushington, he came for the book (which I found among William's), which he wants for his review of " In Memoriam." He enquired after you with some *empressement.*

We dined at the Clerical meeting yesterday, and met a very full assembly, and I have discovered that there is more artlessly impudent flirtation carried on between the " Clericals " than any other body. Mr.

J. and Mrs. M. talked and flirted all dinner time with immense *naïveté* and animation; so did Mrs. J. and Mr. W., Mrs. D. and a Mr. J., Mrs. Brookfield and Mr. W., but we all withdrew soon after ten to our respective homes.

I have just been interrupted by Procters calling and must end, William is at Woolwich or would love send. I do feel for you in the hot courts and the dull dinners.

Ever your loving,
J. O. B.

The day "In Memoriam" was published Harry Hallam gave to his cousin a beautifully bound copy, and, as the poem just then was being much talked about, she writes:

SOUTHAMPTON,
31*st July*, 1850.

My dearest William,

Magdalene is very well and looks quite lovely, and has been greatly admired and "Carries herself so well, and as upright as a child of nine months old." I have been spending part of to-day with the Fanshawes and reading "In Memoriam," and applying some of it to you,

"These two—they dwelt with eye on eye,
Their hearts of old have beat in tune," &c.

"Their love has never past away,
The days she never can forget,
Are earnest that he loves her yet."

"She keeps the gift of years before
A withered violet in her bliss," &c.

"Her faith is fixt and cannot move,
She darkly feels him great and wise,
She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
I cannot understand ; I love."

Are not they very beautiful? I hardly read the "Memoriam" in London, and I don't think you quite read it through. Nothing has happened to-day. I heard from Mr. Thackeray proposing that the children and their governess should join us in taking lodgings and keeping house here, as they would be all the better for change of air, but I have said in answer that nothing is yet decided, and I fancy you would feel rather bored by the governess, however much she might stick to her schoolroom. He sends me a *vignette* of the hairdresser and young lady, out of this week's *Punch*, which is a contribution of mine as I overheard it at Winter's shop. You will see it when you come back on Friday. Mrs. F. sends her love. I am writing at their house, and still hope you may come back to-night, so I will write no more.

The arrangement that the Miss Thackerays and their governess should share a house with the Brookfields was concluded early in August, Mr. Thackeray taking rooms at the "Dolphin" whenever in Southampton.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

PARK LODGE,
SOUTHAMPTON,
Aug., 1850.

My dearest William,

I was very glad to have your pleasant letter this p.m. and had purposed writing a tolerably worthy reply to it, but who should walk in but Harry this evening, having got thro' his first brief, and able

to leave Warwick a day earlier than he had looked for, and I ought to be pouring out tea now.

Mr. Thackeray was still at the "Dolphin" to-day, and staid there writing till dinner time, when he came up here, and just as we had done dinner in walked poor Harry. I say "poor" because of his going away so soon, and for such a long time. I suppose you heard that Jemmy White has lost his other child. Mr. T. talked of going to the Isle of Wight to see him but he seems to incline to lingering here till you arrive so as to have a day with you, before he sets off for the long talked-of visit to Scotland. Harry will stop, I suppose, till only an hour or two before you arrive on Friday, which is unfortunate, he has positively to go on to Dover on Friday afternoon and sails same night, I believe. You will not feel *gêné'd* by the governess and children; they use the dining room for school, and are very accommodating and good-natured.

It was a letter from Mr. Hallam which took his son off so punctually. That gentleman, who had already arrived at Kreuznach, had sent his son the most touching details of the route he wished him to follow in order to join him and his sister there, ending his letter with "Call on Rogers before you start and bring me some news of him. We have had a very fortunate and successful expedition so far, and I venture to look forward with less misgivings than I had on starting, notwithstanding the uncertainty of all things future."

Mrs. Brookfield, while still in Southampton, went one day to teach in the school, and found there a great disturbance and agitation. The clergyman had just beaten some of the girls so severely that two of

them had nearly fainted. "I asked if it was with a stick. 'No,' I was told, 'he beat them with his hand for being inattentive at Church!' Poor Annie Thackeray quite burst into tears in horror at his cruelty and has been urging me to tell you and get you to mention it in your Report of the school."

PARK LODGE,
SOUTHAMPTON,
17*th Aug.*, 50.

My dearest William,

There was a great commotion this morning about the beating. Two or three girls are not to come again in consequence, and one old woman came in to the school while I was there, and harangued with most shrill vehemence upon the beating of her granddaughter, that she had a complaint on her chest and that it had made her quite ill to be struck as she was, and by a "Minister of Religion, indeed! What is Charity but a tinkling cymbal when it brings forth no better fruit than to ill-treat the children. Christ said, 'Suffer the little children to come to me,'" etc., and the poor old lady really said a great deal to very good purpose only I was afraid of interfering as I could only have agreed with her if I had spoken at all.

I believe Mr. Thackeray goes back to Town to-morrow. He desired to be commended to you and has found great comfort in a twist of tobacco, left by you in his room at the "Dolphin," and standing him in good stead when he had no cigar to smoke.

Later. Contrary to what might be expected Mr. Thackeray is still at the "Dolphin," having got into his new number and working hard at it, he says he had packed up to go away this morning, fancying he did not

work well here, but afterwards he did a good bit of writing and came up to dine. I gave him your message of kindly greeting, but he says he must be in town to see his number out and still intends to dine with the Lord Mayor on the twenty-sixth.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

PARK LODGE,
20*th Augt.*, 1850.

Thanks for to-day's 'Spatch. Nothing has occurred worthy of repetition.

I gave our washing to be done at the Penitentiary having been much victimised by the unclean washing of the laundresses here.

Mr. Thackeray was present when Miss Trulock and I were lamenting over the bad washing and discussing the probability of having better fortune at the Penitentiary, and his curiosity was evidently a little excited by the repetition of the word "Penitentiary." At last Emma came in and announced "A person from the Penitentiary, if you please, ma'am," on which Mr. T. sprang up, saying "Oh! *Laissez moi voire la Penitente.*" I turned round to Emma to ask where the person was, "It's a little boy, Ma'am, and he's at the gate," which upset our gravity, as I had myself been preparing to see a reformed and interesting young girl. Mr. T. went back to London to-day, and purposed travelling second class.

Mr. Brookfield had been for a cruise with Stephen Spring Rice in the Revenue Cutter *Vigilante*, and had in course of time reached Paris, where he saw a good deal of Mr. Thackeray's relatives, and from which place he wrote delightful descriptive letters to his wife, who wrote him :

15 Portman St.,
3 *Oct.*, 1850.

My dearest William,

Your letter came in to me this afternoon, just as I was in the midst of a letter to Julia and Harry Hallam, due to-day to Rome.

Mr. Thackeray is gone to Mrs. Gore's in Hampshire, but before he went he had a letter from Lady Ashburton to put off his visit to the Grange telling him he had offended the Taylors, she could not say how, but she saw it wouldn't do for them to be at the Grange together. He had met Mr. Taylor at Miss Virginia Pattle's wedding, a few days ago, and told him he should soon meet him again at the Ashburtons', and thought he seemed friendly enough, so he wrote a letter to Lady A. with a picture of a Donkey let loose in a Chicken yard, and comparing it with his own flight of fancy in the objectionable *Punch* article, adding that he now thought "the article had been unintentionally vulgar and impertinent." After this he said he should not know whether they would write and ask him still to come to the Grange now; but he has at present proposed going there when you go on the fifteenth, and meantime was much bored at having to go down into Hants. I have agreed to go to the Spring Rices' on Saturday, and thought of staying till Tuesday. Stephen sent me an account book of his own devising, as a present to-day, with a note in French on the cover of it, "*Ne te déplaise pas, que je te tutoye,*" which amused me. I have only just finished "Alton Locke." It was such close reading, not novel like at all, and full of praise of the Taylor association principle.

Adelaide Procter called to-day, they returned on Monday from Boulogne, she said, so you must just have crossed each other. I did not say you were at

Paris. I suppose you have seen Fraser (is he *Fraser's Magazine?*) and Mrs. Chambers. I haven't heard again from Harry H. nor from anybody, I think.

The Taylor incident, mentioned above, brought forth a letter from Thackeray to Mrs. Brookfield, in which the admirable and magnanimous balance of his mind is very clearly shown :

"I have been at work till now, eight o'clock. The house is very pleasant, Mr. and Mrs. G. bent on being so, the dinners splendatious, and what do you think I did yesterday? I thought over the confounded matter in the railroad, and wrote instantly on arriving here a letter of contrition and apology to Henry Taylor for having made, what I see now, was a flippant and offensive allusion to Mrs. Taylor. I am glad I have done it. I am glad that so many people whom I have been thinking bigoted and unfair and unjust towards me, have been right, and that I have been wrong, and my mind is an immense deal easier."

Thackeray's letters to Lady Ashburton and Henry Taylor brought forth a prompt and urgent demand for his presence at the Grange, and he went on there from the Gores, so that his visit was over before that of Mr. Brookfield commenced. But about this visit, which was his first one there, Miss Wynn wrote to Mrs. Brookfield :

Mrs. Carlyle writes that Mr. Brookfield is going to the Grange on the 15th, and many other pleasant ones are now there. How that woman does contrive to skim the cream off for her parties ; one wonders what she does with relations and duty people which

usually so entirely swamp a country house. Mrs. C. is evidently a little overturned by the different life she is now leading which is very funny, as I did not fancy she could be influenced in the slightest degree by it. The change from dulness to talent is certainly bewildering, and makes one blink like an owl in the sun, but in her case she has far more *esprit* in her own home than she is likely to find at Lady Ashburton's.

Your affect.

CHARLOTTE W. WYNN.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

THE GRANGE,
16 *Oct.*, 1850.

M.D.J.,

Thanks for this morning's letter. Got here all right at six thirty yesterday evening. Was ushered at once to the Salon where in the dusk sate Madam, Miss Farrar, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, and Kinglake ; and we forthwith fell to chattering without much of the creaking of new acquaintanceship. At seven rigged ; and at seven thirty "sharp" dined, Trench, Sir W. Montague and Lady Ditto being added to the party. I took Madam in at her commands. She is very kind, easy, and much after my fancy ; but notwithstanding this I have made no achievement myself, not one bit of inspiration, but still have got on comfortably.

I walked this morning with Lady A. to the school. After lunch had a drive with her, the Carlyles, and Farrar ; and since return have been occupied with letters—Post closing at six. I shall have no chance whatever of getting home from Winton on Friday till nine or ten. If you have a mind to have a *petit souper* for me I will not dine. This place is very handsome.

Ever

W. H. B.

A GREAT COMPLIMENT

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

15 PORTMAN ST.,

17 *Oct.*, 1850.

My dearest,

I don't suppose I shall get time to write to you to-day, there has been a constant succession of visitors, all staying a long time, Mrs. Spring Rice, Mrs. Maine, Mrs. Hoare, the young one, whose husband has such high tastes. Yesterday after I wrote to you, Mr. Thackeray called with the children and asked me to return with them to dine. I left at nine o'clock, but I had a cheerful evening there with the girls, who now get quite companionable. Mr. T. told me you had said I was like Fielding's Amelia, which he said was a great compliment, but he added, " I said I did not think you had her strength of character," for which I was much *obleeged* to him, he called to-day in two minds whether to go to Brighton till Monday or not, but Mrs. S. Rice's knock drove him away as he had to write at the Club.

Emily was much pleased with Magdalene, thought her very like you, and very fat and well. I don't think people often use the word pretty to her, tho' I think she is. An old gentleman in the Park yesterday delighted Rossiter by stopping the child and saying he " had seldom seen a more genteel child." I called on Mrs. Procter and Mrs. White yesterday. I am very glad you have come down with such " a plomb " at the Grange, and that you like Lady A.

Take care of thyself and G.B.Y.

Ever thine,

J. O. B.

Mr. Brookfield notes that at this time at the Grange as he, " Carlyle and Kinglake, stood under the porch

Sir W. M. strolled up and said, 'What a glorious day this is. Upon my word, as I walked up the lawn and looked at this splendid edifice and you gentlemen grouped under this magnificent portico, I felt that I could imagine a variety of things.' Carlyle shouted, of course."

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

THE GRANGE,
17 *Oct.*, 1850.

My dear,

I am just returned from a ride of sixteen miles, in the course of which I have floored two schools; but Post is closing in, and the unwonted exercise has a *leetle* tired me.

I still hold to being at 15 Portman Street by about nine thirty, and should think a few specimens of the pearly tribe said to be occasionally thwarted in their affections, (but not opened if we have an instrument of our own) with some trivial matter ready to fry or broil if wanted, might tend to domestic harmony. I should not much wonder if Kinglake accompanied me. He seemed inclineable last night. Perhaps if W. M. T. turns up in the course of the day you might feel "dispoged" to invite him to do me the honor.

Our party yesterday was increased by Sir Augustus Clifford. I discovered him (not having caught his name) by his resemblance to D. of Devonshire. They have all been to some horse riders at Alresford while I did my duty in that state of life, &c.

Violent *mots* have by no means abounded, but it is very pleasant, cheerful, and unaffected; but, disguise it as you will, it stands out in bold relief that a first visit is a little trying, and I shall turn my face

Zionwards with much gratitude and real liking for the Grange and all that therein is, but *sans* regret.

Yours most affectionately,

W. H. B.

From Italy now came the letters that were to prove the last written by Harry Hallam.

FERRARA,
15 *Sept.*, 1850.

My dear Jane,

I must let you know of a change in our plans to prevent your writing to Genoa and Avignon according to my last directions, and to ask you to transfer your benevolent intentions to Rome. I am pleased at our change, though ten days at Rome is a ridiculous farce. We were all sorry to leave Venice where the Bentincks were extremely attentive and where I took a great fancy to Mrs. B., though she is neither remarkably handsome nor at all clever, but so extremely desirous to be pleased with everything that George likes as to be a refreshing sight to one's old and blasé eyes.

We had a sumptuous dinner on the night I closed my last letter, covers being laid for Brown as well as ourselves and Cheney's gondolier officiating as flunkey, so that I felt quite amongst old friends. Our days were spent in the usual hurry and rush at churches and other sights, followed by the usual *table d'hôte* and Piazza coffee, but with the novel addition of nightly plays, which being executed entirely in the Venetian dialect, was unintelligible to the British public, though supposed to improve their Italian amazingly. We saw an Italian adaptation of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, in which you saw Mrs. Stirling act the night we went with the Arthur and Rhoda party and met Tom Taylor. The principle was the same, that

of a female who takes poison which makes her first go mad, then take the liberty of breathing her last upon the stage—but the circumstances sink from the sublime to the ridiculous—the plot here being that a lady falls in love with her medical man, who obstinately refuses to perceive the fact, and only comes to explanations which end in nothing and benevolently administers drugs for the purpose of curing her melancholy, during one of which administrations she ingeniously takes the opportunity of bolting a lotion labelled "Poison." The story was worthy of an audience at Whitechapel, but the gentle-hearted Venetians wept, and Julia even was moved thereat. I loft outrageously.

Yesterday morning we left Venice for Ferrara and arrived late at night. This is a melancholy and deserted city, but it is exciting to see the real Pope's arms, cross keys and tiara, suspended over the Post Office and tobacconists', the two principal Government institutions—and to feel at last that one's spiritual and temporal allegiance are not divided. The entire manuscripts of Tasso who was imprisoned here and of Ariosto, are shown in the Library, and are very interesting relics, making one feel as if one had been breakfasting with old Rogers; they are kept in a little tabernacle and are approached with ceremonial genuflexions by the *Custode*.

We are in great hopes of being robbed before we reach Florence, particularly between Ravenna and the latter place, where there is no regular post road. The diligence was attacked by a large band between Ferrara and Bologna, about 15 miles from here ten days ago, but as 16 men have been caught and all of them shot during the course of the week, it is to be feared they have had enough of it for the present. Still I shall not despair till we get to Florence. Think

of the intense enjoyment of being carried off to a Bandit's cave and watching nightly carousings in expectation of your forwarding a handsome cheque from England to ransom us. The cold still continues intense, though we are getting daily further to the South, I can't conceive what it can be in England. Will you ask W. H. B. to vote for Cowling who I see by the *Galignani* is coming forward in the handsomest manner to solicit the suffrages of the University. By the way what induced the Peer (*) to rush so frantically into print in the Gorham case? it seems quite absurd to take up a *Times* after 6 weeks and find all the old topics flourishing. What is the public feeling about Barclay and Perkins? You may be having another 10th of April all this time and be obliged to swear Alexander (†) in and bestow on him my gutta percha truncheon.

Ever thine,

H. F. H.

ROME,

7th Oct., 1850.

My dear Jane,

I am suffering under the conflicting difficulties of wishing to write home and finding it impossible from the growing stupidity, produced by travelling, of avoiding the most hopeless pill. I am haunted by fears that my Ferrara letter, posted in a great hurry may never have reached you, and that you may all this time be expecting letters from Genoa, besides the delightful uncertainty of the postal arrangements of his Holiness and the unpleasant habit which his

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* Lord Lyttelton.

† A servant.

employés have contracted of opening all the letters and only forwarding them as opportunity and inclination serve, makes me apprehensive that after all my virtue may go unrewarded. I don't know that anything happened at Florence worthy of note after my last dispatch: it is surprising how little tellable remains after weeks of seeing sights. We left it on Monday week and after a prosperous but damp journey arrived here on Friday, and have since been performing with conscientious regularity the prescribed routine which Murray and Childe Harold have laid down for the penance of visitors. Those excellent works contain such a repertory of sentiments which no Christian or scholar's mind should be without that it is sufficient for me to come forward in the handsomest manner to put my Fiat on what they have observed with the single exception of thinking St. Peter's a colossal humbug.

English travellers still retain their proud pre-eminence in offensiveness: the same loathsome faces which first brought themselves into existence at Venice and bloomed in savage maturity at Florence still trail their decrepid forms along the Vatican and will certainly provoke me into some frightful act of retaliation unless restrained by the conviction that I inflict equally constant pain by my own offensive staleness. We are haunted by the M.'s, Sir W. still retaining that pert *dégagé* manner and brilliancy of boots which first dawned upon us on the memorable entertainment of baronets at 13 Young Street.

We arrived here a day too late for a magnificent spectacle in the Sistine Chapel, where I don't know how many Cardinals were created, among them being the Archbishop of Westminster, who is said to be about to return to England and for whom I saw a bran new scarlet coach building here, in which he must

produce an immense sensation. The English Catholics in Rome have gone or are going in procession to thank the Pope for giving them Bishops ; poor things, they know not what they ask. Here Bishops and Cardinals are under the protection of 10,000 French troops, without whose presence nobody would be safe, but who excite great indignation in Carlo's mind. I don't know whether the *Times* has been writing against them or Cardinal Wiseman, but for some reason or other it has been stopped and the tap of English news cut off for a week, which is a great bore, as how am I to know whether Cowling is an M.P. or fulfil my promise made in an elegant letter, in which I represented myself as breathless with anxiety to read the result upon which the whole of my own happiness and the welfare of half England was at stake. I thought myself obliged to write something warm, so I hope you were not humbugging about his extravagant absurdities to me. We are to leave on Thursday week, and return home by steamer to Genoa as expeditiously as possible : in time I trust to catch Mrs. Chambers at the Hotel Windsor. I mean to lose no time in securing Magdalene's sleevelets and necklace, though I cannot recall the look of a baby's sleeves and Italian infants do not help the imagination as they have no arms or legs, but indulge in the luxury of personating mummies, being an exact facsimile of the species enclosed in a strong fortification of brocade and able to stand erect without difficulty. [Sketch of an Italian baby.] But unless the shopman is more ingenious than myself I shall probably return with some fastening adapted only to a Roman toga. My anxieties all yesterday evening resulted in a frightful nightmare compounded of pictures seen during the day and my imaginations about Magdalene's costume, in which she suffered a dreadful martyrdom, and after

having her shoulders beaten off with mallets by Roman soldiers, was crowned with an aureole and disappeared. So that I hope you will take care not to bind her poor growing arms in too tight manacles of coral.

I think I had better send off this scrawl to-day with the usual stock of apologies than wait for to-morrow when I have no reason to apprehend that the apologies would be diminished. I shall be extremely glad when we turn our faces homeward and hope to be gladdened with the perusal of some remarks from yourself at Turin! Afterwards you may, if you feel benevolently inclined, write to Paris up to the 27th of the month. I will write next from Genoa if I have time, if not from Turin.

Ever thine,
H. F. H.

Stephen Spring Rice to Mrs. Brookfield:

BOARD OF CUSTOMS,
October, 50.

Dear Mrs. Brookfield,

Having to send for my umbrella, which I left at your house, I cannot resist begging you to give me a single line to say how you are to-day.

I was amused at the contrast yesterday between two of your visitors, those who were the first and the last to leave your drawing-room. The first leaving because he saw you were better alone, the last staying because he liked being with you. I've no doubt which you liked best—for you women are so habitually self-denying that you like the unreasoning admiration of selfish men who will sacrifice you for the sake of pleasing themselves. No woman was ever yet conciliated by real devotion. There was once a foolish phrase about "winning" a woman's affections, the word should have been "commanded" or "extorted"

or the like. Though, perhaps, the person who first used it meant to say that the whole affair was a game of chance.

Always, affectionately yours,
S. Spring Rice.

In the first days of November came news of the tragedy in Siena. A letter full of anguish to say Harry Hallam had for a week been attacked by fever and that day appeared to be sinking. Another saying perhaps they had been unduly alarmed, he seemed at the moment stronger. Another, and he was dead,—had died talking of his friends at home, sending his dear love to them,—apologising for giving such an amount of trouble to everybody.

Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield felt this blow most keenly. There had been something so unusual, so charming and so close—so profound and so perfect in their affectionate intercourse with him, that it was long before they could bring themselves to realize that all that quaint and varied humour, all that grace and charm, indeed all that pertained to that delightful companionship had gone for ever.

The death of Harry Hallam at so early an age, just twenty-six, was an undoubted loss to society as well as to literature.

Of a tender, generous disposition, he had already formed many humane plans; while his literary taste and discernment were recognised and acknowledged as being of the highest possible order.

He had a scheme for the study of English history

on so vast a scale, that his friends hesitated to believe he could be serious, until it was discovered he was all the time elaborately and patiently carrying out his plan. In his early college days he became the virtual founder of the "Historical" debating society, which was established in order to encourage a more philosophical habit in style and argument than could be met with in the theatre of the Union. He very rarely attended that society, but when a grant for Maynooth was attracting attention, he spoke then in favour of it, with "strength, grace, fervour, and eloquence." He read many valuable papers before the "Historical," but possessing a wonderful precision in speaking, and having at his command a choice of elegant and appropriate words, as well as a persuasive voice and a winning manner, it was considered that he spoke always better than he wrote. He had an even, cheerful temper; while his character was one of unbroken consistency and harmony.

Mr. Brookfield was commissioned to manage the sad details of his funeral. Arthur Elton inspected the vault in old Clevedon Church, and finding it sufficiently large, wrote, "If they travel so fast as was intended they will be here before many days. May God support these two afflicted ones, and bless you and my beloved Jenny. So kind and so generous a spirit gone from us. Indeed, it is a dark affliction to us all, for we all loved him. But there is reason for every sorrow that befalls us, and what may be grief to us may be unspeakable favour and grace to our dear dead friend. It must so come home to you. Dearest Jenny must be

very unhappy." While Mr. Brookfield wrote to Lord Lyttelton :—

15 Portman Street,
4th November, 1850.

Dear Lyttelton,

I had intended to write a line to-day asking after you all—and little dreamed how great a distress I should have to communicate. A letter this morning has told us of our poor dear Harry's death at Siena after a week's illness—perhaps from Malaria caught at Rome. You will have no difficulty in appreciating and none I am sure in sympathising in our anguish. Brothers are not often so much attached as we were. But I almost forget our own grief when I think of that poor Father having to enlarge the Family Grave for one deservedly so dear. May God enable us to lay these visitations rightly to heart—and to find out the mercy doubtless hidden in them.

Yours affectionately,
W. H. Brookfield.

Lord Lyttelton to W. H. Brookfield :

Hagley,
Stourbridge,
5th November, 1850.

Dear Brookfield,

Your news is truly most sorrowful.

I feel much for you and your wife ; more probably than for anyone except one. But it is only your own feeling which I express in saying that all is swallowed up when we think of that one. " O grief that passeth show ! "

I have always had a peculiar veneration for Mr. Hallam. His books were among the earliest that I read, and I have always considered him one of the strong and great men of this day.

If I am not wrong he has survived his wife and seven children out of eight. A strange dread has been upon me, a presentiment ever since I knew, poor Henry in the examination in 1840, that this last grief (for there hardly is another left for him) might be in store for the old man; partly from an idea that he was weakly, but also from the dark and mysterious frequency of their *accumulation* of sorrow, which we cannot help observing in this life.

I remember, when his wife died, he wrote a letter to Coleridge in which he spoke of himself as a dismasted ship driven before the wind. Alas! that even then he should not have known the utmost of the waves and storms!

Yet are they "all Thy waves and storms" and from Him may even he receive comfort, in these last and heavy years of life.

Yours ever,
LYTTELTON.

Spedding, who had been the friend of his brother Arthur, and who had greatly mourned *his* death, wrote at this time:

5 *November*, 1850.

My dear Brookfield,

It was very kind in you to think of me, and I must write to say so, though my experience in these things, which is unfortunately large, tells me that there is nothing else to be said. Twenty-five years ago, the death after a very short illness of a most intimate companion and schoolfellow carried my thoughts far that way, and I think I learned at that time all that (on this side of the grave) I was to learn on the subject. Since that time I have not only known, but felt, and lived under the feeling, that the young were as mortal

as the old. Hardly two years have passed since, in which I have not lost someone either very near or very dear to me—among the rest a brother, who if he had not been my brother would have been my greatest friend, and you may imagine what a loss that was, (he being 21 and I 24), yet I have scarcely felt these losses as shocks, and have come at last to consider them as part of the ordinary course of nature,—evils which like the gradual coming on of age and infirmity are to be expected and made the best of. A longer interval than usual had passed since the blow fell very near me, and I had been for some time expecting something of the kind. But I did not look for it in this quarter. I thought that in that family Death must have been satisfied with his work. When I think of them I am ashamed to speak of myself, though (out of my own family) perhaps there is no one whose loss I shall feel more. But, as I said, it is not a subject to be talked of. There will be found in some of his desks or drawers, probably in Portman Street, two volumes which I lent him last Spring. He was to write remarks in the margin for my benefit, and I understood from him that he had done so, but I have not seen them. Perhaps you will be kind enough to remember this, and see that when the proper time comes the volumes are returned to me. It will be one consolation more, and I would not miss it. The book is called "Evenings with a Reviewer."

You do not say how Mrs. Brookfield is—the last account I had, which was from some of the Spring Rices, grieved me. Remember me very kindly to her. I know how great a part she will have in this affliction, and I can only be sorry, which will do no good.

Believe me,

Ever yours,

JAS. SPEDDING.

The Brookfields now, at Mr. Hallam's request, shut up their own house and went and awaited the bereaved father and sister in Wilton Crescent, and remained there with them until some time after the funeral—which did not take place until the 23rd of December. On the 21st December Mrs. Brookfield wrote to Mr. Thackeray, who had gone to Bristol in order to attend the ceremony :

There is not much to say except that I woke up with the recollection of your little scolding, and determined not to give way too much to dismal thoughts. They are all gone to Clevedon and Julia and I remain alone. I hope to-morrow Anny and Minny may come here to see me. I think Julia felt touched by your going down for the funeral.

I went to-day to kneel down by the coffin and to remember what a kind creature had been taken from us.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

CLEVEDON COURT,
22 *Dec.*, 1850.

My dear,

I was in time for the train notwithstanding a perilous pause to purchase a pair of warm gloves. I went by the second class, which was completely crammed in every carriage. At length I deposited myself not without squeezing between two little girls going home from school, and on the other side a travelled sort of knowing man of the world, with a German Jewess (to whom he talked fluently in German), and her daughter, a prettyish brunette, who save colour was the precise ditto of Adelaide Procter, voice, manner, everything,

and I should not wonder if she had even some pendant intention of becoming a Samaritan.

I afterwards found she is a pianist coming out next year, having already played before the Queen.

The journey was tedious and uncomfortable, but I arrived only half-hour past time, and found the cobourg waiting for me. They had waited dinner, and at seven we were seated, Sir Charles, Rhoda, Mr. Hallam, Arthur, and myself. We got through dinner and the evening pretty cheerfully.

Poor Mr. H. a little lower and rather more frequently relapsing into reflection than in Wilton Crescent, but still upon the whole the evening passed in a manner to be thankful for. I was rather glad that for the first evening the party was not larger.

The children came in after dinner looking charming.

The morning has disclosed itself frosty and fine. I descended late to breakfast and have not joined the congregation. Mr. Hallam seems tolerably well. We expect the Commodore to dinner, and Parr, Robbins, Tinling and Lushington in the evening. I am empowered to offer Lushington a bed here. I hope to write to you to-morrow, though perhaps only a few words. At eleven we expect to drive from the Court and proceed to the Church. Give my kindest love to dear Julia, and may God bless you both and comfort you through to-morrow. Good-bye.

Yours ever most affectionately,

W. H. B.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

WILTON CRESCENT,

23rd Dec., 1850.

My dearest William,

Thank you for your kind letter, which was very comforting in our solitude. I hope poor Uncle H.

23—(2315)

has got well through this heavy day, and now it is over, it must be a relief, or will be a relief in a little while that the last has been done. Julia and I went to Church this morning.

She afterwards wished to be quite alone, and has been in her room all this afternoon but she does not give way unrestrainedly, and you must give Uncle Hallam her best love and say she is quite well in health. I am glad Mr. Lushington was to sleep at the Court, he would feel an interest in the place. Mr. Thackeray said he intended to go straight to the Church and should very likely not see anybody to speak to; he said he thought it would be "most modest" in him to keep aloof in that way as my Uncle wished for privacy, but I begged him just to call and shake hands with Arthur and Rhoda if he could.

I have been reading "In Memoriam" to-day, and yesterday, and some of the lines ring in my ears.

Give my best love to my uncle.

Good-bye, my dear. God bless you.

Ever thine,

J. O. B.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

CLEVEDON COURT,

Monday, 23 *Dec.*, 50,

2 *p.m.*

My dear.

Thank God it is all over and without anything accidental to enhance its painfulness. Poor dear Mr. Hallam bore up with all the fortitude that might be expected from so manly a character consistently with the tenderness of one so affectionate. It was inexpressibly affecting to everybody when at the close of the solemnity he went down into the vault, and seemed for a few moments difficult to be got back

again, but after perhaps less than a minute his self command returned and Captain Elton led him back, and to his coach, when after a moment's prostration, he rallied and came home with perfect calmness. I have not spoken to him since, he is now in his room where he most likely will remain for some time, but I trust that we may now expect every hour to improve upon the preceding. We hope to return to-morrow.

Captain Elton arrived to dinner yesterday, while Mr. H. and I were at afternoon service at the new Church. He had got through the day with the same willingness to be diverted now and then from his reveries, which, however, naturally were a degree more frequent and painful. In the evening Lushington and Tinling arrived, and both slept here. Up to the moment of starting Mr. Hallam was chiefly alone in the drawing-room, but spoke every now and then calmly about preparations to me. By eleven-forty-five we started; Mr. H., Sir C., Capt. E., and Arthur in first coach; Parr and Tyndal in the second; Lushington and myself in the third. Tinling having gone before to make ready. He read the service without faltering, which was fortunate.

We found Thackeray at the Church, he returned with me and Lushington, but they both go at four to-day.

I now, as they have probably finished luncheon, want to take Lushington a turn on the hill before he goes.

Mr. Thackeray gives a very good account of Magdalene, but I was very sorry to learn that you had been to Portman St. I trust, however, that now the most critical part of our bereavement is past we may all look for improvement in quietness and comfort. My best love to Julia.

Ever most affectionately yours,

W. H. B.

P.S.—Tell Julia with her Father's love that he was sitting down to write to her, but seeing that I was writing to you he begged that I would tell her that he was very well with affectionate messages.

Good-bye.

While Mr. Thackeray wrote also to her the same day:

I went to Clevedon and saw the last rites performed for poor dear Harry. I went from here and waited at Candy's till the time of the funeral, in such cold weather! Candy's shop was full of ceaseless customers all the time,—there was a little boy buying candles, and an old woman with the toothache,—and at last the moment drew nigh and Tinling in a scarf and hat-band driving himself down from the Court, passed the shop, and I went down to the Church. It looked very tranquil and well ordained, and I had half an hour there before the procession came in view. Those ceremonies over a corpse—the immortal soul of a man being in the keeping of God, and beyond the reach of all undertakers—always appear to me shocking rather than solemn—and the horses and plumes give me pain. The awful moment was when the dear old father—the coffin being lowered into the vault where so much of his affection and tenderest love lies buried, went down into the grave and gave the coffin a last kiss—there was no standing that last most affecting touch of Nature. . . . Mr. Hallam, who had been upstairs, came down after an hour or two, and I was so sorry I had decided on coming back to Bristol, when he asked me if I wasn't going to stay? Why didn't I? . . . And now I will go to bed and pray as best I can for you and yours and your nieces and your faithful old Makepeace.

G.B.Y.

From Lady Ashburton to W. H. Brookfield :

BRIGHTON,
Thursday, 1850.

Dear Mr. Brookfield,

I was not made aware till the other day of your connection with the Hallams and of the individual loss that young Mr. H. was to you and Mrs. Brookfield.

One hardly knows how the poor old Father is to bear up under so heavy a blow, but the kindness and solicitude of his son's friends must be to him the greatest consolation. It was very good of you to think of my concerns in the midst of all this. I return the paper duly signed and have no objection to the government inspection, indeed the contrary so long as you do not do it by deputy. In this case I should call out the Landwehr, and have no doubt my warlike people would enable me to maintain what our geographical position (*i.e.*, convenience of railroad) gives us the right to expect, a visit from you.

Ever very truly,
H. M. ASHBURTON

CHAPTER X

Mr. Thackeray's joke. Edward Fitzgerald. Thackeray's Lectures. Hallam and Mrs. Norton. Charlotte Brontë. A Party at Mrs. Procter's. Tennyson at home. Mr. Brookfield's health. Departure for Madeira.

Mr. Brookfield at this time became Mr. Hallam's constant companion. The Historian found true solace in his society, while his friends wrote to say they " felt thankful Brookfield should be with the poor Father for it was not many minds that could give suitable consolation to his."

Mrs. Brookfield wrote Jan. 8, 1851 :

I am afraid it must be rather dreary at Clevedon for you, but it was a kind deed your going down there, and made it better for Uncle Hallam. I shall be very glad when you are home again.

Mr. Thackeray and the children called on their way to the train this morning, and are off at last, for Paris. I dined with the Elliots yesterday, only Mr. Helps and Mr. Gale (Sergt. Lankin of the Kicklebury book). Helps talked of your inspections with becoming respect I thought. Mr. Henry Taylor's father is just dead, and his mother dying, too, they say, so they are all in trouble at Mortlake. After dinner Mr. Helps began talking of Mr. Thackeray, " Is he an amiable man ? I want to know, for his books don't give me the impression that he is." The Elliots all answered very warmly as to amiability, when the door opened and " Mr. Sloane " was announced. " It's not my joke, but Brookfield's," Mr. Thackeray said, as he came

into the room, but it made a laugh, while poor Helps looked amus ngly guilty at his appearing so.

Ever your loving wife,

J. O. B.

Is Papa going on with his Homer? my love to him.

Mr. Thackeray from Paris sent his always interesting letters, in one of which he says :—

I have been advancing in Bluebeard, and must give it up, it is too dreadfully cynical and wicked. It is in blank verse and all a diabolical sneer. Depend upon it, Helps is right. . . . . .

Annie and Minnie and my Mother came to see me yesterday. I don't think they will be so very eager for Paris after three weeks here ; the simple habits of our old people will hardly suit the little women. Even in my absence in America I don't like leaving them altogether here ; I wonder if an amiable family, as is very kind to me, will give them hospitality for a month? . . . . .

And later in this same letter :

I was writing Bluebeard all day ; very sardonic and amusing to do, but I doubt if it will be pleasant to read or hear, or even if it is right to go on in this wicked vein ; and also I must tell you that a story is biling up in my interior, in which there shall appear some very good lofty, generous people ; perhaps a story without any villains in it would be good, wouldn't it?

To which Mrs. Brookfield replies :

This is about the smallest hand I can achieve, with my arm in a cramp. All persons have not your facility in penmanship you know.

I wish to read Bluebeard very much, and I should like you to write a novel to startle Helps and such like

objectors who think your heart does not keep pace with your head (a graceful phrase). You know how glad I should be to have the children for any or all the time that you are in America, and William would like it too. He has been immersed in the Inspectors' conference all the week. We had three at dinner yesterday, and Mr. Lingen, and Mrs. F——. and your faithful D—, who came in her youngest and most fashionable attire, evidently hoping to see her anonymous receiver of letters, but when everybody was arrived but you, she turned to me with an assumed air of indifference and "Tell me, dear lady, how is Mr. Thackeray?" I felt malicious as I said, "Oh, he is at Paris." Why could I not have been sympathising instead? She looked discomfited, but rallied in a few minutes and afterwards talked of her isolated position in Lincolnshire, only knowing celebrated men of the day by name, and "one can only get to know them by writing to them, but if *they* don't answer of course it falls to the ground," she said, and I looked perfectly stolid, as if I did not in the least understand. I was thinking over your chafing against the petty homage and the small sets at Paris, and debating whether you ought not to chafe *as much* against the adulation on a grand scale, but I merely throw this out, I don't think you care about the sublimer flatteries in the least, but it does not irritate you in the same way. I am just going out to pay stupid visits. We asked the R.'s to dine yesterday and Mr. R. (husband of William's Lady Cecilia) wrote me such a pert note to decline, beginning "Dear Mrs. Job," I had literally only met him about three times, I sent it to Mr. Spring Rice, who hates him for marrying his cousin and said in my note "he has given me a distaste for my initials." "Will you throw away a jewel because a snail has left its slime upon it?" replied Mr. Spring Rice.

"Your initials are so dear to so many of us you ought to think twice or three times before you give them up." Was not this gallant? He has been much fascinated by Lady G——'s "fine generous manner" and is in high intimacy with Mrs. Cameron. When you talked of all the world being mad I was amused by Sir Alex. Gordon's solution of the S—— *ménage*, "Mrs. S—— mad, bless my soul she is as sane as I am. *He's* mad and fancies she is."

Magdalene is quite fat and rosy, and has cut her sixth tooth and very nearly stands by herself; I shall like to see Anny and Minny back again, and to hear their account of their visit. How much I should like to have them when the awful American expedition takes place!

This Miss D. was a friend of long standing of the Brookfields, and she had just at this time commenced a series of anonymous letters to the great writer which they had, to their amusement, discovered at once.

Mr. Thackeray liked to have details of daily life sent to him, and he had just now sent Miss Magdalene some red shoes, so Mrs. Brookfield wrote:

29 *Jan.*, 51.

I was very glad to have your kind letter on Saturday and thank you for it very much. I am getting better now, but poor Magdalene has been imprisoned in the nursery with a cold and cough, so that all her good looks will be gone just when I want her to *become* her new shoes and to elicit approbation for fatness and prettiness from her uncle Makepeace and her cousins the young ladies, to whom give my best love. Yesterday I went to Wilton Crescent, walked all the way there, and arrived in time to take their carriage to

Chesham Place, where I staid an hour with "Kate and Jane," they are very anxious to see you again, and very glad you are coming back so soon. William liked his dinner there, and struck up a flirtation with the eldest little Perry, who told her aunt afterwards, that no grown up gentleman had ever talked to her for so long together before, and she was sure Mr. Brookfield sympathised in Mr. Bennett's misfortunes, for he said "Poor Mr. Bennett" so feelingly.

We were amused with Beatrice last night. William was singing the Nigger song, "Old Uncle Ned has long been dead and is gone where the good niggers go." "Where is that?" Beaty asked. "Why, where do good Bishops go, my dear?" "Where do they go? Oh! to *Rome!*" which would seem to supersede Heaven in the mind of the young generation.

I can't say I much like the Memoir, it seems very short and bald, and as if it were intended for the public instead of intimate friends.*

I went to the Miss Berrys on Saturday, they were very cordial, and the Elliots were so kind that I really quite love them. I don't mean *only* from that evening, but there is something so genial and good-natured about them, always the same,—and they really appear so fond of you. Mrs. Elliot is coming to take me to buy drawing room carpets to-day, you will find us just beginning our moving when you come back. Miss Berry chiefly talked to me the other evening so that I hardly spoke to Agnes. She asked how much longer you would be at Paris *amusing* yourself. I said you declared you were going through the most exemplary round of duties visiting sick

* This was the appreciative but rather coldly expressed memoir of Harry Hallam, written by his friends, F. Lushington and H. Maine.

relations every day. She laughed and asked if your trumpeter was dead, that you praised yourself. Uncle Hallam seemed very sad as we came away together, but he was cheerful all the evening.

n another letter Thackeray tells her :

On Wednesday I am going to dine with the Prefet de Police, and afterwards to Madame Scrivanack's ball, where I shall meet—I, an old fellow of forty—all the pretty actresses of Paris.

To which she replied :

Are you going among the actresses as a kind of retort for my dull letters ? That is rather unworthy in you, if it is the case.

I write to you very much as I talk, only I cannot express feelings as you do, who are always in the habit of expressing all kinds of emotions in writing. Very commonplace things occur, and I can only describe them in a very commonplace way. " Posterity would smile " and would see a great deal to marvel at in your giving your confidence and brilliant letters, and the time spent in writing them, to a very dull every-day person, who can't spell " vacilating."

I have just come back from choosing a carpet and then a walk with William to call on Miss C. Wynn's sister, Lady Doyle, and the widow, Mrs. Lindesay, who has just escaped being pretty and is interesting looking. Mrs. Procter was there calling and talked to William all the time till she took leave, and we were speaking of other things when in came Mrs. Procter's head at the door again, " Before you *begin upon me* I want to tell Mrs. Brookfield Mr. Rogers wants to see her." She was dressed in a suit of friar's grey from mantle to gown and everything, with only

a little bit of colour in her bonnet, so that she looked better than I ever saw her.

Now I have read over the first part of this letter I should very much like to burn it. It seems to make such a fuss about the Actresses, why shouldn't you go to their ball ?

They were now moving into a house they had taken in Cadogan Place, a scheme projected before the death of Harry Hallam, and carried out because Portman Street was much too full of memories.

Mrs. Brookfield was always a favourite with Rogers, and one of the most frequent guests at his breakfasts : but she says " It was a tremendous effort to be armed cap-à-pie for brilliant conversation at ten o'clock in the morning.'

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

64 CADOGAN PLACE,
Ash Wednesday,
5th Mar., 1851

My dearest William,

I have been to Church with Mrs. F. and had a regular *anathema maranatha* discourse from the Curate, stating the immense benefit of excommunication and his hope that it would be revived, and that we should live to see the day when no open sinner would be buried in consecrated ground, and when the survivors would not have any opening for believing that their sinful relative might be in safety since the Church had uttered words of hope over his body, and, in short, that it would do a great deal of good to us all to see people formally consigned to perdition : it was very unpleasant doctrine.

Did not you think the Bishop wrote very civilly to you? I quite gave "Small applause" when I read it. We dined yesterday in Young Street. Mr. Fitzgerald was there fresh from his Suffolk Cottage,* and I got on better with him than I did in the visit to Hither Green, where we met him years ago, and shyness "overspread us" then.

Mr. Brookfield's talents as a preacher were not to be allowed to remain idle. The Bishop's letter mentioned above gave consent to his taking the Preachership of Berkeley Chapel. As the district of his Inspectorial duties lay in the counties near to London, he was able to be there every Sunday; and as people were clamouring for him to preach again, this result is not surprising.

A day or two afterwards Mrs. Brookfield mentions: "Mr. Thackeray has just brought Mr. Fitzgerald to call here, who enquired after you and where your Counties lie—without any pun intended. I suppose if Uncle E.'s funeral is over there would be no impropriety in our dining out on Saturday."

People did not remain in their houses in sackcloth in those days. However near the relative, or however dear, they all went out as usual, within a few days of the death.

On the 17th March, 1851, Mr. Brookfield's father died.

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* Edward Fitzgerald lived at Woodbridge, where he had an old-fashioned house, half farm and half mansion—at which place Carlyle used to visit him.

He was with him during the last days, and says "I have been of more use than I am in the habit of considering myself, and that without forfeiting anybody's kindness." In announcing the last moments he mentions, "I took my father's hand, and said, 'say, God bless you.' He answered with warmth, 'God bless you, and Jane, and little Maudlin.' Someone standing by began asking why on earth I chose such a name, upon which my dear father put in his word apologetically, and slowly, but with distinct articulation, said 'Some critics are of opinion that Magdalene was not . . . .' Give my love to Thackeray and send him news of our bereavement."

Thackeray and Kinglake, who both knew Mr. Charles Brookfield and esteemed and admired him, were a good deal with Mrs. Brookfield during this time, waiting for news. The former would bring his little girls daily and leave them with her while he carried round the bulletins that came from Sheffield to their most intimate friends:

And he wrote to Mr. Brookfield:

I recall what you have said in your many talks of your father, and remember the affection and respect with which you always regarded and spoke of him. Who could wish for more than honour, love, obedience and a tranquil end to old age? And so the generation that engenders us passes away, and their place knows them not; and our turn comes when we are to say good-bye to our joys, struggles, pains, affections—and our young ones will grieve and be consoled for us, and so on. We've lived as much in 40 *as your good old father in his fourscore years, don't you think so? and how awfully tired and*

lonely we are. I picture to myself the placid face of the kind old father with all that trouble and doubt over—his life expiring with supreme blessings for you all—for you and Jane and unconscious little Magdalene prattling and laughing at life's threshold; and know that you will be tenderly cheered and consoled by the good man's blessing for the three of you; while yet, but a minute, but yesterday, but all eternity ago, he was here loving and suffering. I go on with the paper before me, I know there is nothing to say,—but I assure you of my sympathy, and that I am yours, my dear old friend,

W. M. THACKERAY.

Concerning this letter Mr. Brookfield says to his wife:

"Thanks for your very acceptable letter which gave me great pleasure. I enclose Thackeray's, for which thank him very cordially if you have a chance, for I have none. My sisters were extremely gratified and soothed by it, none the less for its total want of the unction to which, poor dears, they are accustomed."

From this time Mr. Brookfield's health, always delicate, began to fail more rapidly, and a lung trouble was suspected. He went to Southampton in May to consult his old and trusted friends the Bullars, two of whom were physicians; and while there Mrs. Brookfield wrote him a long and tender letter about himself, in the course of which she mentioned she had been to a children's party at the Thackerays', and was going on to the Opera.

To which he replied:

"One is apt to think of other people's pleasures

according to one's own condition. A dinner sounds but poor fun to a man curled into a C with nausea; and in the totally prostrate state of my pins at this moment going to the opera sounds like a discipline of Purgatory, nevertheless I trust that if you liked it you went, and in the pauses of the amusement thought upon me not as writhing under blisters, but from nine to ten dutifully keeping up the most wearisome paste-brilliant conversation with the most inveterate talker, and after that time rewarding myself with a clay and pure water in more modern and genial society."

The excitement attendant on Thackeray's lectures had now well commenced. Mrs. Brookfield had naturally the keenest interest in them, for she had watched their growth, and had copied down several of them herself from the dictation of their illustrious author. It is supposed that it was at this particular lecture that Mrs. Norton made her remark about Monckton Milnes being a "bird of paradox."

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

64 Cadogan Place,
30*th May*, 51.

My dearest William,

I have been at Church this morning where we had a very long sermon from Mr. Liddell, and now it is almost time to set out for the lecture, so this will be but a letter of ten lines to say I am very glad to think you are a little better, but I still hold to what I wrote last night, that it would be a great pity not to get thoroughly well, by whatever means, rather than be merely patched up. Mrs. Elliot came in yesterday to hear a rehearsal of the lecture. I think it is an

improvement on the last one. Fancy Mrs. Norton telling Uncle Hallam that Julia had said after the lecture, "I saw by Papa's face, he was trying not to say Pooh! Pooh! all the time," which Uncle H. repeated himself to Mrs. Norton, and she carries it round to Mr. T. I don't like to risk not having time to write after the lecture so I will send this as it is. Maria goes to-day with me, in Julia H.'s place.

Ever your loving wife,

J. O. B.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

64 Cadogan Place,
31*st May*, 1851.

My dearest William,

Thank you for your kind letter with its rather better account as to your cough, tho' I don't like your feeling so weak as you describe.

The lecture yesterday was much more successful and more popular than the one before, Mr. Thackeray was much less nervous, indeed quite cool and collected, and gave out his voice, so as to be well heard, and having a higher desk this time, had his paper on the desk instead of in his hand, which gave a freer look to the thing. The room was very much fuller, indeed it appeared quite full, tho' there might have been room for more, and there were all the Duchesses and Marchionesses that were there before with sundry additions to the number, and some of the big wigs among the men. Lord Clanricarde, Sir J. Hobhouse, etc., etc. Mr. Thackeray pitched into the courtly preferments formerly given to poets for a copy of verses on the birth of a royal duke, and compared such patronage with the few and far between rewards which genius meets with now.

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Uncle Hallam was there and was much pleased this time, of course Maria had told him of Mrs. Norton's treachery in repeating the "Pooh! Pooh!" at which he was in a great rage and declared he would punish her by believing all the stories told against her! Mr. Thackeray put in a salve expressly for him in the lecture, at least he said it was suggested by Uncle H.'s "Pooh! Pooh!" Speaking of Addison's cool praises of the young wits of his time, while he praised Milton with all his heart, Mr. T. said: "How can we expect men who are themselves able to do so much better things than our small attempts, to praise that which they know a great deal more about than we do," only in better language, but I told Uncle H. that it was meant for him and his "Pooh! Pooh!"

Charlotte Brontë was present at some of the lectures, and while they were still going on Thackeray most amiably arranged a party for her. As the first he had made for her, probably during the time she was in London in '49, was not a great success, he now, in order to get together what he thought would be interesting entertainment, invited several lady authors to meet her, as well as one or two of his especial intimates. Mrs. Elliot and Miss Perry were amongst these, and of this event Miss Perry says to Mrs. Brookfield in a letter in which she speaks back upon those times, "there was no one present but these advanced ladies, about six or seven of them, and by accident, Carlyle, who had not been asked, as Thackeray said in his invitation to Jane (Mrs. Elliot) and me, 'and there will not be a Jack amongst us.' I remember every detail of it, such a comedy it turned

out. I have somewhere dear Thackeray's amusing list of the names he asked and their works."

The probable reason of the failure of the first party was perhaps Miss Brontë's own inability to fall in with the easy *badinage* of the well-bred people with whom she found herself surrounded.

Alert minded and keen brained herself, she was accustomed only to the narrow literalness of her own circle, and could scarcely have understood the rapid give and take, or the easy conversational grace of these new friends. Also she may hardly have appreciated the charming conciseness with which they told their stories ; for the members of this set were the first to break away from the pedantic ponderousness usual with all the great talkers, even those of their own time ; and Miss Brontë, a square peg in a round hole, was doubtless, too, dismayed at ancedotes that gained in elegance as they lost in accuracy.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

64 CADOGAN PLACE,
17*th June*, 1851.

My dearest William,

Taking time by the forelock, I begin a letter to you, as I am going by and bye to visit the Tennysons at Twickenham, with the Hallams and I don't yet know how early they will call for me I hope thou gattest (to imitate Lord Lyttelton) down comfortably to Brighton yesterday. It is so bright and fine to-day that it does not seem dismal for you to be there if only it can do you good. I dined yesterday with Lady Coltman and five young men, two Colts, one Duckworth (with a moustache and a handsome face), F.

Lushington and Mr. Clarke; and the black-haired Miss Herries who asked very affectionately after you, and had heard you were preaching again in London, but said you would never preach so well *anywhere* as you did in Berwick St. It used to be quite delightful perhaps all the more so from the contrast of the place. Lady Coltman had heard a great deal about your preaching from the faithful Mr. Rich, the same who praised you to the Hallams, and, while upon this theme, I may add K. Perry told Mr. Thackeray you had preached an admirable sermon, "a very bold one," quite "anti-Athanasian-creed," which seems to have pleased her. Uncle Hallam decided yesterday that I am to sit to Richmond for a Chalk head. We went there yesterday to see the engraving of dear Harry, and Mr. Richmond fixed for my first sitting Tuesday, July first, at eleven o'clock, his first leisure time. I suppose he does not require many sittings for his Chalk heads, as they are not nearly so elaborately finished as the water-colours. There was champagne and quite a dinner party at the Coltmans. I went on to the Procters for half an hour as I was in the neighbourhood in Hyde Park Gardens, and might not have so good an opportunity again. F. Lushington accepted a cast thither in my cab, Alexander as chaperon on the box. It was very dull I must e'en confess, the Goldsmidts there in costumes for the Highland Ball. Gnat himself was there, but only in his hook nose as usual, and not a kilt and philibeg, Mrs. Carlyle, Miss Jewsbury, *all* the Doyle family, and Mr. Atkinson the Atheist, and Sir Lytton Bulwer, and the Gaggiotti of course. A little Spanish lady was expected, said to be very pretty, and F. Lushington asked me if Mrs. Procter ever electrified one with a dance on these *soirées*. I fancied he meant the Spanish lady somehow, and we had a joke together all the evening of expecting to

hear the castinets of the Cachoucha, or to see her *debut* in the Barcarole, nevertheless I only staid from ten to eleven in Harley Street, and was glad to get home.

J. O. B.

The Chalk head* to which Mrs. Brookfield alludes above, is the only representation of her that at all conveys her particular grace and sweetness; and is therefore the best likeness that exists. In common with most people of more than ordinary beauty Mrs. Brookfield did not "picture" well. Although a peculiarly picturesque woman, and of quite a rare loveliness, Laurence's portraits of her were all failures, and no photograph ever did her justice.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

64 CADOGAN PLACE,
Thursday,
18*th June*, 1851.

My dearest William,

After sending off my letter to thee on Tuesday, I went to Twickenham with Uncle H. and Julia, found Alfred and his wife weeding in the garden and very cordial in begging us all three to stop and sleep with them, also gave us a great tin case of Pine Apple sugar-candy, very good and unwholesome, which a next door neighbour had given them, and which disagreed with them so they pressed it upon Julia, who liked it, and with frankness ate of it; while Uncle H. refused with grand air, and in the carriage coming home gobbled up as much as any of us, confessing that he thought 'twould be childish to eat it before

* Frontispiece.

the Tennysons. We came home quite late, and I dined with Julia H. *tête-à-tête*. Yesterday K. Perry called early, and after singing your praises very enthusiastically proposed my going with them to the Berrys' in the evening where a great many of the people going to Lady Ashburton's fancy ball were to assemble, to show their dresses, so I agreed to go notwithstanding "the Clergyman's place being the Altar," as I thought it would be quite a thing to recollect in future days.

Then came a note from poor Prince inviting herself for the third time to tea! I couldn't say no, but wrote word I had to go out before ten so she came at seven thirty before I had had time to dress! however it passed off very well and is over, and so is the evening at the Berrys', where there was Lady Waterford, radiant and rouged, Lady Canning, Lady Kinnaird, Mrs. Craven, all the great beauties, and Miss S. Mackenzie; all worth looking at in their costumes, but the best of all was Lord Glenelg*, in a black wig with long curls, moustaches, and a crimson velvet Charles the second suit. Mr. Kinglake said he looked so "delightfully profligate," and it was true; I should not have recognised him in the least and there was a burst of laughter when he made his *entrée*. To-day we, I mean myself and Elliots, went together to the lecture on Pope, which was quite one of the best. The faithful Lewis, waylaid me on the stairs as usual, and there were numbers of affectionate enquiries after you.

Ever your loving wife,

JANE.

Mr. Brookfield had been a little time in France to

* This was the notoriously lazy Lord Glenelg, about whom Lord Brougham said one day in the Lords, "I don't know how many sleepless *days* this Bill has cost the noble lord."

see if it would restore his health, and was now taking up his duties again, and his wife writes :

64 CADOGAN PLACE,
24th June, 1851.

My dearest William,

I shall be glad to hear you are arrived, though, it is very true that one is really as safe on sea as on land, one has one's old fashioned feelings of extra uneasiness at the sound of a voyage if it be only one of four hours. You and Mrs. Carmichael Smyth will just miss each other, as she returns to France to-night, so she can't attempt to proselytise you to Mesmerism any further than by leaving a little book, as a present for you, which awaits your return, and which I did not think necessary to forward with your letters. Mrs. Smyth made a push to take Minnie back with her to Paris, she has always been trying to appropriate her, but Mr. Thackeray says it would not do to separate her from him and from her sister. I went to dine with Mrs. Bayne last night, only Miss Ogle there. In the evening she did not have any lights for ever so long, and we sat quite in the dark at last, with her very good humoured voice running on *incessamment* till I forgot myself in slumber *à la* Julia H., but had presence of mind enough left to say " Yes," and " How very singular," every five or six minutes.

We were invited to an evening party at the Hoares' last night, but I could not strive so far as to go there, nor to Mrs. Procter's again.

Your loving JANE.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

64 CADOGAN PLACE,
9th July, 51.

My dearest William,

I have just settled with the Elliots to go to Miss

Berry's to-day as there is not likely to be any other opportunity of being there with the Elliots and Perrys, otherwise I would have waited in the hope of your coming there too, which would be a great deal pleasanter. I am to be called for by Julia H. directly to go and sit for my likeness, but must write a few lines to you first, as there may not be time after the *séance*, and before going to Richmond. I was glad to get your letter, and also to have a line from W. Bullar, saying that he thought you better. I may as well fix to go to Miss Duckworth while you are at Jersey I think, as it is not likely to be a visit much in your line : Miss Norris reading aloud Indian Journals of an evening, etc. I dined yesterday with Mrs. Procter *en famille;* she heard I was alone and wrote, after I had closed my letter to you yesterday, to beg I would come, and meet Mr. Thackeray who was to dine with them, as a farewell before setting off for the Rhine. Only a Mr. Waller there besides the family, but as I had only been to one of her evening parties, it seemed friendly to accept. I came away at ten, leaving Mrs. Goldsmidt there (who enquired much after you) from their next door, not our Goldsmidts, and Adelaide and Agnes dressed in fancy costumes for a ball at Lady Talfourd's to which they were all going.

Mrs. Procter was very pleasant and kind, quieter than usual, and gave many enquiries and advice about you and your cough. Mrs. Prescott paid me a visit yesterday, and said again how anxious they all were, that Stephen should go abroad next month, to Madeira if possible. Did I send you Mrs. Tennyson's note yesterday ? I must not write more or I shall be too late, pray take care of yourself.

Ever your affectionate
J. O. B.

64 Cadogan Place,
10*th July*, 1851.

My dearest William,

I went to Mr. Richmond's yesterday and had a two hours' sitting, which was rather a heavy pull upon patience and strength, I am to go again on the 17th. It was tiresome that I was kept till near three at Mr. Richmond's, then came home intending to dress for Miss Berry's, but the Elliots were already gone, having arranged that I should follow in Mr. Thackeray's carriage. At four he came in to say he was obliged to give up going at all, as the Chancellor had sent to beg a few words of conversation with him at half past four : which turned out to be a kind of early dinner, which he was begged to make his luncheon, all the while expecting the visit to end in a place. But at length when Lady Truro was gone off to some concert or engagement for which they had been dining early, the Chancellor slowly propounded his motives for requesting an interview, and they only turned out to be some literary scheme in which he wanted Mr. Thackeray to join, and he was disappointed. Meantime I had to write due apologies to Miss Agnes Berry, and went early to bed. Mr. Thackeray called this morning with the children on their way down to London Bridge, where they started for Antwerp. Would you like to buy his carriage and horse ? going at a bargain, he says he would sell the two for thirty-five pounds, and the carriage is just done up and put in order. I should not think of it except that now you are unwell, and obliged to have a good many cabs. Baby is with me, and has been making me draw on my letter for her, and interrupted me. Aubrey de Vere called yesterday, but I missed seeing him unfortunately ! Uncle Hallam has been here just now, anxious to know more about you.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

64 Cadogan Place,
22nd July, 51.

My dearest William

I have just returned from sitting to Mr. Richmond, who was again very full of your praises as a preacher, he used to hear you sometimes at St. James's, and always thought you one of the finest preachers of the day, but he had never heard anything equal to the sermon at Berkeley Chapel, which he before mentioned to me. The first part of it reminded him of the Pilgrim's Progress, while in the conclusion it was like the finest portions of Dante. How much was due to manner and earnestness, he could not say, the *tout ensemble* was so good, but it seemed to him it would read full as impressively as it was preached. Coming back from Mr. Richmond I called on Lady Doyle, who was at home, and who amused me by describing Charlotte Wynn's plans for her own discipline. She wrote to Sir F. Doyle that she had made it too much a practice to choose her society from those who really interested and pleased her, and she thought it would be much wiser to spend the winter at Paris and take just what society fell in her way, instead of doing as she would like and coming back to her old friends in London. I dined with the Hallams yesterday, who were very full of enquiries and sympathy about you.

The Brookfields now passed some months in the country ; but while there it became evident from Mr. Brookfield's state of health that he would not be able to winter in England, and therefore arrangements were made for an early departure to Madeira. Everyone regretted the cause and wrote to say so.

Barry Cornwall to Mr. Brookfield:

13 Upper Harley Street,
Cavendish Square,
28*th October*, 1851.

Dear Mr. Brookfield,

I opened your letter which reached Harley street this morning, addressed to my wife, she being at present in France. It shall be forwarded to her, but in the meantime you will let me, I know, send you a very friendly *Vale*, a *Vale* to last only till May next, remember, for then we shall hope to see you again in England, in regular fighting condition.

If one may venture upon paradox in these highly intellectual times, I would say that there is a cheerful sort of melancholy in your letter, but *all* good-byes have a flavour of sadness in them, I suppose, even when the person departing is merely going into training, as the Tipton Slasher at Highgate, or yourself at Madeira.

I send you a hundred good wishes, a few of which you will perhaps hand over to Mrs. Brookfield, and keep the rest, placing them to your private account.

An acquaintance of yours, a Mr. Cornwall, who has been in the habit of proclaiming his want of wit in rhyme, has just published a book—or rather re-published an old book with some 24 pages additional.

I send this to you by this night's post. Don't take the trouble of reading it, or acknowledging the receipt of it. If it be too heavy to be added to your luggage, light your pipe with it, by all means, or if you have abandoned smoking, it will make very tolerable shaving paper.

As I was sitting at home yesterday evening, just before dinner, who should come in but R. M. Milnes, Esq., M.P. I was *very* glad to see him (the first time since his marriage) for he is a thoroughly excellent

fellow. I believe that there is not one drop of black blood in his heart.

Once more, good-bye, and God bless you! I shall be heartily glad to welcome you back to England, for I am,

Very sincerely yours,
B. W. Procter.

Spedding wrote to Forster, Aubrey de Vere, and to Tennyson for the Brookfields' address, and finally got it from Lord Monteagle. He had himself just had an accident out shooting, and he says:

"You call it good shooting, I suppose, when one gets as many shots as one can desire, which was certainly my case. Eight in arm, two in hand, eleven in my back, and nine or ten in my thigh; all ingloriously behind, and they did me so little harm I was not even interesting: and Fanny Kemble, who was staying in the house came and read Shakespeare to me. You come back well."

As will be seen from the following letter they were seized by the Ashburtons on the eve of departure.

Mr. Brookfield to his Mother:

The Grange,
Hants,
29*th Oct.*, 51.

Dearest Mother,

I received your last kind letter here forwarded from Southampton. We came here Saturday, the Ashburtons, upon receiving a note of "good bye" from me, having driven in to Southampton to hunt us up.

They are extremely kind people and of first class for cleverness and all that is intellectually attractive. The house is often filled with lions, but just now the Henry Taylors (Philip Van Artevelde) with ourselves are the whole Menagerie. Mrs. Taylor is Spring Rice's sister. The Hallams were here yesterday but went this morning.

We return to Southampton to-morrow to await our ship, which I hope may have arrived and will sail on Tuesday.

Ever most affectionately,
W. H. Brookfield.

Lady Ashburton sent them the last word:

The Grange,
31*st October*, 51.

Dear Mrs. Brookfield:

We hope your vessel is come in and that you are preparing to sail on Tuesday, for these cold winds are not suited to chests of any kind. I am laid up since the cold wind of the day before yesterday; Mr. Thackeray seduced me into a walk after you went, for which evil deed by me I intend him to fry in purgatory if his novel in the meantime don't pay off any score on that account. We all regretted much last evening you were not here, a young French artist having arrived who sings, and plays too, admirably on the pianoforte.

He sang us some of Goëthe's terrific Ballads, the *Erl König*, etc., to Schubert's music and made us shake in our skins. The Milnes *ménage* is in great form, she grown fat and he thin, she doesn't seem the least afraid of him, and he is all the better for a little control, and looking wonderfully better in health and youth. With all good wishes for prosperous voyage

and many kind remembrances from all here to you and Mr. Brookfield, believe me, dear Mrs. Brookfield,

Very sincerely affectionately yours,

H. M. ASHBURTON.

Could you, if circumstances are easy, send me by any vessel fourteen or sixteen lbs. of Guava jelly which is made remarkably in the Island ? Mrs. Taylor tells me the Tomata jelly, or jam, is wonderful. I can't imagine it, but if so please add some and tell me how I can t ansmit my debt to your account.

CHAPTER XI.

Lord Palmerston's dismissal. Tennyson's Patriotism. Death of Miss Agnes Berry. Louis Napoleon. An elopement. Hallam and Macaulay. In Seville. Christmas Day with the Carlyles. A walk with Carlyle. Some anecdotes. Mrs. Beecher Stowe. At the Grange. An Inspection. Carlyle and Wilberforce.

The usual set of people gathered at the Grange at the end of '51, but the Brookfields were not forgotten by them, and Lady Ashburton was one of the first to greet them in the New Year. She wrote :

THE GRANGE,
New Year's Day, 1852.

Dear Mrs. Brookfield,

Our New Year's Party here have talked so often of you and Mr. Brookfield that I cannot resist writing to congratulate you, first on the accounts that have come to me in a roundabout way through Alice Taylor of Mr. B.'s improved health which I trust is now really mending. I fear the climate has not so well agreed with *you* as from all reports it must be very warm and relaxing.

What a fortunate passage you had! Some little people here, Annie and Minnie Thackeray, are vehement in their adoration of Miss Magdalene, who is, we trust, expanding under your tropical sun ; they wish much to be remembered to her. As for the Elder Gentleman he is socially tabooed by his assiduous writing of a new novel,* and appears only when Nature requires periodical restoration. The Carlyles are here

* Esmond.

and desire to be remembered to you. Our Politics are in a nice *Fix*. The cause of Lord P.'s dismissal I understand to be that he expressed his satisfaction at the President's course without consulting his Colleagues; was reprimanded by Lord John with an intimation of H.M.'s surprise as well as that of the Cabinet; wrote back to say he had only expressed his private opinion to Count Walewsky and deemed the laying down as a principle that no Minister should express his private opinion unbiassed by those of his Colleagues, would be a pernicious rule and inexpedient; received for answer a request for the Seals. So says *The Gossip*, which adds that Lords Grey and Lansdowne, Sir G. Grey and Sir C. Wood have written him letters expressing their regret. The report in London last evening was that Sir J. Graham had joined and was to be first Lord of the Admiralty, that the D. of Newcastle had declined them altogether. We are a day in arrear here of news, so possibly all this is old to you, but I take my chance of the interest even of old gossip, and I wanted to wish you and Mr. B. and Miss M. many happy New Years in England again.

Believe me very sincerely yours,

H. M. Ashburton.

Their friends were evidently sure that they would be interested in the political situation, for all the letters that went forth to them were full of the subject:

F. Lushington to W. H. Brookfield:

Park House,
Maidstone,
8th February, 1852.

My dear Brookfield,

. . . Does any kind of politics affect the modern

world ? Possibly you feel nearer the seat of revolution in the Celestial Empire than the absurdities of the European world, but I suppose you are aware of the National panic, and how we are all on the point of becoming riflemen to resist the invasion which the French are going to try on. Among the most enthusiastic national defenders are Alfred Tennyson and Mrs. A. T. At least they have been induced by Coventry Patmore to subscribe five pounds apiece for the purchase of rifles to teach the world to shoot—which appears to me a rather exaggerated quota for the laureate to contribute out of his official income, his duty being clearly confined to the howling of patriotic staves. A great damper has been thrown on the volunteering spirit generally by Nicol's advertising "Volunteer outfit, inclusive of rifle, powder horn, etc., dark green rifle frock with epaulettes, etc., for £8. Cheaper description of ditto, £5." Alfred Tennyson is naturally in a restless state of mind which impels him to quit Twickenham and get a house in some remote part of the country, from which of course he would be equally anxious to return again into the neighbourhood of London. It was very stupid of him not to stay the winter in Italy while he was about it. The chief motive of his return appears to have been the want of English tobacco, but the immediate cause of his starting northwards from Florence was his having made up his mind to go southward to Rome or Naples on a particular day and packed his trunks accordingly. When the day came, it happened to blow too hard for them to go by the Leghorn steamer southward, so instead of waiting with Christian patience till the weather was better, they immediately started northwards. . . .

I wonder whether you have heard of the little Scotch episode of my life, which I suppose may be now

considered at an end—my candidature for the Greek professorship at Edinburgh, vacated by the death of old Dunbar of the lexicon ? I had to go down and " tout " personally for the most sweet voices of thirty-three bootmakers, tailors, oilmen, and such like, who form the town council and elect to the University chairs. It was rather a humorous piece of work, from the characters of the respected electors, but apparently very needless trouble as they haven't the least idea of electing me. Thackeray had been in Edinburgh the week before I was there, delivering his lectures with great success to enthusiastic audiences. He professes to be in a fix about his novel—which has been advertised some time—and for which the public are naturally becoming impatient, while he wishes to re-write it altogether. After touting in Edinburgh I went to Carstairs for a day or two, to see Monteith's papistical ways. His R.C. Bishop Murdoch happened to be there, and it was very affecting to see the filial reverence with which R. Monteith knelt and kissed his Lordship's hand as he went off to bed or came down to breakfast.

On the Sunday my Sabbatarian principles which had been fostered by spending the previous Sunday in Edinburgh were dreadfully upset by hearing a polka played for the children to dance to,—also by being compelled to play a game of chess with the priest, who came to the game laden with the confessions of the whole family, and whom thus sin-burdened, I beat in a canter. Monteith was hard at work persuading his bishop to become an Urquhartite, but the right reverend prelate didn't think it his duty to be converted. Garden and Mrs. Garden are still at Rome ; she is apparently better than she was at Malta last winter. He has got into a row with the Bishop of Gibraltar, who asserts an authority over Rome which

the English clergymen there, of whom Garden is *pro tempore* one, are not disposed to allow him ; Canterbury backing them up in abjuring his authority ; whereupon Tomlinson refuses to acknowledge Garden's personality at all, holding him a declared schismatic ! which I fear will stand in the way of his ever getting any Mediterranean appointment in Tomlinson's own diocese. . . .

Believe me, dear Brookfield,

Yours very truly,

F. LUSHINGTON.

The Lushingtons belonged to that early time at Cambridge ; they were three interesting, accomplished brothers, each of whom possessed a higher than ordinary intelligence, as well as much poetic genius.

Miss Kate Perry to Mr. Brookfield :

12*th Feb.*, 1852.

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

I have torn up two letters I had written to you to thank you for your nice one to me. You will wonder why I was so fastidious about my composition. The fact is they were dreary, written with very black ink, and very dull and egotistical, and it is against my theory and better nature to inflict distant friends with my blue devils bottled up in a letter, as most people are amply supplied with their own. But I had good cause for mine, for the new year opened most miserably with us. First, Ah, the shock of poor Eliot Warburton's death, succeeded by the loss of dear kind Agnes Berry, which grieved us all very much, and me especially, for she spoilt me, and I feel very selfish in my grief for I am sure when they have reached the age of eighty-eight one ought not to wish to keep those one loves here any longer. Miss Berry has borne

her loss very nobly, she says that we ought not to grieve for what she suffers, as she feels that Agnes has only preceded her a few months, perhaps a few weeks, to a land they are both bound to. She attended her funeral, and it was very touching to see the old lady there in her black hood, very calm and erect. Many of their men friends attended the ceremony, which took place at Petersham, in the neighbourhood of which they have lived more or less all their lives. Miss Berry has now returned to Curzon Street, but I think will lead a very quiet life, and see merely a few of her most intimate friends. London is as busy and as full as if it were the middle of the season, last week Lord Palmerston's speech was the topic of general discussion, every one agreed that he never spoke so badly as he did the first night and was very indifferently received by all parties, the Liberals are furious with him, and the Protectionists are the only people who stand at all by him, and they take him mildly. His own particular friends say he *has a case*, but cannot bring it out, as it would compromise the Royal people, and hint pretty broadly that the real cause of Prince Albert's enmity to him is his having withstood his "German Unity," which is Prince Albert's hobby. They say their pleasure at Lord Palmerston's dismissal is quite indecent, and they literally hate him. If Lord Granville is to be a tool of Prince Albert's I think we shall all rue the day when Lord Palmerston has been "kicked downstairs," as he calls it himself. At his reception last Saturday he looked very serious, but Lady Palmerston was *rayonnante*, receiving all London whom she had invited, except Lord John. I hear several of the cabinet, Lords Lansdowne, Grey, and Clanricarde, regret his absence exceedingly. There was a general report yesterday that Louis Napoleon was in London ; he came, it is said, to invest a large

sum of money in our funds, and returned to Paris the same night. I think if it had transpired he would have been torn to pieces, he is so generally detested in England ; and why we trouble ourselves so much about him I cannot conceive. If the French nation, like the eels, enjoy being skinned; I don't see why we should rage so furiously about it. Some good epigrams are coming over, the best, I think, is the last, that the sequestration of the Orleans property is the "*Premier vol de l'aigle.*" They say that Persigny, the new man, is very indiscreet and lets out all Louis Napoleon's secrets, and will very soon upset the coach ; he said the other day to some English that Napoleon's plan was to "*eraser la Bourgeoisie*," and carry their arms to the frontier. Napoleon was heard to say the only mistake his Uncle made was his wish to invade England, the French would lose more than gain by conquering it. What an idea it is ! Louis Napoleon, Lord of London, and standing in Bronze on Achilles Pedestal, or more decently sitting in the Duke of Wellington's saddle.

All the fashionables of London, I hear, are in great delight at Lady L.'s daughter's elopement with the tutor, which took place the day before yesterday. He is, of course, a Pusey, etc., very accomplished and insinuating, and no doubt took charge of her soul ; he has been the Jesuit in the family for three years, while Lady A. became thinner and paler ; at last she threw herself at My Lord's feet, and confessed the cause. Her bedroom and bread and water was her fare, while the reverend cause was literally turned out of doors. The day after she slipped from her prison, joined him at his father's house in the Regent's Park, and they were married next day, and all London rejoices. Lord L. wrote an announcement of it to the papers so violently worded that the papers modified it—

so at least Hayward told me yesterday at dinner at Thackeray's, where we and the Higginses and some others met and had a very pleasant *reunion*—thinking tho' with regret of those with whom I had last dined there.

A very acute gentleman in spectacles has mounted the Berkeley St. pulpit. Bennet is carrying everything before him at Frome, and much diluted to what he was in his ceremony.

I am ashamed to send more of my scribble to-day.

Much love from us both to you both

Always most sincerely,

KATE PERRY.

The Brookfields had a pleasant sojourn in Madeira on the whole ; as usual they knew all there was to be known of interesting and cultured people there ; they also heard many pleasant things about John Sterling, from the people who had loved and admired him and been his companions in '38. But Mr. Brookfield did not gain strength fast enough to enable him to get away by the boat he had first proposed taking, and the climate at no time suited Mrs. Brookfield. Because of this her husband on several occasions urged her return to England; but she could not consent to go, she was too anxious about him to do so. Mr. Hallam, longing for their society, in amiable and charming letters told them how much he missed them both. His daughter, his last remaining child, was about to be married, and to his regret they were not able to get back for that event. He wrote to his niece :

WILTON CRESCENT,
23rd March, 1852.

My dearest Jane,

I have been much disappointed by your long stay at Madeira, we hoped from your former letter that you would be leaving it by the April steamer and come straight to Cherbourg or at least to England. B. writes me word that you have refused going alone to England. You are behaving like a human angel. God knows how much I have thought of you, sympathized with you, admired you ; and Jane, strong words notwithstanding, given you a certain degree of blame, but which is so interwoven with what I do admire, that I might love you less were you more perfect. May all your future life be happy ! Our dearest Julia is so at present. God grant that it may last ; but I am too accustomed to sorrow to indulge in unclouded hopes.

There was throughout their lives a close unbroken attachment between Mrs. Brookfield and this cousin Julia (afterwards Lady Lennard), who was herself a bright affectionate creature, and one possessed of a thoughtful, religious mind. Although always a little awed by her learned uncle, Mrs. Brookfield returned with interest the affection and the kindnesses he showered upon her ; these never failed ; and he loved and admired her so much that he kept her portrait hanging in his study. Of a fine, high nature, Hallam was in deed as well as in thought the most generous of men. For instance, when he first heard that Brookfield was ordered to winter abroad he wrote him a letter in which he conveyed in a most delicate fashion

that "as the journey was expensive, and as he might be detained there longer than he expected, he took the liberty of placing £200 to his credit at his bank, for which he should expect no answer."

Mrs. Brookfield says, "My uncle Hallam was of a more adaptable disposition than Lord Macaulay, who was accustomed to receive and always expected to secure an attentive audience, and to take the lead in conversation. I remember sitting next him at dinner, at one period of which I asked him if he admired Jane Austen's works. He made no reply till a lull occurred in the general conversation, when he announced, 'Mrs. Brookfield has asked me if I admire Jane Austen's novels, to which I reply'—and then entered into a lengthy dissertation to which all listened but into which no one else dared intrude, finally describing how some time ago he had found himself by the plain marble slab which covered the remains of J. A., when he said to himself 'Here's a woman who ought to have had a National monument.'"

During that same dinner Macaulay talked of the advantage of learning several languages, and said they could easily be acquired at leisure times; for when travelling in India he had once been a fortnight in the mountains and by chance had a Portuguese New Testament in his pocket; during that time he acquired quite a serviceable knowledge of that language!

On leaving Madeira the Brookfields and the Spring Rices together made a *détour* through Spain. The morning after they arrived at Seville, Mrs. Brookfield, who did not know the customs of the country, walked

out, as usual, alone. To her surprise and bewilderment she was in a short time surrounded by six or seven gentlemen, and was unable to proceed, for each of these gracefully laid his hat upon the ground before her, and stood by in silence. She blushed and bowed, and at length slipped away and hurried back to her hotel. When she told the landlady what had occurred, she learned she ought not to have walked out unaccompanied, that "the gentlemen were laying their hearts at her feet, and had she cared to possess one of these hearts she was expected to indicate which by touching the hat that belonged to the favoured man."

They did not reach London until the end of June that year, and very soon afterwards, Mrs. Brookfield's father, Sir Charles Elton, showed signs of breaking up. During the rest of this year she was therefore engaged in paying him visits, everyone of which she feared might prove the last. The Christmas of '52 she spent in nursing him, and Mr. Brookfield, unable to be with her upon that day, gives a full and interesting account of how he spent his time with the Carlyles.

Dec. 29th. [Diary.]

Let me try to describe dining with Carlyle on Christmas Day. I was *en garçon*, Mrs. Brookfield being at Clifton nursing her father. I staid in till about three writing a letter or two; when I sallied out with intention of calling on the H. Taylors at Mortlake. *En route* by an omnibus to Battersea Bridge I resolved to call and bid Merry Christmas to the Carlyles, who are but three minutes from it;

Mrs. C. was at home ; and while we sate chatting the Moralist himself and a friend (Captain Collins ?) went out at the front door. The servant was despatched by Mrs. C. to call him back to shake hands with me. He instantly returned, introduced his friend, chatted a bit, advised me how to proceed to H. Taylor's, about which small every-day practical matters he always shows lots of practical common sense. " I don't think any boats are running to Mortlake now at all ; or if there be, you shouldn't be on the water so late with your ailments of chest or what not ; just go down by a steamer to Vauxhall for two pence, and then take train for Henry Taylor." I begged him to go out for his walk, and I would stay a little with Mrs. Carlyle, and away he went. Soon after he had gone she asked where I was to dine. Oh, I was going to dine at home. Well, but wouldn't I stay and eat with them at five o'clock—they had no dinner but mutton, and no company but that cousin who went up in a balloon for science. I said it was a temptation I felt neither any call nor power to resist—and I would give up Mortlake, take half-an-hour's walk, and be there again at five. I did so and returned before five, and Carlyle came in a few minutes afterwards ; and so coming into the room where I sate and hearing that I was to stay, he put out his hand, and with genial hospitable face, said, " Well, you're a glorious fellow—that's right—&c." I interrupted with some playful palaver about being the envy of 1,999,999 people that day, so we settled down to dinner. Note (as Matthew Henry keeps saying) how his language falls into

commonplace conventionality when he has his heart engaged by a common and almost universal feeling. "Well—you're a glorious fellow." No originality—no invention in this. He might have said something humorous or characteristic. A bit of banter—or a bit of compliment would not have been unnatural. But it was simply what a schoolboy would have said who was really pleased. "Well—that's a glorious fellow"—like a thump on the back. The repast—(for these details about human life are always aids to realizing any scene)—was soup, followed by a haunch of wonderfully Lilliputian but good mutton with potatoes. Carlyle either felt or affected humorous despair at having to carve this joint, and consulted me, finally turning it over to me. I said the proper way of cutting a haunch was so and so; but that had been defeated by the peculiar way in which Ap Morgan (making a name for a Welsh butcher) had cut up his sheep, more like a heathen priest than a Christian butcher. "Ah!" said Mrs. C., "it's not the butcher's fault; it was to have been only a leg, but when you agreed to stay the loin was added." Carlyle now and then put a bit of what he thought one ought to like—of leg, of loin, or of fat, on one's plate with a sort of genial, homely hospitality which was touching. There was wonderful nut-brown from the neighbouring "Cricketers," Port and Sherry, to which Madam presently added a bottle of excellent Madeira. Meanwhile, the talk was incessant but remarkable for nothing but cheeriness. Then came woodcocks, and finally a Christmas plum pudding with brandy sauce—

which brought on my story of the Saddleworth elector at York in Montague Wilson's contest about 25 years ago. At one of the open Taverns he called to the waiter : " Waiter ! ha' ye nowt better nor woin ? " " No, sir, nothing better than champagne, port, sherry, whisky, gin, brandy, etc." " Way then ! bring us a quart of that stuff we hed we't puddin." Carlyle laughed like a volcano at this—and twisted it many ways in the course of the evening. After dinner and wine C. and I adjourned upstairs for a pipe of York River Tobacco—over which he talked characteristically, chiefly about Education. Then downstairs to cheerful tea—and so made end at ten o'clock, and I went home in an omnibus with the silent cousin who had dined with us, bearing with me half a dozen old pipes of C.'s, and the one he had used that evening for a memorial of a day that I felt very grateful for and not a little elated by.

Next day I met the industrious Flea on Vauxhall Platform. He was on his way to call on " Lady Alice Peel." He asked me " And what did you do with yourself, yesterday, Brookfield ? " " Oh ! " I replied, " I dined with a great man which I am always proud to tell of." " What, Lord Lonsdale ? " " Goodness, no ! I dined with Carlyle." " Ah ! you are right—he is truly a great man—quite a pigmy amidst the giants that surround him."

Lady Ashburton's health had already begun to fail in the year '52, so much so that she passed Christmas in her room, but she wrote on New Year's Day :

Dear Mrs. Brookfield,

You cannot think how very pleasant your letter was yesterday morning, coming as it did to a still sick bed as a gleam of sun from out of doors and full of sun quite as bright itself in all the kindness and affection it expressed.

I have had long letters from all my great friends except Mr. Venables, who, I suppose, forgets everything in Park House interests. It is very nice too, to see such complete absorption in our Clan friendship only one would like to have a little share oneself where one feels such great regard, and sometimes one feels angry too, as if that ever helped anything. On the whole, I constantly say to myself, you cannot help it, you are made to have acquaintances, not friends, your lot is cast in an age where no one wants friends, where all that people want from associating with each other is given by acquaintanceship; and if the term friend is still used it is a mere homage to an extinct form. Having said that and turned very uncomfortably over to the other side of one's mind to see if anything not so dreary could come, I there always find my dear old Prophet Carlyle, and has one any right to more than one such friend in a life time?

We have had more snow, but every day has been bright and sunny, and many candidates asking invitations for the Ball from such distances! people must be crazy!

Your account of the "perfect" family made me laugh over and over again. I can't help thinking something might come of our hopes here and *wonder* whether it could be suggested to him as a possibility, but only in such a way that if he didn't come into it there should be no awkwardness or change in his relations with us and our house. After all, those things must be decided by a Man for himself, and it cannot

be matter of offence to any man that one should like to see him married to one's friend, and that one only wishes she was pretty enough to have attacked him against his judgment! That is always a rapid process!

Pray write again.

Yours affectionately,

H. M. A.

Many happy New Years to all Cadogan Place, old and young, Inspector and Inspected!

Lady Ashburton was a matchmaker, and very womanly and very nice about it, but the above match did not come off.

January 14th. [Diary.]

At home till 2.30. Invited to the Doyles', but Hallam called at 12 to say he would dine here to-morrow. We immediately asked Lady Coltman and Miss Duckworth. Then went J. and I to Downing Street to ask Lingen and wife, but they could not. Tom Taylor accepted. Home. I to Carlyle's—found him alone eating his dinner. He was excessively pleasant and human. He laughed greatly at my wishing Mrs. C. and himself "to use their influence with each other" to come. Home to dinner at 6.30.

On my return from Madeira I happened to meet a poor woman in Berwick Street, whom I had known as a parishioner and spoke to her. She started and looked alarmed, and said "Law, Sir!—you quite gave me a turn. You'll excuse me. But I had understood you was *gone to glory*."

15*th*.

At home till 2. Drove with J. to call on Lady Bell and Mrs. Procter. Dinner at 7, Lady Coltman and Miss Duckworth, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Mr. Hallam, Kate Perry, Tom Taylor, Spedding, Higgins, and Captain Sterling. Sandford and Sir Erskine Perry came in afterwards. Tom Taylor and Sandford stayed smoking till one, Tom talking very cleverly and giving us plans of dramas he had in hand.

Talking of the industrious Flea T. T. said that one secret of his being *repandu* was that he said little ill-natured things, such as, if a lady were mentioned, "Ah, yes, I remember her; it was her mother who,"—&c., &c.

20*th*.

Horace Mansfield told how a little child Elliot (of the great Whig family) asked its Mama, "Mama, were the Tories born wicked or did they become so?"

At dinner somebody was mentioned as a demoralizing talker, when Horace said "I never perceived him to be demoralizing, on the contrary, rather a bore."

24*th*.

Went out at 2.30 to St. James's to arrange for adult Baptism of W. O. at 2 to-morrow. Overtook Carlyle, on his way to Diorama. He spoke of Alfred Tennyson and his domestic life. I said marriage was dipping into a pitcher of snakes for the chance of an eel, and that A. T. had found an eel. He went off on this, railing a good deal, and said eels had a faculty by very natural transformation for becoming snakes. I said what a tragi-comedy life is. A walking funeral was just before

us. "Aye, there goes a bit of it," said he, "a small hole, and an insignificant look down into it by these people, and then an end of it. Another leaf from the great big forest has rustled down." We passed Tattersall's. He said he had once gone there when he first came to London, and saw iron-faced taciturn men *in earnest*. An ecumenical council could not have been more serious. I said they would have talked a great deal more. We passed the cabman, "Nobby Rolt." C. had noticed him four years before, and he went on to the uses of such a man. He said he had sometimes thought that if a man had met William the Conqueror and blown a pistol through his brains and manured a field with him he would, even in that case, have produced good turnips, but a very expensive cartload it would have been.

26th.

To-day, on its being related how Harness had been very nearly manifested to the audience, while conversing with Fanny Kemble behind the screen in "School for Scandal," it was speculated what their conference could have been about, when a person at table remarked that it must have been a "chaste conversation coupled with fear." And it was told that Lord Eldon who was once squeezing out some crocodile tears about George 3rd, exclaimed, "When I forget him may God forget me," on which Wilkes said, "God forget you !—he'll see you ——— first."

29th.

Henry Taylor complained to me in an omnibus that he had lost his sleep for three nights from the following story:

Mr. Fox—a sort of *chargé d'affaires*—was removed from Rio to (perhaps) Washington. An American, wishing to ingratiate himself with Fox at some festivity makes up and enquires after a certain Englishman, a Mr. Crawley, at Rio. "How did you leave your talented countryman, Mr. Crawley, sir—very distinguished man that, sir—should be glad to hear that that excellent man is well, sir." To which Fox replied, "Sir, I have the greatest pleasure in telling you that that low beast is dead."

February 2nd.

It was told to-day that Curran was once bothering an infamous witness, an approver. "Now, is there anybody in this Court whom you would not murder for a consideration?" "Oh! now then, but it isn't your honor that I would do any harm to." "And why?" &c. "Why then, I wouldn't be offending your Honor with the rason." "You must answer the question," says the Judge. "Why then, sure it's because of the wart on his nose, which is how the Divil has set his mark on him for his own." And also how "A fine brisk young widow in some part of Ireland used to preside at the table in ordinary, where a supposable amount of *raillerie* went on. There had been some disputed charge. Her name was Honor, and Curran, by way of a sell, tossed a wink at his friends and proposed "Honor and Honesty." "By all means," added the widow briskly, holding her glass to be filled, "let us drink to Mr. Curran's absent friends."

I told them of a paper by the Master of the late

Sir Robert Peel's school—Tamworth—from which I copied the following :

" The Irishman was a humanly polished and civilised being when the Britons were Barbarians and untamed. What has occasioned his melancholy declension from that condition has been the standing problem of the legislature for ages. Millions have been expended on him, and the wisdom of Senators exhausted on his behalf—in vain—the Irishman remains as he has ever been, priest-ridden, and dependent on a single root or his support."

And how a scholar in Cheltenham had once written :

" Julius Cæsar was an eminent Roman Catholic descended from a high plebeian family."

6*th*.

At 10 to Lady Ashburton. Only Lord A., Carlyle, and Fleming. At 11.30 with Carlyle as far as Knightsbridge and so to A. Sterling's, where Milnes and others. Milnes brought me home in brougham at one. Lord Monteagle called and sate half an hour to-day.

9*th*, *Ash Wednesday*.

Call at Mrs. Senior's (21 Hans Place) and Elliot's, where I stayed more than an hour, very pleasantly. Miss Wynn called. Walked with her a little way back towards Baumgart's, where I got my watch. Dine at home. Evening at Mrs. R. M. Milnes'. Bishop of St. David's, Spedding, Harcourt, Doyle. Raging with thirst from salt fish. The Bishop, too, asked for water. On being bantered about thirst and salt fish he hid his face in his hands according to his custom. Mrs. Milnes brought me to-day Milnes' portrait.

12*th*.

With Kinglake to Phillips's, Layard, Monti, T. Taylor and others. Home at one. We all put our heads into a picture of which the face had been cut out. I personated Dr. Newman and Bishops under different phases.

Douglas Jerrold, meeting a bore in the street, was asked by him, "Well, Jerrold, is anything going on?"

"Yes," replied Jerrold, "I am."

John Forster came late for dinner: begged ten thousand pardons, but had been made late by "having to stand godfather to one of Dickens's children."

"I hope," said Douglas Jerrold, "that if you gave the child a mug it wasn't your own."

21*st*.

At seven we had to dinner: Lord Lyttelton and Hallam, Major Cator, W. Harcourt, Horace Mansfield, F. Lushington, and in the evening Kate Perry, Mrs. Carlyle, F. Elliot, R. Doyle, M. Milnes, Capt. Sterling, and Mrs. Procter. The dinner was very merry, and someone said it was of Hume that the saying went—"Goes the whole hog and looks the hog he goes."

22*nd*.

Dined at home and afterwards to Carlyle's; very pleasant indeed. He was in high good humour. Said that as a Scotchman he used to have the strongest aversion to Prelacy—but had come to think the Church of England upon the whole about the best thing of the kind going. He spoke in the strongest language about "our best righteousness being filthy rags." He walked home with me.

Lady Ashburton to Mrs. Brookfield :

THE GRANGE,
February, 1853.

Dear Mrs. Brookfield,

I want much to know how you are—and Mr. Brookfield in this bitter weather—I have been laid up ever since it first began with a severe return of Trachea, which I can neither bully nor get rid of apparently by any care. I fear it cannot either quite suit Mr. B.

Have you seen anything of the Carlyles, or Mr. Spedding ?

I saw a long letter from Mr. Clough the other day, longing to come back, but busy there with work and some, not many pupils ; he said Mr. Thackeray was something wonderful, but some of his Lectures had been thought *dangerous* in their tendencies for the Moralities of the young Yankee men ! !

Aunt Harriet's Cabin (as Stafford House is called) is being assisted in its Anti-Slavery Crusade by preachers repudiating altogether the Bible, as true, or moral, or of any authority whatever !

I wonder what my sisters of Stafford House say to these coadjutors.

Yours ever affectionately,
H. M. ASHBURTON.

February 27th. [Diary.]

Met F. in Piccadilly hurrying on. " Oh," said I, " your hurry and impatience shows you are going to church." " No, I am going to a more tempting altar." " What is that ? " " The shrine of Beauty ! " " Why," said Miss Wynn, when I told her, " Why are such things allowed to live ? " Mrs. Carlyle remarked that C. had said (of the same person) that it was to show the fatuity of fashionable life.

28th.

Walked to Brewer Street, p.m., and called on Miss Wynn for an hour, returning, dined at home. To Milnes' in the evening. A rout. Glenelg, Maurice, Carlyles, William Marshalls, Higgins, and many more. Coming away with the Carlyles I told the schoolboy's fable :

" There was once on a time a fox that fell into a well. A rabbit came and looked at him over the well side. Moral. This should teach us to beware of foxes." Carlyle laughed as much as I ever saw him do at anything, and said it was the profoundest piece of moral instruction he had ever heard.

Monday, March 21st.

I heard to-day that a Puseyite schoolmistress was asked by another whether she taught her young ladies to bow at the name of the Evil one as well as the Other. " Why—yes," she replied, " I think it is safer."

The following letter relates to the portrait of Lady Ashburton, which is here reproduced, and which she had for some time promised to Mr. Brookfield :

1st March, 53.

Dear Mr. Brookfield,

The lady in question would recommend silence and patience, nevertheless if that brings no solution which it probably would not do of his question, she can only recommend as the alternative his dipping some day into Bath House, and there inquiring for Mrs. Hannah Blythe.

In its Mysterious Depths known only to her—somewhere—is a portfolio containing several heads such as he demands. Let him choose and carry away that which he requires—only let him beware of mistaking a Bossuet or Fénelon or even Anne of Austria (for of these a sister portfolio contains a collection) and framing such on his wall as The Lady in question. Also he is required as a condition to condemn and destroy by fire, water, tooth, or nail all Photographs, Talbottypes, or other such productions done by one calling himself Antony Sterling as copies of an unauthorized likeness of the above Lady.

H. M. Ashburton.

There is a third alternative : the Lady goes on Monday for three or four days to Town ; he would any evening find a cup of tea, and might take the engrav ng then.

A day or two afterwards Lady Ashburton is calling on Mrs. Brookfield, and evidently talking over "her sister of Stafford," she writes :

Dear Mrs. Brookfield,

I thought after leaving Cadogan Place yesterday that you might perhaps like to see "The meeting" and Stafford House and Mrs. Beecher Stowe. It is no adhesion to her agitation that is given by going there for that I have distinctly refused in all ways, if you would like it I will call for you at half-past two o'clock on the seventh. I do not think it would tire you for you can sit as much as you like.

Affectionately yours,

H. M. Ashburton.

On the 18th of March a son was born to the Brookfields, Arthur Montagu, and Lord Lyttelton became his godfather and Lady Ashburton his godmother. She wrote early in April :

THE GRANGE,
Tuesday night,
April, 1853.

Dear Mrs. Brookfield,

I suppose you are hardly out yet, but if you will give me a cup of tea on Wednesday evening I would propose to come for it as a means of seeing you more certain than a morning visit. We have had a lovely Easter, and a pleasant sociable week of Messrs. Byng and Ellice, Venables, and Carlyle, and Massimo d'Azaglis—for two days in the middle of the week to look at—and I was very sorry when it was all over and the knock of another Grange parting year had sounded for me.

We are to go to Town on Monday for ever and aye.

Yours affectionately,
H. M. ASHBURTON.

April 16*th*.

I sate at 2.30 to Laurence for one and a half hours. Dine at home. Lady Ashburton came to tea. Very pleasing to hear how affectionately she talked of Carlyle. "There is nobody like him," meaning not like him in resemblance—but like him in equality.

It was on this occasion that Mr. Brookfield told Lady Ashburton that she was the only person in the world who dared put a ring through the nose of Carlyle.

21*st*.

At 7 to dine with Lushington at the Oxford and Cambridge Club. Present Venables, Lear, Laurence, Horace Mansfield, and Maine. Exceedingly pleasant and very flattering to an humble individual.

22*nd*.

At home reviewing Easter papers. Dine at home with J., afterwards in a cab to Bath House. Venables, Ellice (the Bear), Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Spedding, Milnes, Lushington, had apparently been dining there.

Milnes asked across the tea-table, "Brookfield, are you to be Jackson's successor at St. James'?" Carlyle peremptorily answered, "No!—he's going to be nothing of the sort," as if repudiating any such arrangement.

May 1*st*.

A Beggar said to me to-day plaintively, "You know, sir, the great object in this life is to accumulate a trifle."

Mrs. Martin, the first time I dined there after old Mr. Kent's death—who dined there very often—exclaimed as she received me, "So, Mr. Brookfield, our dear old friend is gone, but I console myself with thinking that his loss is our gain."

18*th*.

Home by Boat. Dined with the Procters, Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell, Dr. and Mrs. Southey, The Lingens, etc. A good deal of laughing after dinner at some of my Cambridge stories, especially one which had the misfortune to be untrue about some ladies at dinner.

Sir Charles Elton died on 1st of June, 1853. He was one of the ablest men of his age intellectually, and of a genial, happy, affectionate disposition. This bereavement naturally took Mrs. Brookfield away from London for some little time, but the end of July found her again with the Ashburtons. Mr. Brookfield, on this occasion, had tried to arrange that they and the Carlyles should travel to Croydon to Addiscombe Farm together, but Mrs. Carlyle wrote back :

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

I stand amazed before you, as in the presence of The Infinite ! How you can " make wits " this weather ! How you can so much as try it !

Oh, permit *me* at least to be stupid. All I desire of gods or men for the moment is just leave to be as stupid as I please.

In plain prose, then, we will be at the station at one o'clock on Monday,—" if all go well," as Mr. C.'s phrase is, which means intrinsically, if Mr. C. do not contrive to be *too late.*

Hoping there may be no quarrelling or breaking of heads among us before we get back.

Yours faithfully,

JANE CARLYLE.

Oct. 15*th.* [Diary.]

There dined here to-day to honour Lord Ashburton's haunch of red deer, Mr. and Mrs. Procter, Mr. and Mrs. Sandford, Antony Sterling, Sir F. Doyle, Self and Mrs. B. It turned out uncommonly well, all were very cheery, particularly Procter and his wife.

In refusing an invitation for this dinner Mrs. Carlyle

said, " It cannot be, dear Mr. Brookfield, Mr. C. is still ailing from his dinner at Darwin's, and will make no new engagement. For me, I am not in spirit fit for company, having just lost a dear uncle."

Dec. 5th.

Left London with Jane, Magdalene, Arthur, and Maria, for the Grange. H. Taylor and family and the Carlyles were in the same train, but not in the same carriage. At Andover Road a carriage for Ladies and Infants ; an open omnibus for gentlemen and maids, and a break for luggage met us ; with these we arrived at about 4.30. Found Lord and Lady Canning and Lord and Lady Elcho there ; also Lord Mark Kerr dined with us. I sate between Mrs. H. Taylor and Lady Ashburton. Pleasing to see Lady Canning listen to Carlyle. Not much memorable at Dinner. Talked to Lord Ashburton about the Common Knowledge prizes, etc.

6th.

The Grange. Breakfast at 9.45. Lords and Ladies Canning and Elcho had gone at 9. Smoked with Carlyle in the Conservatory. At 12.15 I drove him to the Andover School, and Lord Ashburton arrived soon after. They both staid it out to the end, with much apparent interest. Carlyle put in a few questions of examination here and there in his odd way. " Queen Elizabeth—at what time was she alive in this world, and what did she do ? " It was amusing how he liked to put in his oar. He said they were the nicest children he had seen except at Glasnevin. At dinner Mr. and Mrs. Salmon.

Carlyle at Breakfast to-day came out with—" And upon the whole that is the great object to be attained by every son of Adam, to find a footing where he shall be able to snap his fingers in the face of men and devils." Lady A. made all sorts of fun of this, at which he exclaimed with sham petulance, " Why will you drin harpoons into me and force such cries from me, and then laugh at me all day ; let me be silent." Mr. Henry Taylor at dinner, speaking of Professor Owen, and praising him, said what a pleasant smile he had. " No," said Carlyle, " that is just what I like least about him, an unreal smirk (*mimicking him*), altogether artificial, not the real man at all."

Carlyle acquiesced in the idea set forth by Henry Taylor, that for the most part virtues are hereditary, and that it would be pretty safe to enquire not a servant's character but the character of his family.

I told Carlyle (talking about Sam Wilberforce), how old Hardman had said to old Kent : " Kent, you are cheating ! and you are right ;—you are right to get all you can in this world, for I'll be —— if you get anything in the next."

Carlyle spoke of the above Sam not without liking, but with thorough discrimination. " Oh, I can see well enough by the expression of his eye that he understands that I understand him well enough ; I look upon him as a supple, shifty, clever fellow, who holds his head up and always lights on his legs. I can see he likes me well enough, a good deal better than I like him ; and yet I like the fellow well enough too. He has got all he has by pure soapiness, suppleness, and

sycophancy; but as the Germans say "he does not hold his head down."

7th.

Nobody at dinner to-day but the Carlyles, Taylors, and Lushington. Nothing remarkable. In the evening Lady A. read part of a French Play, obviously well tho' I could not follow it, and a bit of "In Memoriam" hurriedly, and rather as if it bored her. I talked a good deal with Lord A. about the Scheme for Prizes about Common things.

8th.

Walked out with Lushington and Aubrey and Eleanor Taylor to the Farm, admired the fat pigs and then home. Mr. and Mrs. Lowe and Lord Carnarvon came. Mrs. Taylor said at dinner, tears in her eyes, she hoped I liked her husband for I was a great favourite of his.

H. Taylor told at breakfast how some Americans called on Wordsworth at Rydal Mount and said: "I believe, Sir, you are in *the poetic line*." This was apropos to a letter from the New York Library to Carlyle received this morning, offering him £500 if he would go over and deliver six lectures.

9th.

Examination at Grange School. The Bishop of Oxford and Trench came, p.m. The former to stay, but the latter stopped for dinner. There were no other out-door visitors at dinner, which was not remarkable. Lord Carnarvon increases in one's liking. The Bishop's conversation is not really good, and after Carlyle's it is very thin and tinselly.

A child at the school here, writing about a cart.

said, "A cart consists of several parts. Before making a cart it is important to understand how to make it." This Carlyle seized upon, repeating it more than once with unction. I told him it reminded me of his advice to Tom Taylor, who once applied to him for some hints for some lectures he was giving, "Just say what you think, but find out first just what you do think, if that be practicable."

10*th*.

We breakfasted at two tables this morning, which was better. Carlyle and Mrs. at mine. I had stolen C.'s little pipe out of the Moss House called "*Notre dame du Tabac*," and wrote a ludicrous note to C. first thing this morning, to save his going up and being disappointed. Mr. Hibbert and Mr. and Mrs. Bates came to-day. So that we dined (Lady A. absenting herself), Lord A., Lord Carnarvon, Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Hibbert, H. Taylor, and Mrs., Mr. R. Lowe and Mrs., Self and Mrs., Carlyle and Mrs., Bates and Mrs., and F. Lushington.

There was a spar after dinner between the Bishop of Oxford and Carlyle. The Bishop treated some observation of Carlyle's about the Guelphs (in which C. was rather rescuing the Guelphs from obloquy—it arose out of talking of Lord Hervey's Memoirs), with rather more laughter and irreverence than was due from so flimsy to so genuine a man; and contradicted him rather contemptuously as to George II. being a man of some worth. Carlyle was evidently angry—which rather destroyed his fluency and presence of mind; but he maintained his point with some

vehemence—said he had searched such things diligently—and if he (the Bishop) believed all the rubbishy carrion that was left about such and such people "then you, my Lord Bishop, have a great deal more credulity than I have," and such like. The Bishop said "all history—all lives, proved them to have been a low, sensual, etc." Carlyle demanded the name of *one* book. The Bishop talked on, trying to declaim him down, but evidently had no authority, said "If you will give me time and opportunity I will produce evidence," but I considered that he was vanquished.

Carlyle, letting on about the Gorham Controversy, said "That meeting of Solemn Augurs in the street and deliberating for days and weeks about the Chicken bowels was the saddest sight of this Century, and every lie they told was dotted down and will have to pay simple and compound interest before this world has done with it."

11*th*.

I don't remember anything that occurred except that most people went to church to hear the Bishop of Oxford preach, but not I nor Lady A., nor the Carlyles. Bishop of Oxford went over to hear Trench in the afternoon. As he sat between me and Mrs. Henry Taylor to-day I overheard him pretending to be shy and putting on the voice of an absolute lout. She said, "Why don't you come out with us to the drawing-room as soon as dinner is over. He replied in the voice of an innocent, "I'm so ignorant of Society, it's just the thing I might do." No joke intended.

Mr. Brookfield now went off to inspect schools round about the neighbourhood, sometimes he got back for a night, but he did not resume his visit proper till Dec. 20th.

23rd. [Diary.]

The people that have come and gone from Grange during our visit.

Lord and Lady Elcho, Lord and Lady Canning, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Mark Kerr, Bishop of Oxford, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Rev. R. and Mrs. Trench, Mr. and Mrs. Marx, Mr. and Mrs. Salmon, James Spedding, F. Lushington, G. S. Venables, Clough, R. M. Milnes, Mr. Senior, A. W. Kinglake, Mr. Ellice (Bear), Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, H. and Mrs. Taylor, Miss Salmon, Miss Baring, Geraldine Mildmay, Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield, Magdalene, Arthur, Aubrey Taylor, Eleanor Taylor, Ida Taylor.

Saturday, Dec. 24th.

H. Taylor, Clough, and myself read part of Hamlet in the oak room to Mrs. Taylor and Geraldine M.

In the evening at five was a magnificent Xmas Tree, with all the School children and their friends. After assigning a bracelet and brooch to Miss Baring and (absent) Mrs. Carlyle, Lady A. read out M. A. B.'s name first, " daughter of H. M. Inspector, etc."—and gave her a doll with " may you in the language of your respected parent, become as wise as this doll," etc., etc. We had two Charades in the evening, " Plaintiff " and " Cabinet."

Christmas Day. Sate this afternoon and talked very

pleasantly with Lady Ashburton. At dinner to-day. Lord and Lady A., Ellice, Venables, Kinglake, Milnes, Senior, H. Taylor, Mrs. H. Taylor, Mrs. B., Miss Baring, Miss G. Mildmay and myself, 13!

27th.

London. Walked to Carlyle's. Saw Mrs. C. Carlyle absent at Dumfries, where his Mother died, age 85, on Xmas Day. She was a dissenter from the Kirk and a Strong Calvinist.

CHAPTER XII

Knowledge of Common Things. A *canard* concerning Tennyson. The White Cottage. Travellers' tales. Dicky Doyle. Lady Ashburton and George Venables. Loch Luichart. Lady Byron. Smoking. Mrs. Carlyle's anecdotes. Twelfth Day at the Grange. Kinglake. Monckton Milnes. In Scotland. Christmas at the Grange. Mrs. Carlyle. Tennyson's Maud. Guests at the Grange. Carlyle. "Lady A's. Printers." Lord Shaftesbury's Orthodoxy. Society at Nice.

Lady Ashburton, having once admitted the Brookfields into the circle of her intimates, insisted that she should see them constantly; her frequent invitations were mostly for a "month's stay," and at her earnest wish Mr. Brookfield made the Grange his headquarters whenever he was inspecting schools in that neighbourhood.

The idea formulated earlier by Lord Ashburton and Mr. Brookfield, and given out Christmas, 1853, that the working man who received some Knowledge of Common Things in early days was better equipped to face the world than one who had a smattering of uncommon subjects, created something of a sensation. Mr. Brookfield worked it for all it was worth, and endeavoured most especially to interest school teachers themselves in the matter, and Lord Ashburton seconded him handsomely in offering generous prizes to those who should bring to him a synopsis of "the best pack of knowledge a man should take with him through life."

But this wish to incorporate common sense into the

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curriculum of primary schools brought on these pioneers some gentle sarcasm; their friends wrote that inspired by such noble examples they were at that moment "learning to black their own boots."

Back in London early in the year 1854 Mr. Brookfield says "a tale is being told of Alfred and E. Lushington, the latter of whom pronounces French rather *Anglically*, that once when they were at an Hotel in Paris E. L. left Alfred smoking in their sitting-room while he himself went out to read *Galignani*. Wishing his fire to be kept in, he stopped at the *Conciergerie* to say "*Garçon, ne laissez pas sortir le fou (feu).*" "*Plait il?*" "*Le fou, vous savez, le fou qui est dans ma chambre, ne le laissez pas sortir.*" "*Bien, monsieur.*" E. L. went on to read his paper, and in an hour or two returned when the porter accosted him at the gate with, "*Mais, Monsieur, le fracas que nous avons eu avec votre ami le fou! Mon dieu, qu'il était résolu de sortir; mais, ma foi, il n'a pas réussi; dans ce moment ci il est dans votre chambre; et voilà la clef.*"

Feb. 5th. [Diary.]

At home till 2 when Lord Ashburton called. We talked of the Pamphlet, etc., and at 3.30 I walked with him to Bath House. *En route* we passed Carlyle walking with Heyward—who then left him and C. joined us. I poked C. and said, "Tell me what company a man keeps and I will tell you what he is." He said, "Well, I have just left a still worse man, Father Mahony." I did not think this just. Had

afterwards a long talk with Lady Ashburton about confidential things. In the course of which she said with a burst of tears, " I would do anything for those children."

[This fine, bright creature, with her unfailing good spirits, and her capacity for inspiring and cheering others, had ever the sorrow of her own life before her : she lost her only child while he was still an infant.]

19*th*. [Diary.]

At Sterling's (White Cottage) where many people had gathered together because it was his last party before going off for foreign service (to the Crimea). Immense amusement caused by a tableau of " Departure of Baron Brunow " from the *Illustrated London News*, in which William Sterling was Brunow. Bentinck, Milnes, and Cholmondeley, servants ; and Tom Taylor, showman. There were present Lord Goderich, Sir Colin Campbell, F. Lushington, Leach, Money, Milnes, T. Taylor, Morris, Moore, Harcourt, Telford, Brookfield, F. Elliot, Chapman, Blackett, Col. Mansfield, W. Marshall, Venables, Cooke, W. Sterling, Doyle, R. Cholmondeley, Wigan, Hughes, Simpson, Higgins, G. Bentinck, Dupplin, Biggs, Phillips, Leslie, Gray, Shadwell, Sir T. Burke, Millais, Col. Eyre, and about five whose names I've forgotten.

The White Cottage was a great centre of social and intellectual enjoyment, and the resort of most of the notabilities of the day, and Sir Anthony Sterling, the brother of John Sterling, was, amongst other things, an ardent explorer, and loved the society of travellers. One day,

at the White Cottage, Mrs. Brookfield says there was present Trelawney as well as, she thinks, du Chaillu. She sat between these gentlemen, and Trelawney in the course of conversation, said "he had once seen some savages at a meal and asked them in their own language what they were eating? They replied, 'Young woman.' They invited me to join them and partake of the dish, and I did so, and found it was perfectly delicious." Everyone at table naturally disgusted. He said furthermore that he had once crossed the desert disguised as an Arab, that he dressed, behaved, and spoke so perfectly that all the Arabs took him for one of themselves. Du Chaillu, if it were he, upon this, turned to me and said *sotto voce*, "*I* crossed the desert soon after Trelawney. *I* dressed and spoke and behaved very like an Arab, and they all complimented me. But their leader said, 'Another foreigner was here a little while ago, who spoke and bore himself still more like one of us. We were almost deceived into thinking him a sheik from another tribe.' 'How did you discover he was not?' I asked. 'Effendi—we looked at his foot print in the sand and we *espied the corn upon his foot!*'"

11*th March*. [Diary.]

With Doyle to Lynch, the Lithographer, to see his own copy of Laurence's picture of me. Walked thence with him, he very pleasant. He strikes me as having one of the purest minds I ever saw in man, not only never goes out of his way for a nasty idea, but gives it no entertainment when it comes.

A PICTURE OF WOE

In refusing an invitation to a dinner, Doyle once drew for the Brookfields a dainty picture of himself sitting with a dish before him on which reposed *one* small sardine. This was labeled, " Ye Catholic, hys Fryday dinner ! "

April 2nd.

Riding down Rotten Row met Horace Mansfield and Benjamin Gray, the former of whom said that I rode with the ease of a dragoon and the humility of a Christian. He complained of Lord John Russell's interference with the legitimate drama last night by bursting into tears.

When Lady Ashburton was paying visits this summer she wrote concerning a photograph, and, by the way, photography, then in its infancy, was one of the recreations at the Grange that year :

Dear Mr. Brookfield,

I should wish no worse to my bitterest enemy than to have such a likeness taken of him. I have turned it in all directions and can't find a trace of likeness to Mr. Venables in it, but it is very just, and serves him right for having insisted on finding mine " an admirable likeness," and pray tell him so with my compliments, and I trust he will think better another time.

We are very comfortably housed here—the Cannings, Lord Stanley of Alderley, and our host came down all together with us.

Philip Pusey, who has found out and is going to

prove old Herodotus a myth, and Lord Carnarvon, are the only guests staying, but dinner brings twenty-five Crows from Oxford. Yesterday we had all the reformers, to-day all the High Church dine.

My talk! has dwindled into the mildest whisper ending with two notes, of interrogation, and admiration, as expressed chiefly by manner and I find that answers admirably, chiefly the latter note. On the whole, *privately*, they seem to me a desperate set of very ill-looking ruffians, and one man, the image of Newman, was especially pointed out by the Bishop as looking anything of the French Revolution, "not that he is so, but quite the contrary Arnold's favorite reformer." "A man with a conscience?" I asked. "Just so," said the Bishop. You have seen the caricature of Doctor Newman's ascetic gaunt face and figure, there is the man and he is "the come man" to fashion all things as they should be.

I daresay you won't be able to read this for I have no blotting paper, and am drying it with my pocket handkerchief.

Yours affectionately,

H. M. A.

Lady Ashburton and Mr. Venables were particularly good friends and prized each other's opinion very highly. But the first time she met him she said to Mrs. Brookfield "I am disappointed in Mr. Venables. I don't see that he is either clever or witty; but there is one thing though—he is extraordinarily *handsome*."

"I shall tell him what you say," said Mrs. Brookfield.

"For Heaven's sake, do nothing of the kind. A man like that, he'll never forgive me."

But Mrs. Brookfield repeated the conversation word for word, and Venables, delighted, worshipped Lady Ashburton ever afterwards.

To Mrs. Brookfield she wrote early in August not long after they had bought Loch Luichart.

LOCH LUICHART,
DINGWALL, N.B.,
Thursday.

Dear Mrs. Brookfield,

I have very little to write about from this place, where we are in complete solitude, getting a post only three times a week, and unable to get any thing else, even to some rings to put up my curtains! We are eighteen miles from our nearest Town, Dingwall—where you get nothing but Finnen Haddie and a Shandredan—and thirty from Inverness; twenty-eight miles by a Ferry, but as I never cross a Ferry I count it thirty. Our place, on the other hand, is lovely complete Highlands, a beautiful lake at our foot, and beautiful walks through birch woods to it. A very comfortable small house, a nice little garden on a Terrace descending by a steep flight of steps to the Lake, and as to climate I have been obliged to send to Dingwall for two watering pots for my garden! We have seen no one since we came and suppose shall be alone till the Twelfth when civilization begins in these parts. Coaches run. Pianoforte tuners come, etc., etc. I have seen nothing anywhere in Scotland as nice as this and quite defend Lady Anne Mackenzie's passion for it and frenzy when it was sold. The difficulty will be going back home.

Are you still at Clevedon?

Your affectionate,
H. M. A.

Mr. Brookfield landed at Southampton from a trip in France in August. He says he there met Lady Byron. "She seemed to be an exceedingly amiable, gentle woman." One of his friends, the doctors, told him a story of having once sent a nurse to put some leeches upon that lady, which deed they thought even a quite incompetent person might be able to manage, but they were sent for in great haste; the nurse was collapsing, hysterical with fright, because she had "never put a leech upon a titled lady before."

A walk in the autumn to the Bells of Ouseley brought forth the following from Lord Lyttelton:

Bells of Ouseley, softly tinkling
O'er the 'silver-winding' waves,
When old Isis, sunny-twinkling,
Bucks and Berks dividing laves:

Bells of Ouseley, Bells of Ouseley,
Term of sweet suburban walk,
Peer and parson, lounging loosely,
There shall tipple, there shall talk.

Care of Hagley, toils Inspective
Magdalene and Muriel dear,
Drown'd in confab unreflective,
Homely steak, æsthetic beer.

("Æsthetic tea" Sartor Resartus.)

While an invitation to Hagley produced from Mr. Brookfield

"Both board and bed next Monday," claimed
The Chaplain from his Lord.
"The bed you'll find—and while you stay—
Abundance of the bor'd."

The Brookfields went on to Hagley after this, and

stayed over a wedding in the family, and Mr. Brookfield notes that as he took Lady Lyttelton out of the drawing-room one evening she asked him with *intention* if he smoked. He records sadly, " I had done so last night *out of window!* "

At that time there lingered in many families a prejudice against smoking; it was still presumed to be at one with drunkenness, cock-fighting, and other similar *laches*. Mr. Brookfield used to tell a story of how at Crewe Hall he one night, after everybody had gone to bed, stole downstairs, and smoked a pipe in the Conservatory. The following evening, when the guests were about to retire, Lord Crewe (the late), who detested tobacco, advanced and said to him, " The Groom of the Chambers will show you to your room, Mr. Brookfield. I fear you had some difficulty in finding it last night. Please permit him to accompany you," and he was taken off, and locked in his room, for his delinquency.

Nov. 5th. [Diary.]

To old Chelsea Church. An old-fashioned sermon, with a good deal, or a bad deal, about Popery, and all the while I was standing within a few yards of the grave of Sir Thomas More! Called on Mrs. Carlyle, who told me of a Scotsman who, having launched out into extempore eloquence of prayer, and having to pull up rather abruptly, concluded, " And I remain, your obedient servant, James McBriar." She also said she had heard this grace given by a Scotsman invited to ask a blessing, " We are launched upon the stream

of time and are drifting towards the ocean of eternity, through," etc., and that a Scotch Minister once inserted in his prayer, " and especially we would ask Thy blessing upon a noble and ancient family recently settled in our midst " (said family being present in Church) " and to prevent the possibility of mistake allusion is here made to the Right Honourable the Earl of Hopetown."

Carlyle said of Lady A. that she had written to say she would be in London on such a day " D.V." Only Carlyle added " D. never is willing ; entirely declines co-operation on any terms whatever."

The Brookfields were at the Grange again this year from December 15th and onwards.

Dec. 24th. [Diary.]

At the Grange.

Very cheery and pleasant, all composed verses to each other. In the evening was the trick of turning two people out of the room and enveloping two others *all but the eyes* in sheets, the first lot to return and find out who the others were. I was one of the first turned out, and Mrs. H. Taylor and Mrs. B. were the first enveloped, the latter I knew directly, the former not at all.

25th. Christmas Day.

The Charade " Courtship " in the Hall. It was great fun and very amusingly done, but after having fenced about receiving verses, Mrs. Lawrence wife of Col. Lawrence, to whom they had been written, said, " We should not call *those* verses in America."

The Carlyles had been expected to arrive at the Grange this year, but were prevented, but Goldwin Smith and Mr. Ellice were of the numerous party, and Mr. Brookfield notes that "Ellice talked agreeably, though unceasingly, about politics."

31st.

Smoked in the portico with Lord Gifford and Beach at about twelve. I was telling anecdotes to Lord G. about Carlyle, when all at once Beach, seeing that anecdotes were going on, broke in with one utterly irrelevant about Lord Fitzhardinge, the curate and two pointer dogs!

Jan. 1*st*, 1855.

At lunch I was charged by Mrs. Taylor and Lady Ashburton with having no veneration. I said I had veneration enough for my superiors, only unfortunately I could not find them.

I spoke of missing Carlyle less than I had supposed, when Lady A. broke in, "*Oh, nobody is ever missed.*"

2nd.

Lady A. read a letter at breakfast from somebody who said everything needful had now gone to the Crimea except common sense and foresight. Lord Elcho asked her, "Is that from Clarendon?" "No, sir," she replied instantly, "it is from John Smith, Esqre., Bayswater, Middlesex."

3rd.

Joined the *battue* after breakfast. At luncheon Lord A. had sandwiches made of uncooked bacon, which I prayed him to share with me.

At dinner I sate next Dr. Carpenter (there is, besides the staying company, a constant coming and going of people who only remain for a day or two), who was hugely tickled by my story of ponderous, slow-humoured, truthful D. (of Trinity and afterwards of Cheltenham), who said to me one day, "These arguments about the Arian controversy are most perplexing. By Jove, I go to bed an Arian and when I get up next morning I'll be —— if I'm not a Sabellian."

Miss Perry wrote to Mr. Brookfield at this time, "You have the Taylors with you at the Grange. Don't you begin to see why I love him. I hear you grunting out, 'No, I don't see it! But I tell you, jealous man, and even 'boney' you are jealous, *he is lovable.*"

4th.

The ladies went to a "meet of hounds." I, however, went with Lord Elcho down to the water meadows for snipe and enjoyed it very much, finding him very clever and pleasant. Called on Trench.

5th.

Lady A. employed me to secure Thompson staying two days longer.

6th.

At luncheon a twelfth cake. I cut it and by prearrangement I drew King, and Eleanor Taylor Queen. I transferred my Royalty to Aubrey (Taylor), and made Mr. Ellice, Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Grey, High Steward, etc., and we adjourned with billiard

cues for maces to the Hall. R. C. Trench and somebody else walking backwards before Aubrey and Eleanor Taylor. Then came a bullet pudding in the Hall, of which baby (Arthur), under my direction, dislodged the bullet, and I had to recover it. Shakespeare readings every day and Charades at night, together with the game of Bouts Rimés.

12*th*.

Tom Taylor came to-day. We read "As You Like It," and he took Touchstone. I, Orlando, and H. Taylor, Adam; Lady A., Rosalind; and J. O. B., Celia. After dinner a Charade of Tom Taylor's "Borenouse." I was the Bore.

Speaking of the effects of the late revolution upon the nature of the French, Stephen Spring Rice, in a letter to Mr. Brookfield, says:

ALGIERS,
19 *Jan.*, 55.

"I can't believe the Republican spirit has got hold of their minds very much, or that they like calling the old Place Royale, Place du Gouvernement. On the other hand, the upper classes are far away more ceremonious than we are. In society, technically so called, with us, there is a tacit assumption that great observance is unnecessary between two people who are both "*Comme il faut.*" But with the French "*une personne qui se respecte*" (a phrase of which they are very fond) is most careful to fulfil all ceremony towards each other.

Stephen Spring Rice now consumptive and at this time in very bad health, was seeking strength in better air and warmer climes, but he was able to write his

news in spirited and interesting fashion to all friends at home. Later on he says :

" I have been laying in some very pretty Lusitania and have been given some prettier ; this with good sherry and, better Madeira, may enable you and me to support the theory with real effect. I mean the theory we both preach of the immense value of creature comforts. We both preach it, indeed, with such pulpit zeal, that a man might well doubt whether we believe in it."

There is something illuminating in these last words, for though Mr. Brookfield put in black and white the *menu* of almost every dinner he ever ate, he was really a most abstemious man and very simple in his tastes.

Kinglake was giving little dinners to his best friends just then, and the invitation to one of them goes :

" Dear Mrs. Brookfield. I trust you will not disappoint me to-morrow. Since I saw you I have succeeded in securing four women, Mrs. and Miss Procter, Lady Gordon, and Lady Dufferin. You shall be as shy as you like. I rely on Brookfield ! "

Mrs. Brookfield thinks it was on this occasion that Kinglake speaking of a bad notice that had been given to a young author's book, said, " I well recollect the burst of scorn with which the world at first greeted Tennyson, but his Cambridge friends (and none more effectively than my dear friend, your husband) carried him through. And Thackeray's time of probation has been one of about twelve or fourteen years. At about twenty or twenty-one he began offering the public samples of his odd humour, and continued,

I think, to do so for about the period I have assigned, without success." Kinglake admired Mrs. Brookfields' sympathetic charm as well as her style of beauty, which he vowed was of "a loveliness which conquered and subjugated everybody." He never thought a party complete without these two, and his best *mot* was about his reverend friend whose humour always cheered and delighted him. "Ever generous, indulgent, large-minded, Brookfield was never in the least demoralized by taking Holy Orders."

Engaged once to meet a party of ladies (consisting of five) at Hampton Court, Kinglake asked one of the attendants, an Irishman, if five ladies had passed into the garden. "No, Sir," said he, "but there's three just gone in if they would do for the present."

Lord Houghton used to say that Kinglake was as bold a man at arms in literature as ever captured public opinion. The historian of *The War in Crimea* had his mortal antipathies and made no secret of them. He regretted the disuse of duelling and was accustomed to assert that good breeding had suffered in consequence.

The season of '55 was a season of little dinners. Many were the small parties at Bath House, where "Venables, Poodle Byng, G. Bunsen, both the Carlyles and ourselves would stay till late," and "very pleasant they were." Then Kate Perry would write "You *must* come Thursday to our eating meeting, that is the day that will suit best the Carlyles and the Clives. *It is an important matter in giving a dinner that you two should be guests.*" Or, "we dined Chorley,

Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Farrar, Dilke, Thackeray, and ourselves." And, of course, Miss Williams Wynn made her parties for "Milnes, Kinglake, and the Brookfields."

Amongst the many "agreeable rattles" of that most agreeable time, Monckton Milnes shines forth in perfectly unclouded serenity. Always witty, always amiable, always good-natured. His unfailing geniality gained him everybody's approbation and admiration; Spedding, Monteith, all unite upon this. He had, as well as wit and humour, an overflowing love of his fellows, which he was not ashamed to show, and in consequence, was full of thoughtful kindnesses. Chorley in a captious mood (but, be it said, to the surprise of the group about him), did once complain because Milnes had said to Grote and to others that the Established Church was "nice," and he also on that occasion maintained he had been annoyed by Milnes "singing his own songs to Moore."

The Brookfields saw always a good deal of Doyle and of Garden. It was about this time that Garden after preaching in Westminster Abbey said to Brookfield "I don't know how it is for sound, but I think I was heard by the nave." "How about the fool?" was the retort.

In July Mr. Brookfield went into Scotland where he mingled business with pleasure; his wife writes

64 Cadogan Place,
18*th Augt.*, 55.

My dearest William,

I have not much time to write to-day. I send you

an extract sent me by Arthur this morning. I am afraid he has become Editor of a new Paper, the *Daily Telegraph ;* however, I hope he will not lose much by it ; he is most vehement, as you will see, in his admiration of Mr. Gladstone. I saw Kate Perry yesterday, just returned from Lady Scott's ; she has promised to drink tea with me to-night. Mrs. Carlyle paid me a visit yesterday evening, her husband being absent she was able to wander out in the evening air and knew she should find me alone. She was very pleasant and entertaining in her talk, described a visit she had made to Brighton a few days ago and a walk she took to a little village two miles beyond it, where she discovered a charming cottage to be let unfurnished at twelve pounds a year, and no taxes, and she thought Carlyle would have allowed her to engage it, but she found he was resolved against it often as he had wished for a little place to reach easily in the country, and though this was very pretty as well as very cheap.

I hope you will enjoy your visit at Loch Luichart. Give my kind love to Lady A. I hope she is much better than when I saw her at Ladon House. Nothing has happened except an enthusiastic lady's rushing into the drawing room, and crying out "Norah!" on seeing me. She was a cousin of Mrs. Bruce's and did not know they had gone away. She was very handsome and nice-looking, so that it was a cheerful vision in my quiet life. Have you heard from anyone any account of H. Lushington's death ? I have heard nothing beyond the bare announcement in the papers.

God bless you, my dear.

Ever your loving
JANE.

Tennyson dedicated "The Princess" to Henry Lushington, who was his friend and who himself was

a poet. He wrote a book of graceful poems together with Venables, as well as one with his brother Franklin, which were in their day much admired.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

64 CADOGAN PLACE,
5th Sept., 55.

My dearest William,

Uncle Hallam came to breakfast with me yesterday on his way back to Pickhurst, he looked well, but walked more feebly, I thought ; he enquired much after you. I have put off any visit there for the present, as it is so uncertain when you may return and I might just be away the day of your return if I were to go for next week as Julia proposes. Mrs. Cameron took me to see Rosa Bonheur's curious picture of great Dray horses at the French Exhibition in Pall Mall. On our way, in Pall Mall, we met Mr. Thackeray, and he went in to the Exhibition with us, and told us he had been very ill, and had been a good deal out of Town. His daughters were in the Isle of Wight, and he is going to join them there for a few days ; this was last Friday. He put us into our carriage at the door of the Exhibition and bade us good-bye. He goes to America early next month, and I suppose he is still in the Isle of Wight. Mrs. Elliot showed me a beautiful china looking glass he had given her, which had pleased her very much.

I did not think that he looked well. Mrs. Elliot says she has hardly seen anything of him since she returned from abroad.

Good-bye.

Your loving wife,
JANE.

September 15th. [Diary.]

I met Milnes at Buchanan St. Station, and went

to Carstairs, where Garden joined us in the evening. Monteith was excessively agreeable. At midnight we adjourned to the kitchen to smoke.

16*th*. *Sunday*.

Mrs. Woodhouse proposed that I should read service to her, Garden and family having gone to Lanark Episcopal Church, and Monteith and wife to Mass, but I thought this would be a strongish measure, and so went with her and Milnes to Mr. Munro's at Carstairs. Very dull work. Two sermons; one immediately after the other so as to make two services without interval. At 5 p.m. Garden read prayers in the Library, then a walk, then dinner at 7. Ending in the kitchen as usual.

Monckton Milnes says of this visit to Carstairs:

"We were nine at breakfast this morning, and we went to four different places of worship. Monteith, Garden, Brookfield, and myself had a quantity of four-sided talk, and many old events got up and walked and talked before us not without laughter until two in the morning."

But by the 29th Brookfield was back in London again with, as he put it: "his Carlyles, his Lushingtons, his Alfred Tennyson, and his Thackeray and his daughters." He later on gives Lord Lyttelton an account of his Scottish expedition:

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT,
DOWNING STREET,
LONDON,
20*th October*, 1855.

Noble,

The lines are charming, but so like Horace that

I could hear the cane swing and whistle over my head and sting across my shoulders to the finger tips.

I have forwarded them to the Laureate, who doubtless will be gratified both with translation and transmission.

Scotland was a very tidy bit of experience.

I ate trout on Ulleswater for three days. Anon to Cattle Show and Decanal Prog at Carlisle.

I forced fresh air into stale sermons at Lochgilphead (Bishop's of Argyle and Isles).

I ate herrings wriggling fresh from Loch Fyne at Braemar.

I met a flame of twenty years ago surrounded with fat husband and children at the "Rhu" (ominous name), near West Tarbert. She fair as ever.

I was piped to dinner at Malcolm's of Pollalloch near Kilmarton by a real Piper, who moreover marched thrice round the table, piping with all his lungs, when I made the discovery that I was not the only nuisance there.

I have sailed round Mull; have seen a cockney write his foolish name upon the grave of Macbeth at Iona, and heard the same pleasing individual warbling the burden of Villikins and his Dinah in Fingal's Cave at Staffa!!

I have been mercifully preserved (chiefly by fear of the consequences) from kicking no other party than the last-mentioned, when on my asking at Oban of the book-keeper whether the box seat were engaged to Glencoe, Bowbell turned round with a leer and exclaimed "I should be inclined to say it was rather."

I have dined with a real live Scotch Laird in a house unaltered from '45, when most of his ancestors gave practical illustration of "the right man in the right place." [Here a drawing of a man upon a gibbet.]

I have wondered why all the world didn't leave its

foolish babblings and fightings and galvanic sprottlings and come and settle down on the sides of the Caledonian Canal.

I have resided for some days with the charming family of the Bishop of Inverness.

I have stood over the (reputed) Grave of Duncan where " After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

I have eaten for a fortnight (till I began to blush with it) of red deer's meat at the hunting lodge of Lord Ashburton—Kinloch, Luichart, Ross-shire.

I have fished with my Lady—stalked with my Lord.

I have seen the fish-wives of Wick, the Cathedral of Kirkwall. the Northern Lights shooting over the Arctic.

I have been hugged within an inch of my life by a Shetland female who mistook me on landing at her door at midnight for her husband newly returned from Geelong.

I have seen eight hundred herring vessels decorated with flags, which was our first intimation that Sebastopol was taken.

I have spent two days with Stirling of Keir and two with Monteith, which must not be written in other than the whitest chalk.

I have been thanked in public synod of Bishops and Clergy at Edinburgh for the valuable information which I had afforded them in a speech which did not contain two coherent words nor one completed sentence.

I have caught a hedgehog at midnight beneath a bright moon, seven miles from Edinburgh, when I was wandering along a solitary lane after dinner in search of a Rail Road Station. I have brought the monster home and he lives in my garden.

Such, my Lord, are a few of the more prominent facts and experiences which evolved themselves between 23rd July and 28th September, of which the

details and finer shades and grouping may be reserved to enhance that genial repast to which I trust that the Bells of Ouseley may still chime us. With much duty to the best as well as dearest of Ladies,

I am, my Lord,
Yours,
W. H. Brookfield.

Lord Lyttelton had in his usual accomplished and elegant style translated one of Tennyson's poems into admirable Latin, an enthusiastic act, and one more possible of performance then than in these less cultured times.

Mr. Brookfield says he met in Scotland a Mr. Wilson, not a Kirkman, but an obscure Congregationalist, who told him that he had written several letters to the Queen about his schools without getting any answer. Then he went one day to the Post Office—Balmoral (not Crathie) and asked the post master for the Queen's own letter bag, on which the postmaster gave him one which Lord Russell did not know of and therefore could not intercept. He put a letter in it to the Queen, who immediately sent him £25 for his schools, and asked him frequently to dinner and (he being a tee-totaller) pressed him to drink wine " for his stomach's sake and his other infirmities ! "

Towards the end of the year Lady Ashburton wrote to Mr. Brookfield concerning a schoolmistress for her schools.

The Grange,
Alresford.

Dear Mr. B.,

My Cottage *is* furnished. I am too sorry that

Xmas claims your body—your soul inhabits Magdalene so that we shall have—but you will be with us as much as you can, we hope. If the Brown Loaf could roll into Bath House any time next Friday or Saturday before twelve o'clock, Lord A. will be there. It is by no means imperative, only if she is thereabouts it might be a mutual satisfaction.

His Beard, too, is magnificent, tho' Mr. Carlyle writes me *his* is the horror of surrounding Parishes! and, by the way, Mr. Venables writes he has just disposed of a pair of Moustachios which for the last three months have been his pride, and pleasure, and principal occupation.

Yours ever,
H. M. Ashburton.

It was thought at that time his duties would prevent Mr. Brookfield being at the Grange for Christmas. His wife went there early, and on the 18th December writes :—

The Grange,
18*th December*, 55.

My dearest William,

We arrived here yesterday by four o'clock with no let or hindrance.

The children are all right to-day, and were quite happy as soon as they found themselves in the Taylors' old nursery with a nice tea and some little buns for a treat. Lady Ashburton is very kind and both she and Lord A. enquire affectionately after you and hope you will come as soon as you can. Lady A. broke out yesterday with : " Oh, Mrs. Brookfield, I hear all the fine ladies in London are rushing after your husband ; they say he preaches more beautifully than anybody ever did before. Granville has been to hear him and took his Mother, and his Mother is charmed by it."

Besides the Carlyles there are Mr. Portal and Lady Charlotte, who is very pleasant and pretty, too; and the Twistletons and a sister of hers, unaffected and cleverish, and Mr. Harcourt, Mr. Venables, Mr. Jowett, and Miss Baring. Lord Lansdowne was here yesterday at dinner, but I believe he is gone to-day. Nurse has been as affected as usual, but is nice with the children; she begs to dine upstairs with Arthur because if she walks out with them in the morning she will not have time before one o'clock to dress for dinner, and when we arrived and were waiting a few minutes before Mason appeared, she enquired "Where is the Groom of the Chambers, Ma'am?" to show her *savoir faire*, for I was not likely to be better informed than herself.

Mr. Harcourt is most good natured with the children, and dressed Arthur in his great coat just now, making him walk with it trailing along behind him "like a peacock's tail," which baby fully entered into and laughed at heartily. Magdalene is quite at her ease and happy and means to write to you; she is now in the hall with Nurse and Arthur playing Battledore, and I am writing in the drawing-room because Lady A. asked me to come here to sit with her a little as soon as she had finished her own visit to Lady Sandwich, who is in her own room, not very well.

We have the same bedrooms and dressing rooms as last year.

God bless you and Good-bye.

THE GRANGE,
19 *December*, 55.

My dearest William,

All the Parkes (Baron) arrive to-day for breathing time in the midst of assize business. Mr. Jowett has gone to visit the Alfred Tennyson's with a note

from Lady A. begging Alfred to come back with him here about Saturday for a few days, but I suppose he will, as usual, decline.

Mr. Venables goes away that day, I believe, but comes again after Xmas. Mr. Ellice comes on Saturday. The Twistletons are very pleasant, and Mr. Harcourt bears up apparently very well under his broken-off engagement.

I hope you will be here early on Monday, for otherwise the Xmas Tree will be all over, at least it will be all the better, dear, the sooner you can come.

This especial Christmas assembly at the Grange was a noteworthy one; it seems to have had all the "brightness that comes before the gloom," for most of the *habitués* (except Thackeray, who was in America) were present, and all of them in their happiest or most characteristic mood.

Jowett, it seems, was successful, for "Alfred" came; and Mr. Brookfield, too, arrived on the 23rd. He at once notes that Carlyle "smokes like an infant for the pure sin of it," and that in the Conservatory Christmas night, when some one said, "Fine moon to-night, Mr. Carlyle," he replied, "Ay, poor old girl. She's been hanging about this planet off and on for a good number of months now." Also that some one said of Lord Thurlow, "No man ever was so wise as he looked."

Lady Ashburton this Xmas consulted Mrs. Brookfield as to what would be most useful to give to Mrs. Carlyle as a gift from the Xmas Tree, and a silk dress was finally decided upon; but this present seems to have a little angered that lady. She would

not take it; she vowed she was being insulted, and Lady Ashburton at last was forced to seek her in her room, and assure her with tears in her eyes she had not meant to offend. But that slight breeze was the only storm that arose in those days, which says a great deal for Lady Ashburton's cleverness and tact in managing so many warring and diversified temperaments.

Mrs. Brookfield describes Mrs. Carlyle as very slight, neat, erect in figure, animated in expression, with very good eyes and teeth, but with no pretension to beauty. She says, she used "to remain in her own room during the early part of the day, while her husband took his walks accompanied by his admirers. When she did appear she was always especially taken care of by Lady Ashburton, and she expected and was conceded a certain prominence amongst the many other visitors of more or less distinction in that delightful and hospitable house. Mrs. Carlyle's instinct was always to take the lead. At the Grange this was not easy, for the grandeur and brilliancy of our hostess, who, according to Mrs. Twistleton, scattered 'pearls and diamonds whenever she spoke,' made her the first attraction and interest to all around her. In conversation clever and amusing as she often was, Mrs. Carlyle had the fatal propensity of telling her stories at extraordinary length. With her Scotch accent and her perseverance in finishing off every detail, those who were merely friendly acquaintances and not devotees sometimes longed for an abridgment, and perhaps also to have their own turn in the conversation."

January 1*st*, 1856. [Diary.]

Neither Lord nor Lady A. at breakfast this morning nor at dinner, but they appeared a little in the drawing-room.

At dinner we were: Mr. Ellice, Lady Sandwich, Tom Taylor and wife, Venables, Miss Baring, Carlyle and wife, Self and Jane, Carpenter (Dr.), Mr. Rouse.

I took a short walk with Goldwin Smith, Venables, and Tennyson. Smith spoke of Maurice as a talker and writer but no thinker. I said I found a great difficulty in understanding him. Venables said he considerably diminished the difficulty by never reading him.

G. Smith was a good deal shirked by Carlyle, Tennyson, and Venables on account of his having written certain reviews obnoxious to them.

2*nd*.

At one I walked with Goldwin Smith and Carlyle to and past Salmon's, while A. Tennyson read *Maud* to the rest, much to their satisfaction. I found G. S. very instructive. He said that Gladstone had a strong "Voluntary" element about State and Church matters.

Mrs. Brookfield says of this reading:

"Just before the publication of Tennyson's 'Maud,' I was with my husband and children on a visit to Lord and Lady Ashburton at the Grange, in Hampshire. There was a large party staying in the house, when, to our great joy, Alfred Tennyson also arrived and, I think, the next day, the first copy of his latest poem, 'Maud,' was forwarded to him. We were, all of us, of course, eager to hear his new Poem read aloud by

himself, and he most kindly agreed to gratify us. But there were difficulties to be got over. The Carlyles were amongst the guests, and Carlyle could not endure to listen to anyone reading aloud—not even to Alfred Tennyson.

Carlyle was accustomed to take an early walk daily, and to be accompanied by an appreciative companion. What was to be done? All the visitors in the house were presumably anxious to listen to Tennyson's delightful reading. Lord and Lady Ashburton were kept waiting; chairs had been arranged in a quiet sitting room; the visitors (ourselves amongst the number) were taking their places. Alfred was ready. So was Carlyle—in the Hall—waiting for a companion in his walk, and evidently determined not to stir without one. It was quite an anxious moment. We each probably wondered which of us would volunteer to leap into the gulf, as it were, like Quintus Curtius of old. At length Mr. Goldwin Smith generously stepped forward and joined the Philosopher, and then William joined them both, whilst the rest of us remained to listen with enthralled attention to the new words of the Poet."

3rd. [Diary.]

In the Conservatory, speaking of sleep, Carlyle said how he was disturbed at one time by a watchman accustomed to cry "past 3 o'clock, etc.," when instantly a cock next door to him rose, and flapping his wings, cried: "Whatever the hour, here at least I am ready for all comers."

He laughed violently and quoted again and again with reference to Laureates, &c., my story of asking in Airedale for the Poet, and the Ostler going to the yard and shouting "Slush." "Aye, aye, Sir." "Here's a gentleman wants you."

Mrs. Brookfield also says:

"One of these mornings Tennyson came into breakfast rather late, with a perturbed expression of face, his watch in his hand, saying with great gravity: 'My watch has stopped; what am I to do?' We all felt concerned for a moment, then Mr. Fairbairn, with equal gravity, rose from his chair, took the watch from Alfred's hand, asked for his key, wound it up, and silently returned it to its owner. He was wonderfully handsome just then, and of a stately presence, and so simple and good-natured in spite of his great genius and great success. Good-nature is usually treated as a very common-place virtue, the one redeeming quality allowed to an otherwise stupid person; but when it is combined with high genius and fine critical ability, it is a delightful surprise, and this was most conspicuous in Alfred Tennyson. He was thoroughly kind, and sympathetic. To his intimate friends his conversation was full of depth and earnestness on all serious subjects, though from time to time he would amuse them with humorous flights of fancy, amounting almost to exaggeration, which those who knew him well could never misunderstand, but which might easily perplex a new acquaintance! A very delightful and highly cultivated friend of ours, who

belonged to a strictly conventional section of society, once gladly accepted an invitation to meet Tennyson at our house. She had read his poetry with great admiration, and was prepared to make his acquaintance with reverent enthusiasm. He was, when with absolute strangers, very retiring, and the graceful deference of our friend's demeanour towards him did not at first tend to dispel his shyness; later in the evening, however, when Alfred had realised that this lady was an intimate friend of ours, and that we particularly wished that he should make himself agreeable to her, he, with good-natured friendliness, said, 'I could not find anything to say to you before dinner, but now that I have a bottle of port in me, I can talk as much as you like.' My friend was at first rather alarmed at this playful announcement, receiving it as a literal assertion. But she was soon reassured by the serious interest of his conversation, which realised all her expectation."

4th.

There dined to-day Mr. Ellice, Lady A., Carlyle, Wife; Lord Bessborough, Wife; Self, Wife; Spedding, Miss Baring, Tom Taylor, Wife; A. Tennyson, Mr. Mozley, Rev. Mr. Zincke, Lady Sandwich, Mr. Rouse. Mrs. Taylor sang a good deal. "Coolin" was especially pretty.

Mozley spoke of Jowett as a recluse and unacquainted with what was going on. As people were bidding good-night to one another, Carlyle whispered rather loud to me with regard to one who was retiring

to his room : " Who is he at all ? " I whispered in reply, " His name is Zincke." " Oh, Zincke's the name of him. Well, God give Zincke a good night, and may the like of him never cross my path on this planet again for evermore—Zincke ? "
5*th.*

Spedding in the Conservatory quoted as to the Cuckoo :

> "When next you hear that Melancholy bird
> " Remark its note ; which makes a minor third.

Carlyle gave a most ludicrous account of having seen early in life a sight which appeared to him " similitude of many things," viz., a great big uncouth lump of meat and feathers, followed by what in Scotland is called a " titling " (the hedge bird that had hatched the Cuckoo), and which was proud of the mere size of it and anxious as if it was the " apple of its eye."

To Lord Lyttelton Mr. Brookfield wrote :

THE GRANGE,
5 *Jan.*, 1856.

Here we are for Christmas and New Year, of which I wish you and yours abundant returns. We stay ten days more. Present, an atrabilious prophet and perplexed and not too happy wife ; a dusky Laureate, craving stronger port, and coarser flavours generally than the Baronial stratum of Sociogeological formation is wont to furnish ; a frank, cheery mannered Bessborough, with child-loving but childless Lady. How unlike his fortunes herein to those of a noble relation (I think) we wot of. A woman-worshipped and so far rather spoiled Van Artevelde, but very good and true,

loyal and to be loved. A slow-and-sure Spedding, imperturbed unless you touch his Bacon. An inflexible and prepossessed knowledge Mill. Right good, witty, and humorous notwithstanding Venables. Gentle, observant Dicky Doyle. Ursa Major of Coventry, very kindly and universally liked and liking. Lady Sandwich. An able engineer, Fairbairn, whose name not being known on his arrival a whisper was put about by somebody of disproportionate waggery and wisdom that it was "Dr. Taylor, analytical chemist," and devoutly believed. Since which his portmanteau was found to be of offensive enteric odour, and his hat box believed to contain a jar of disinterred stomach. Add to these a present writer of the Styx species and his wife and two offsprings and you have us all. We have lost Bob Lowes, Delanes, Villierses, Tom Taylors, Goldwin Smiths, etc., by the dozens and have gained old H. Drummond, Somerses, etc.

Farewell,
Thine,
W. H. B.

It is not surprising that in this fascinating society Mr. Brookfield should for once have forgotten an appointment. He had promised to dine on a certain day with Mrs. Procter, who wrote on receiving his apology :

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

What a greedy man you are—not content with the land flowing with milk and honey, you envy us our poor little dinner of Pork Chops! Calm your fears, you lost nothing in the way of amusement ; we were as dull as our best friends could desire. . . . . You were asked for the preceding Sunday, and my visit to the Vestry was a reminder. How merry you must be. Carlyle's laugh alone would be

sufficient. It appears to me in Weymouth Street that he would be better employed in finishing the life of Frederick of Prussia and you in the pulpit in Berkeley Chapel. I wonder if I were at the Grange if I should think so.

Yours very gratefully,
ANNE B. PROCTER.

6*th*. [Diary.]

Doing History papers mostly all this visit. Walked with Venables, Spedding, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle.

We played at night the game of Earth, Air, and Water, n which each person has to assume the name of one inhabitant of Earth. Lady A. very characteristically chose (with suitable intonation as she announced her selection in reply to "What fish will you be, what quadruped—what bird?") "A dab, a lamb, a dove." Carlyle, being called upon, replied with inexpressible humour, self scorn, and scorn of all creation—not without a sense of sympathy with the most despised part of it, "I am an Ass." The zeal with which he afterwards played at it, hurling the handkerchief at J. O. B., and rapidly counting to 10 was very humorous.

To Lord Lyttelton Mr. Brookfield presently wrote again:

THE GRANGE,
9th January, 1856.

I am sorry you can't join the Orbilii. It would have been a great thing for them. Ashburton is laid up with gout and dare not undertake.

The Prophetic and the atrabilious are not so many that you could well err. It was the grim Biographer

and no other as you guessed. The drifting of the wife's mind is connected with want of rudder, compass, or polestar in the way of belief. One of many who can believe all sorts of fantastic figments on the evidence of *one* marvel monger (spirit rapping, lath turning and what not—I say these by way of illustration, not that I know whether she gives credence to them in particular), but cannot accept what Christendom has taken from twelve very responsible witnesses. Since I wrote we have Galton, who has slain more rhinoceroses than I have rabbits. Provost Thompson (Queen's) and angel Greek wife, H. Drummond—humorous enough—Sculptor Westmacott, Historic Vaughan, Graphic Doyle, The Industrious Flea (Fleming) came Monday—hopped back this morning.

Goodden,

Still

W. H. B.

The meeting at which he wanted Lord Lyttelton to assist was one connected with Education, a subject which filled his thoughts on all occasions.

He says it was one of these days that " Carlyle sate in an ante-room between the Hall and Drawing room with only Lady Ashburton and himself, his wife, and myself present. From the pitiless inclemency of the day he took occasion to relate how when he was a child of four his parents had given him an earthenware ' thrift pot,' a sort of bottle without mouth, but a slit in the side to slip pennies in. Somehow he was left alone in the house ; there came to door a beggarman, pale, weary, worn, and hungry, dripping with wet.

'I climbed on the kitchen table,' says Carlyle, 'and reached down the thrift pot from its shelf and gave him all that was in it—some fourpence. *I never in all my life felt anything so like Heaven as the pity I had for that man.*' How different this from 'the inward satisfaction and pride resulting from a virtuous action.'"

Speaking of the writer of the "Eikon Basilikon," Carlyle said that he was the most portentously self-righteous mortal ever extant in this planet; that seemed to say to the Almighty in place of asking for His grace and mercy, "Oh, Lord, I have attained to such a pitch of heavenly perfection that I fear it is not even in Thy power to make me any better than I am; but if at any time Thou shouldst find an opportunity for adding a little finish and perfectness to my many excellences I should feel obliged to Thee."

Mrs. Brookfield notes that they talked of "Lady Jersey" in these days, "the most insolent and haughty of women, who called Lady Ashburton's literary friends 'Some of Lady A.'s Printers,' and who said on hearing of a soldier murdering a Colonel in Northumberland Court, 'This comes of Ragged Schools.'"

The above title amused nobody perhaps more than the "Printers" themselves, and Lady Ashburton's reply to it was to announce that her "Printers had become a sort of Order of the Garter." But this was to be the last of the great "gatherings of the clans," as she herself called them, the last time they would ever meet there

under the same conditions, for Lady Ashburton, smitten with a fell disease, had only one other Christmas before her, and that she was obliged to pass in a foreign land. For some unknown reason, though, but perhaps because of the sword hanging over the house, this especial meeting in every way eclipsed all previous ones.

Lady Ashburton was an ideal hostess, for she knew how to make each of her guests happy in his own way. She knew how and when to use the best, the most appreciative or the most encouraging word. She never intruded herself, in fact, she skilfully and cleverly occasionally made herself missed. She would dine in her own apartments an hour or so before a big dinner in order that she might have all her powers to devote to her guests; she made it a rule that she should talk with all, that none should be neglected. These gracious habits oiled wheels already smooth—for so big and rich a place was well enough organized—and caused her assemblies to be models of good management; though this last great one had something more associated with it; there was a wistful affection mixed in with her attention to her friends which everybody felt, though few of them recognised the cause or reason.

Mrs. Brookfield remained at the Grange after all others had departed, but Mr. Brookfield was in London again on the 14th January. He reached home to find Miss Williams Wynn waiting to get him to add something to and take something from a sermon of his own which she much admired. For recreation after this, he says, "he went to St. Philip's to hear Bellew."

Shortly afterwards that lady writes:

43 GREEN ST.

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

What could you expect in these days of War and distress from a highly cultivated, *i.e.*, nervous congregation when you bring forward such imagery at the close of the year—but such an outbreak? I was provoked for you because I knew it was precisely what you would not wish to excite. However, if it wounded some it gave exceeding comfort to others who were of tougher stuff.

As I walked home, three red-faced jovial tradesmen went before me, and I heard one expressing his sentiments, "Now, that is a Sermon I likes, it touches one up a bit, quite affected me." As to Mrs. Carlyle, I believe she *does* feel irritated at any one's going back to the old paths, whom she hoped had left them. She is so restless and uncomfortable in her own convictions that she wishes to persuade others to roam with her, and tries to believe that they are *willing* to do so. No one cares to answer her sweeping declamation against Christianity and the Church, and so she thinks one agrees with her and in consequence every proof of a distinct adherence to certain doctrines annoys her. I believe we all sin in not saying often enough, "I don't agree with you," but it is so much more easy to listen in silence, and I was obliged as the result of my craven heartedness to have a regular explanation and show her that because I could not, and would not argue, or pass the little time we had together in fending and proving, she was not to suppose that *therefore* I shared her opinions.

She has certainly had experience sufficient of the utter ruin that follows the trade of a popular Preacher, how it destroys physically and morally the noblest and the best—*dissenters* (Churchmen, of course, fare

better ?) to induce her to preserve her friends from entering on that career, but in your case I am quite convinced that it was merely annoyance that one to whom she looks up should openly profess a belief which is denied to her. If you had a fitting opportunity, a long walk or so, I wish earnestly you could get her to talk, and do so yourself. I am well aware that any effect upon her must be made at the cost of being scalped yourself, but a thorough bit of self-sacrifice would, I know, not be unpleasant to you. But of all this you are so infinitely a better judge than I am that I only throw out the hint. As to you ever being a Popular Preacher in the usual sense of the word—a white handkerchiefed, spasmodic, wordy individual, I believe you never can be, and I should be wretched if you were, but to be a People's Preacher is no low aim nor one which you need despise. It is a glorious gift to be enabled to satisfy (if even but for one short half hour) the cravings of the rich and the poor, the happy and the sorrowing, and on few is it bestowed ! and after all, this is being a popular preacher.

When you write again do begin in the " forenoon," as Mrs. Carlyle calls it, for I am sure you cut a great deal of matter short which you meant to bestow on me. I like a very long, uncondensed letter, of which I send you a specimen,

I must end, however.

Ever your affectionate

C. Williams Wynn.

I shall write to Jane soon.

Early in March Mrs. Brookfield was back at the Grange again. Her little son had broken his leg, and his godmother would have him there to nurse and pet. She then writes :

2 *March*, 56.

My dearest William,

Thanks for to-day's pleasant letter.

Lady A. says you evidently are afraid of the dulness of this place and that you can't tear yourself away from London Dinners. She is very sorry you can't or "won't" come now but hopes before Easter that you will manage a visit here. You will find probably the Ellices and Mr. Venables here in Passion week. She begged me to-day to stay till Easter Monday. I shall see if it is quite clear that we shall not be in the way. I don't like being so long away from my dear; you will wonder at my sending you such a thick packet, but there is so much about you in Mrs. C.'s letter I can't but let you see it.

I have been a drive to call on Mrs. Turner with Lady A. this afternoon; we went very grandly with four horses and an outrider; this has left little time for writing.

Good-bye, my dear,
God bless you.
Ever thine,
J. O. B.

The Grange,
Monday, 3 *March*, 56.

My dearest William,

Lady A. begs me to ask you to come here soon. She is sure you won't be able to live much longer with the children away from you, she says every day will be equally convenient; you must come whenever it suits you. She asked if Passion week would not be a holyday for you? Cannot you come down? I should be so delighted if you would and Lady A. speaks so very warmly and kindly about it. She is

afraid you may get into some serious scrape if you do not take care about heterodox opinions, and she hopes you won't risk your Inspectorship in the vain attempt to drive common sense into fashionable heads. She did not say that anything more had been reported to her about your preaching but she spoke as if from her own reflection upon the Shaftesbury sermon.

This Shaftesbury incident is one which probably had a disastrous effect upon Mr. Brookfield's career, and may also have had something to do with the sermon to which Miss Wynn refers above. There had been some talk of making him a Bishop, and it was a possible thing as he had influential friends eager that he should be promoted. But one Sunday at Berkeley Chapel he preached a sermon on the "Temptation in the Wilderness," in the course of which he mentioned that it was not absolutely necessary to salvation to believe that Christ was tempted by the conventional physical Devil. On this, Lord Shaftesbury, who was present, rose, hat in hand, and left the Church. He subsequently went to Lord Palmerston and said to him, "We can't make Brookfield a Bishop. It's impossible, *the man's a Freethinker*." The humorous side of this event was as usual the one most clearly seen by the Brookfields and Mrs. Brookfield in urging him to come to the Grange, adds, "Lady A. says the cart for heretics shall meet you any time you like."

Mr. Brookfield used to say, "For a definite and clear belief take Joseph Swinden, gardener at my father's; who held that nobody could be saved who wore short

breeches. He always spoke of his wife as unregenerate, tho' she was a very good woman, brought his dinners regularly, and had a comfortable home for him after his work. One morning at 9 o'clock I went into the garden and found him hoeing turnips. 'How do you do, Joseph?' 'Nay, I'm middling brave, thank the Lord.' 'And how's your wife?' 'My wife? Why, she's been in Hell these five hours and half.' 'Bless me, what do you mean?' 'She died at half-past three this morning.' This same Joseph Swinden thought nobody could be saved who wore pantaloons. I said once to him, 'Now, Joseph, do you think St. Paul wore breeches?' With admirable power of debate he answered, 'I don't know what he wore, Mr. William, but I'll tell what he didn't wear. He didn't wear shirt collars up, velvet waistcoat, gold buttons, blue satin cravate, boots and straps. Strutting about like a crow in a gutter' (describing myself in the year 1830 in detail)."

Mr. Brookfield did go to the Grange this Easter, where there was only a small and very quiet party, and "Philip van Artevelde" wrote to Mrs. Brookfield at the time:

23rd March, 1856.

My dear Mrs. Brookfield,

It was very nice of you to write to Alice, and your letter was very delightful to her and made her gay for the rest of the afternoon and that made others pleasant, so that you did almost as much for our party as if you had descended upon us in the likeness of yourself, and, indeed, in a sort of way that was what you *had* done. . . .

I am glad Arthur is running about again, and especially glad that he is out of your arms (if that be the fact as it ought to be), and I am glad, too, that the Grange has done well for your happiness if not all that could be desired for your health. I am not sure that I can say *I* like the Grange best when there is no one there. If I felt that *she* liked it best, I think I should. But that is what I don't feel in these latter days. She is by nature reserved and I rather think that a life of society in any case is apt to become a life of reserve. And then one is more conscious of reserve when society is removed, and in privacy unreserve must be a more real and serious thing, very different from the gay appearances of it which break out in a conversational *mêlée*. However, I am always happy enough at the Grange, be it full or be it empty, and perhaps in the matter of unreserve as of other things I get as much as I give. For I am not sure that I have not myself become more reserved of late years. I suppose we all do as we get older and wickeder.

God bless you,
Yours sincerely,
HENRY TAYLOR.

The 29th of May they all went to Bath House to see the Fireworks for the Celebration of the peace with Russia. "The Carlyles and the H. Taylors there. Carlyle on the roof, called it all 'Hell and Tommy,'" and lamented that every rocket cost half-a-crown.

31*st*.

Went to a full-dress assembly at Lansdowne House. As I passed Lord Lansdowne I said "Undignified clergymen have no clothes." He replied on the moment: "So much the better," then recovering himself, "I only wish I had any (dignity) to give you."

Chuckling very much. Did not get home till two p.m.

July 3rd.

Went to Bassett to bury Anne Bullar. About the best woman I ever knew. *How much I could say!* Back to London. Dined with Venables. Cook, of *Saturday Review*, W. Harcourt, H. Mansfield, Doyle, Beresford Hope, Garden. Afterwards to Chorley's to fetch Jane. Was introduced to Ristori there.

Before Mrs. Brookfield started for the south of France in November with the Ashburton party, Mr. Brookfield asked Mrs. Carlyle to come one evening to Cadogan Place and meet some friends there, which brought forth the following from her :

Dear Mr. Brookfield,

A Lady (a young authoress in the "Power and Passion" line) has intimated her intention of coming for "three or four hours' quiet talk" to-morrow. You may fancy the state in which that is likely to leave me, even if got over before what you call "evening." But if she do go in time, and if she leave me worth picking up, decidedly I will pick myself up and "clean myself" (as they say in Scotland) my normal state now being all over lime and dust—and go to you—not that I like the two women you mention the least in the world, I find the one *too little* and the other *too large ;* but I like you and your wife and am glad to go and see you without other inducements."

Yours truly,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Mr. Brookfield, armed with letters of introduction to Lord Brougham, etc., followed his wife and family to Nice in December. There he met Lord Gifford, an old friend, who took him off at once for a cruise on his yacht, from the deck of which he wrote to Lord Lyttelton :

ON BOARD THE *Fair Rosamond*,
R.Y.S., SCHOONER,
BETWEEN GENOA AND LEGHORN,
30 *December*, 1856. 4 p.m.

My Lord,

I avail myself of the ample leisure and undistracted opportunity of a calm at sea to relate to your Lordship a few recent particulars of a life in which you have been pleased occasionally to evince more interest than it deserves.

The last sustenance which it derived from British victual was from an egg with toast at Folkestone on the morning of Thursday, December 11th. On the strength of that egg the present writer travelled straight to Paris that day and on the following morning set out for Marseilles, where he ate a *Table d'Hote* on Sunday 14th, and on Monday proceeded by *Diligence* to Nice, arriving Tuesday, 10 a.m. Babes well, Matron moderately so. Ashburtons ill—both. Ellice (the " Bear ") in great preservation. Poodle Byng younger than anybody. Mrs. Poodle older and more foolish than ditto. Lord Ely more sensual looking in face and protuberant if not dropsical in abdominal formation than anybody. Lady Ely more good-natured, pretty and pleasant-looking than ditto.

Lord Dufferin amiable and interesting ; Lady Dufferin of the enchantress order. Then there were flippant but witty and agreeable Elchos—with

gazelle-eyed wives; and Gifford—very much altered from what he was as Preacher's Assistant at St. James's—and now Member for Totnes and owner of the Yacht under whose hospitable—but at present motionless—deck the writer presumes to pen these feeble observations. Lord Gifford—on the arrival of present writer at Nice invited him to join in a trip to Corsica and Sardinia for two or three weeks. Yachts of commodious arrangement and ample larder with agreeable and accomplished skippers are not at the feet of P. W. every day of the week—and he closed with the noble Lord whom he has at this moment in his eye (fast asleep on an easy chair with his feet upon the stove). On Christmas day mince pies were furnished to a small but select circle of guests by Lord Dufferin at the Maison Bosco, and on the following day P. W. and host embarked. For twenty hours they were tossing in what is technically called a calm—but sea made up for want of wind. Nevertheless they reached Genoa at last—and a vastly pretty, interesting town it is. This present Tuesday they came out of harbour at eight, proceeded briskly for a while, but soon the wind fell and now the sun is going down, flooding the western skies in orange, and we lie flapping our wings lazily somewhere off Spezia—not advancing a mile per hour—to which circumstance your Lordship partly owes the infliction of this present tediousness.

Even while I write a squall is coming down topsails—reef foresail and mainsail—. It is all over and no harm done, but was a regular squall on a small scale, very amusing and almost exciting. I got wet through though, and had to rig myself afresh before I could resume. We are now getting on pretty well, and shall probably reach Leghorn to-morrow morning. I hope to be in England by first week in March.

As for Nice I like it not. And yet it is genial and

in many respects likeable. On the whole I must say of it as her grace of Sutherland said of some lady not entirely correct, "For a person that's not quite nice she is so very nice." Duty to Lady.

Your Lordship,

W. H. B.

Leghorn,
31*st December*, 56.

CHAPTER XIII

At Nice. FitzGerald's wife. Mrs. Carlyle and Mrs. Procter. Death of Harriet, Lady Ashburton. Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Brookfield. Mr. Brookfield's Reports. Lear. Highland Life. Landseer. Balmoral and the young Princes. Death of Hallam. Tennyson's success. A visit to Monckton Milnes.

At Nice the season of 1856-57 was a particularly brilliant one, but it was saddened for the Brookfields by the constant and increasing illness of Lady Ashburton, and the knowledge that she was failing every day. As early as January it was decided there was but little hope that her life might be saved.

Mr. Brookfield was back from his cruise with Lord Gifford in time for the festivities "when the Emperor entered the town," but afterwards finding he could be of little use there, went off to Sicily, whence he travelled on to Algiers and its neighbourhood, of which travels he wrote at the time a full and spirited account.

The Brookfields naturally found many old friends in Nice, and they also, according to custom, made many new, and amongst these Lord and Lady Dufferin, who always afterwards remained attached to them. But friends in England did not forget them. Stephen Spring Rice greeted them with:

BOARD OF CUSTOMS,
22 *January*, 57.

Dear W. H. B.,

How can a man who is rotting in Billingsgate write

on equal terms to one who is revelling on the Mediterranean? A man who is crammed to the very eyes with work he hates, to a man who has leisure to work any wickedness his taste approves? A man who is living with a sick wife and nine strong children to one who has left wife and children behind!

I am out of sorts, I feel that in writing to you I am indeed "bestowing tediousness" upon you.

James Spedding has brought out the first Volume of his Bacon. It is a formidable 8vo, 868 pages, and such another volume is to appear monthly till further orders. I shall begin an elaborate study of it so soon as I am superannuated, which may it be soon. The old serpent has arranged that his own part shall come last, so as to give him time. Had Edward FitzGerald married before you left? "I needn't pay a shilling to see her," said he, passing by the show van of the Corpulent Lady the other day, "I can see my own wife any hour." I dined at the Oxbridge with J. Spedding. Present, Kenneth Macaulay, Birkbeck, and a Mr. Cholmondeley, an artist. Mac says he is much better but he has lost much of his vigour, though he flashes fun occasionally. Birkbeck I had not met since December 32—were you born then, my dear Sir? Mr. Cholmondeley admitted he did not know something—in his own art too; this is very unlike the 19th century, when each of us know everything, don't I, don't you? I have found out a place in London where there is morning service without a sermon, and I think I shall desert your ministrations; I don't say your discourses are "better than nothing," which would stamp them as indifferent, but think on the contrary that, "nothing is better than Mr. B.'s teaching." This godly place is St. Barnabas.

I have seen nothing of the Fire Fly since you left. I made her a present of my photograph, at which I

expect you to be shocked; you starched precisian, you man of neckcloths and shoe-ties, you worshipper of the great goddess Conventionality, whose image fell, not down from heaven but was cast in the furnaces of hell, and belched out thence as a sort of brazen avatar Anti-Christ.

I hope you will be tired of your Lords and Ladies and Yachts and *Table d'hôtes* and Venuses and Wild-boars before the time you mention, as otherwise I shall be away when you return. I am going to Torquay, there is a good whist club there, and I can hear the Bishop of Exeter every Saint's Day; what need a man wish for more? I should like to see you before I go to Devonshire or die or do anything of that sort. You say nothing of your wife, doubtless because you know nothing.

I am almost, not quite, ashamed to send this stuff, to be forwarded. I can only add this much truth to all the lies it may contain that I am always your

S. S. R.

And Miss Kate Perry wrote:

13 CHESHAM PLACE, S.W.,
26th January, 57.

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

When we received your last very interesting little scrap, you were rolling and tossing off Elba, and we read it firmly seated in our chairs and exclaiming simultaneously, "Now we will write to Brookie as we know that in a few days he will be at Nice," and writing to you before your arrival there, would indeed have been scattering our thoughts to the winds. The reason I only suppose Jenny* is writing to you, and cannot ascertain the fact either by my ears or my eyes,

* Mrs. Elliot.

30—(2315)

is that she and Frederick are at the Laboucheres'. Last week they were at Woburn, and came back very much impressed with the vastness of the place, and the disagreeability of the London fine ladies who were there, an odious Mrs. S. L. of so violent a temper that she tied her little boy up to the bed post and *flogged him*, whipped is too gentle and feminine a word, —*flogged* him. . . . Tell Arthur this anecdote and then let him go, and kiss his own darling mother, and "Had he told a lie," says Arthur—no, he refused to eat an orange his mother gave him, and ate some cake some one else did. While Jane was there the mother came down in shouts of laughter, because she had terrified the child so much that he hid himself in a dark room and cried for three hours in an agony. I hear old Lady L. says—"it would be better for the child that he were dead." Lady Hislop tells me Mrs. S. L. is very High Church and never misses *matins* or *vespers*, or *evensong*, and that naturally and gracefully conducts me to Miss Richardson's marriage, which took place on Thursday, all the Minto Elliots who were within reach attended it, and everyone went off rejoicing, for it was an excellent marriage. Lady H. says he has £10,000 a year—and I dare say he has 10,000 good qualities also.

Kinglake is up in town, he called here but we missed seeing him. We bid him to a feast of venison but he did not get our note. I hear he is in great force, says he is too late in the field at Newport, and some people find fault with his speech as extra-radical. He has spoken to no one but his maid-of-all-work since we saw him, and he imitates her Somersetshire dialect very funnily; this comes in a roundabout way from Mrs. Procter. The Camerons are going to the Isle of Wight; I had a very pleasant dinner with her the other day when we talked a great deal of our absent friends at

Nice. Thackeray we see very little of as he is always on the move, one day at Bath and another at Brighton ; he has made a much better bargain for himself now, having found a Barnum, and in 3 or 4 months he says he will be able to rest on his oars, having then made enough to endow his daughters. Our girls met them at a ball at Mrs. Reeves' not long ago.

I met Sir Colin Campbell the other day, who seemed charmed with his Prussian expedition, he says they are in a great state of indignation at Court at Sir R. Peel's speech, and people in London are very angry that he has not had a hint to leave the Government. People say that the Princess Lieven may marry Guizot if she likes, but she will never be able to make an *honest* man of him.

It is a long time since I heard from your Jane.

Affectionately yours,

K.

Their little son becoming ill in February, the Brookfields, as he grew better in March, thought it well to travel back slowly towards England, and Miss Wynn hearing that Mr. Brookfield was coming on in advance, wrote :

So there is a chance of seeing Mr. Brookfield.

I wish he would sleep here ! I know Mrs. Procter has two spare beds and I also know how charmed she would be to fill one of them.

We have the longest conversations, and I have at last *bent* her to talk *my* way, and very curious some of our discussions are.

She is a Romanist, and only waits for a *misfortune* to take to it openly (perhaps not on account of her husband). She was very funny as to the effect which she wished that the Protestant Clergy should

produce on her daughters. She evidently looked on them (the Clergy) as a machine for a certain purpose. "Yes, and I know that unfortunately it is impossible that it should be so, but one should like one's children to believe," "that they passed the whole of Sunday in meditation," "and they should pretend to do so at least." I could not help thinking of the fable of the Boys and Frogs. "It is play to you but death to us," as long as it was good acting for the Miss Procters, she cared not a pin, for the harm it was to do the Clergy to have that mass of untruth on their souls, she had a great deal of reason on her side in much that she said, but I cannot go on now.

Ever your affectionate,
C. W. W.

Miss Wynn was wrong, it seems, about her friend's theological position. While that friend writes in her own inimitable way:

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

I owe you many thanks for that charming letter from Nice. It arrived at a moment when I wanted something pleasant particularly. The reason I never answered was that I wished to write the very prettiest letter that you ever had. It was to be lovely, sentimental, clever, and above all to assure you how very much flattered I was by your remembrance of me. You see why I never wrote. I am very glad you have come home again. To find Mrs. Carlyle, I fear, seriously ill. Kinglake has given up his profession, and intends to stand for Cambridge. Has he any chance?

Pray come and see us.

Yours,
Anne B. Procter.

Mr. Brookfield was the attached friend of both Mrs. Procter and Mrs. Carlyle, two women of widely-differing interests and characters, of extraordinary ability and of varying attractiveness. His adaptable and appreciative nature appealed to each of theirs; he knew them well and all that there was to be known,—their outward brusqueness, and their inward strength and sincerity. Possessing each of them strong personalities and abrupt manners; those who did not get within or beneath the reserve with which they enveloped themselves, went in awe—sometimes in fear of them; but Mr. Brookfield's genuine liking for them, together with his unerring instinct with regard to the mood of the moment, put them always at their ease, and made them give him their confidence in return for his esteem.

May 9th. [Diary.]

Dined with the Procters; only the Goldsmidts and Kinglake there. I became ill and Kinglake took me home in Francis Goldsmidt's carriage. He accompanied me upstairs, saw me into bed . . . and began to exhort me to give the attack serious attention . . . reminded me that *my complexion* was getting disagreeably yellow. "You'll have jaundice if you don't mind. Now do attend to it, my dear fellow. *You owe it to your congregation* to preserve your complexion."

Mr. Brookfield had a remarkably fine head of hair, and was not perhaps entirely unconscious of the fact. An old lady who much admired his preaching once

approached Mrs. Brookfield, and with much circumlocution and apology said, "Of course, it doesn't really *matter*, there's nothing *wrong* in it, but it seems to me to create a disillusion, when one perceives such an eloquent and holy man to possess, even so trifling and thoroughly human a weakness. Could you not dear Mrs. Brookfield, persuade your gifted husband to —er—*give up wearing that wig*."

In the last days of April news came to the Brookfields, straight from the death-bed in Paris, that Lady Ashburton was no more. The daughter of George John, sixth Earl of Sandwich, she was one of the brightest lights of her own time: and a woman who would have shone at any period. Grand in manner, brilliant in conversation, quick-witted, in fact exceptionally talented in every way, Lady Ashburton not only attracted the gifted, but having once drawn them to her, kept ever afterwards their friendship and regard. She loved the society of those who by their genius were lifted high above others, because her mind marched better with these than with more ordinary ones; but she was never tempted to vie with them, in fact she gave to all, and especially to Carlyle, "a filial respect and a duteous admiration."

The assemblies at the Grange at no time partook of the Sévigné-de Staël type, were never conferences of high wisdom nor even tournaments of wit; on the contrary, they might rather have been called the relaxations of Giants; for the *literati* there were expected to recreate themselves, while the environment was of such a nature

as to permit great minds to unbend with dignity, tired brains to rest, and wit to pursue an unrestrained course.

Mrs. Brookfield, who deeply deplored the loss of this great friend, says: "To those who knew her intimately, the wise counsels, the tender consideration, and the protection of her faithful friendship were beyond all superficial comparison to "pearls and diamonds" and can never be forgotten."

Carlyle, who sincerely mourned her, called her "A magnanimous and a beautiful soul. . . . A great and irreparable loss to me, yet with some beautiful consolations in it too, a thing that fills my mind since Milnes came to me with the sad news, which I had never once anticipated though warned sometimes vaguely to do so. 'God sanctify my sorrow,' as the pious old phrase went. To her I believe it is a great gain, and the exit has in it as much of noble beauty as well as of pure sadness worthy of such a woman. Adieu, Adieu. . . . She was the greatest lady of rank I ever saw, with the soul of a princess and captainess, had there been any career possible for her but that fashionable one."

Chivalry was not altogether dead even so lately as the middle of the nineteenth century, and the men of the greatest intellect seem to have been those who felt the most crying need for something of the romantic or the heroic in their lives, for the majority of these certainly wore a "lady's sleeve" at one time or the other, and generally for the pure aesthetic pleasure of the thing, as witness Carlyle's devotion to Lady Ashburton and Kinglake's for Lady Duff-Gordon.

11*th*. [Diary.]

Called on Carlyle as to going to the Grange to-morrow to Lady Ashburton's funeral.

12*th*. At the Grange. Stood beside Carlyle at the Grave. There were present, besides ourselves, Lords Clanricarde, Granville, Grey, Sidney, Sandwich, Stanley of Alderley, Ashburton, Bath, Hinchingbrooke, Dufferin, Venables, H. Taylor, Thackeray, Humphrey Mildmay, F. Byng, Ellice, Dean of Westminster.

Mr. Brookfield had a true admiration for Lady Ashburton as well as for her husband, who was a firm friend to him and one always happy to be in his society. A person of great worth and ability himself, Lord Ashburton was proud of the place his wife took in the world and the position she so naturally and gracefully filled there ; he encouraged her in all her enthusiasms, and every little thing she did interested him. Writing once to Mr. Brookfield, he said " Lady A. is as happy, with her changing views and her sunsets, as ever."

May 19*th*.

Charles Hallam Elton, the Brookfields' second son, born. Godfathers, Lord Ashburton and Mr. Hallam ; Godmothers, Mrs. Elliot and Miss Baring.

Mrs. Brookfield, who was somewhat delicate after the birth of her younger son, had by now fulfilled her husband's prophecy, and was endeavouring to write a book, but the latter part of this year began to suffer so severely from " scrivener's cramp " that she

could scarcely use her hand, and her work was accordingly set aside for some little time.

Mr. Brookfield, in Wales in the autumn, used to tell the following incident of his travels :

" Having been over-carried by rail to Mackynleth (South Wales), where I was told I could not recover my ground and be at my former destination (which I had overpassed) before noon the following day—I asked if a *letter* could be delivered earlier. Yes, I was told, if I would write it immediately it would be delivered several hours before I could reach the place. I asked them, " If a letter can go, why can't I ? " " Because," the humorous Welshman said, " you can't put a penny stamp on yourself and be sorted into a little leather bag, and be caught off a pole at midnight by a train going 40 miles an hour, and then be delivered by a letter carrier two or three *hours before you are up*."

Jan. 11*th*, 1858. [Diary.]

I asked Clough to-day what he thought of T— at College. He replied, " Ah, I don't know what grace may have done for him."

The Brookfields were at Lansdowne House a good deal during the season of 1858, Mr. Brookfield, at the dinners, being usually placed between Mrs. Norton and Lady Dufferin.

When Mrs. Norton was first introduced to Mrs. Brookfield it was at Lansdowne House, on which occasion she said, rushing at her with open arms : " Mrs.

Brookfield, I have heard of you, I have read of you, and I have dreamed of you—and at last I see you ! "

They would be there one night, the next at Lord Crewe's, after which they would drop in at Hallam's and then on to Mrs. Elliot's " where a large party." Next night to Sir Erskine Perry's, then on to Lord Stanley of Alderley's. " Where (24th Feb.) all the Whigs just at liberty by change of Ministry. Lady Aylesbury, Lady Brougham, Mrs. Lowe, Lady Dufferin, Mrs. Norton, &c. Mrs. Stanley (Bishop's widow) spoke to me rather flatteringly about sermon of last Sunday."

Mr. Brookfield says of one night at Lansdowne House :

" I was talking to Lord Dufferin about the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce). Lord Lansdowne joined us and said, 'I have often heard his father, William Wilberforce, in the Commons, and think the Bishop quite as eloquent as he was. . . .' One of us observed 'May there not be a little distinction made about the word *eloquent*—might we not often substitute *fluent*, and reserve eloquence for that which produces *emotion*, if not conviction or persuasion ? But whoever in the House of Lords was persuaded of anything,' etc. 'Well . . .' said Lord L., in a characteristically significant manner, 'it must be confessed that an impression has got abroad that the Bishop is not entirely——' (He left the sentence unfinished and turned to some other subject)."

April 24th.

In the evening to Park Chapel, where Mr. Goodheart

said, "Oh, my goodness, I am not sure I am using the exact words of our translation . . . *I am reading from the Greek.*"

May 11*th.*

To Carlyle's, where I sat two hours in great enjoyment.

June 11*th.*

Dined with Procters. Procter and wife. Coventry Patmore, and the Angel in the House, Self, and Jane, and afterwards Miss Martineau.

Barry Cornwall about this time wrote:

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

We are still "climbing trees in the Hesperides," as you will see. The difference is that the daughter is now the active person, and not the father, whose poor old verses you so good-naturedly wrap up in your lawn. I hope that you will like some of the poems and if so that you will read one or two of them to Mrs. Brookfield, and extend their influence throughout the family. I am turning my attention to prose, & have already commenced a lecture, which I hope will attract the attention of scholars (I mean scholars of the young and humble orders). Shall you have an opportunity of reading it, turning it into music in fact—on one of your Inspecting Circuits? I start to-morrow morning for Yorkshire and Northumberland.

Yours ever,

B. W. Procter.

There was no jealousy in Barry Cornwall's remark about his gifted child. There was a beautiful

attachment between the father, a gentle, charming, lovable creature, and the bright, enthusiastic daughter; while each poet with critical approbation admired the poems of the other.

16*th*.

To Kempton Vale with Lord Lyttelton, where we dined at the Robin Hood, and home by 8. In the evening to Lansdowne House. Hottest day in the year.

19*th*.

At home trying to write. Julia Cameron called to *enlever* me to catch up Alfred Tennyson and go home to dine at Putney Heath. Went to P.C.O. and wrote hasty word to Jane, picked up A. T. at Burlington House. Had pleasant evening.

A man of such originality as Mr. Brookfield was naturally unable to send in his Reports to the Privy Council in commonplace fashion. On the contrary, seeing the humorous whenever it transpired, and more than that seeing everything as the humorous only do, he recorded in his own clear style the facts that most struck him; with the result, that though his reports were usually the joy of his friends they presently became the fear of the P.C., who by and bye decided that Inspectors' Reports should no longer be printed.

In '55 Stephen Spring Rice had written concerning the Report of that year: "Were you the man who

discovered the one spot in a lobster's carcase where he can be tickled ? Certainly you have hit upon the best way of pleasing me."

Of school teachers as a body Mr. Brookfield was always full of praise, but he saw that they were hampered by bad traditions, and he was not afraid to say so. To illustrate the ignorance of children, through the assumption of their knowledge of common things, he relates :

" I was once inspecting a school, to speak in slighting terms of which would convey an utterly incorrect impression of its relative quality. As compared with other schools it was a very respectable and thriving institution. The clergyman learned, assiduous, pious, and most deservedly of high position and repute ; beloved in his parish, and esteemed beyond it. The teacher was accomplished, industrious, humble-minded, and zealous in the work. The first class had read a portion of the Sermon on the Mount. I asked them whose were the words they had been reading. No answer. I repeated the question in many varied forms, but still no answer. The clergyman said they could not understand my way of putting the question. I, therefore, showed them some very bad penmanship of my own, which lay upon the table, addressed to the correspondent of the school, and asked whose words those were, and they gave the answer with terrible precision. I asked whose were the words of the sermon they had heard last Sunday ; they replied

(I have no doubt with equal accuracy), 'the clergyman's.' I asked whose were the words of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and they said 'St. Paul's.' I now repeated my first question. 'Who spoke the words of the Sermon on the Mount?' No answer still. The visitors grew uncomfortable; the teacher distressed, and the clergyman, assuring me that the children could answer the question if intelligibly proposed to them, accepted, at my request, the responsibility of putting it. 'Now, my dear children,' he proceeded, 'I am going to ask you precisely the same question as the Inspector, which I am sure you can answer. Who spoke the words of the Sermon on the Mount? But, before answering it, think for a moment who it was, and, as you pronounce His name, make a bow or courtesy of obeisance, for it is written, "At His Name every knee shall bow." So, now, whose words were they?'

I need not add that the question was answered by a shout more accurate, triumphant, and unanimous than reverential; that comfort and good humour were restored, and that I was looked upon as an incompetent and discomfited examiner. But when afterwards alone with the teacher, a frank and candid person, I thought it well to inquire whether it was supposed that the children had been really able to answer the question which I in vain had put to them. No, it was readily acknowledged they had not. Had they ever been told whose words those were? No, most likely not; it had been taken for granted that they knew so simple a thing as that. Would the

The Revd. William Henry Brookfield
At the age of 40.
From the painting by Samuel Laurence.

children ever, of their own accord, have inquired whose they were ? No, it was not in their way to do so.

And yet several of these children would have answered questions far more difficult than any that I should have dreamed of putting to them ; questions in the books of Deuteronomy, or Daniel, or the Epistle to the Hebrews."

Side by side with this Mr. Brookfield tells of the boy who possessed a somewhat unusual knowledge.

" I am tempted to relate a juvenile instance of 'the homage which vice pays to virtue,' through which, however, instinctive predilection betrays itself with a *naïveté* which may not, perhaps, alarm your Lordships so much as it appeared to distress the school authorities. It is my custom to ask the children of a first class to write impromptu upon their slates about different objects which I mention to them, an elephant, a swan, a monkey, etc. To one little boy of eleven years of age I had, perhaps somewhat imprudently, proposed a race-horse. He gave up his slate, inscribed, with very good writing and spelling as follows :

' The race-horse is a noble animal, used very cruel by gentlemen. Races are very bad places. None but wicked people know anything about races. The last Derby was won by Mr. I'Anson's " Blinkbonny," a beautiful filly by " Melbourne," rising four. The odds were twenty to one against her ; thirty started, and she won only by a neck.'

I handed this dissertation to one of the managers. He returned it to me with a perplexed look, saying,

'I am very sorry indeed for this. He was always a very good little boy *till now*.'

"I found that he was the son of an honest and industrious groom, and, notwithstanding the ominous 'till now,' the intelligent and amiable appearance of the child, and the good character I heard of him, give colour to the hope, which charity inclines to cherish, that he may yet clear the treadmill."

Once Mr. Brookfield found himself obliged to set a paper on physical science. "What was I to do? I knew nothing about hydrogen or oxygen or any other 'gen.' So I set them a paper which I called 'applied science.' One of my questions was, 'What would you do to cure a cold in the head?' A young lady answered, 'I should put *my* feet into hot water till *you* were in a profuse perspiration.'"

A letter from Frank Lushington, who had some official position in Corfu, and who was about to give it up as he pined for England, runs:

CORFU,
4th July, 1858.

Dear Mrs. Brookfield,

. . . I fear you never had the opportunity of seeing the two beautiful little Corfu pictures of Lear's which I mentioned to you, as they were not in time for the exhibition. He has returned from Syria very well and very much delighted with his journey in Palestine. He was twice robbed and once within a trifle of being murdered, but those slight drawbacks have only made him the more anxious to go there again and stay there for years drawing everything that is to be drawn. The sketches he has made are many of them very beautiful as well as locally very interesting. I only hope

he may find patrons enough to buy all the Holy Land pictures he wants to paint. I don't know what he will do when I return to England, and indeed he doesn't know himself—he is so fond of the excessive beauty of this country that, although there is much in living here which he dislikes, I am sure he is very unwilling to leave it altogether, and he will not, I think, settle in England for any length of time.

We had the honour of receiving here our lawful sovereign, the King of Greece, two days ago, on which occasion we displayed all the loyalty and all the contempt for our base tyrants, the English, that could be put into the ceremony. I don't blame them—or us—which is it? I mean the Greeks—but the unalterable antipathy between the foreigner and the native in this small place is one of its drawbacks as a place of residence, of which a longer residence makes one only more conscious.

I am glad to hear from Venables of Alfred Tennyson employing himself in writing more Arthur-poems. When he has written and published a whole volume full of them it is to be hoped he will forget or forgive Milnes his unfortunately limited approbation of the two first. In the pursuit of useless knowledge of late I have been reading that huge volume of Mr. Buckle on Civilization, which I think is the most irritating, wicked, unprincipled, illogical, and altogether unsound book I have seen for a long time. Possibly in a colder climate it might not try the reader's temper so much. Have you had the boldness to attack the lengthy monster? For your own sake I should hope not, but I see the *Edinburgh Review* speaks as if nobody could read anything else now-a-days. . . .

Believe me, dear Mrs. Brookfield,

Yours ever,

F. LUSHINGTON.

31—(2315)

On being asked to join a party to Cremorne, Mr. Brookfield wrote :

P. was a priest all shaven and shorn,
Who had done many things that are not to be borne,
And that frighten the starch in episcopal lawn,
He'd have yielded when thrashed more of chaff than of corn.
He drank ale or claret from glass jug or horn.
He had smoked with Spring Rice from midnight till morn.
In short the most blameable parson yet born.
But somewhere and some when a line must be drawn,
And for his part he drew it at going to Cremorne.

And he told about this time :

" Archbishop Whateley came into the Vestry and said to me (it was after sermon ' Temperate in all things.' ' I take the liberty—for I believe it is a liberty —to come in to thank you,' he said, ' for a very,' etc., etc., ' and perhaps the liberty may be the more readily excused from my position in the Church. I once preached that sermon ' (my heart came into my mouth, for I was not certain that I might not have cribbed it), ' but in very inferior language, and I believe we both got the substance of it from the same source, viz., the Apostle Paul.' I lent it after to a clergyman who preached it, and heard it complained of as not being the Gospel."

And that : " Ballantyne, chaffing another barrister, on working in vacation, said, ' What's the use of making so much money—you can't take it with you into the next world, and if you did it would *melt*."

Mr. Brookfield paid a long visit to Scotland in the autumn, which brought forth :

Loch Luichart,
Dingwall, N.B.,
Thursday, 16 *Sep.*, 1858.

My dear Jane,

I went on the Lake with Lady Litchfield. Lord L. was stalking. He is brother of Lady Elcho and very like her. He had great sport and killed two bucks. Same evening arrived Mr. and Lady M. Beaumont. He a rich mine holder in Northumberland, she Lord Clanricarde's daughter, and a fine lady with some cleverness and a great deal of millinery; neither of them adapted to this kind of Highland life, but rather to that of Dunrobin, where people come down to breakfast in frock coats and lavender waistcoats, then change for the hills, gentlemen into tweeds and ladies into lindsey woolseys; then again a new transformation for lunch, and finally they dine in, oh, I don't know what. Here everybody (except Lady M. B.) dresses for breakfast in the vilest costumes and change no more till dinner at seven-thirty. The Litchfields went yesterday, their own forest being only ten miles off. The Beaumonts stay some days longer, and will, I should think, be excessively weary of it. Louise M'Kenzie is invited for the first day that she can come, which (once at liberty at home) will not be long. I don't know that anybody else that I know is expected. Miss Baring is much the pleasantest woman in the house, *i.e.*, nobody could be better than Lady Litchfield for pleasing simplicity, but Miss B. has plenty of brains and breeding and humour besides. It is a week since I wrote to Mrs. Clarke and Lady Airlie; but posts are very untoward here and I shall more likely have word from them to-morrow. If I did not I should still have no difficulty in filling up more time than I wish to spare for the north. But I weary of this life, and would ten times rather be at Brighton.

Sir Edwin Landseer was staying at Loch Luichart at this same time, and Mr. Brookfield notes that he told him : " he could always get the following story out of the Duke of Athol (I don't know which Duke), who always told it with the gravity of fact. The Duke with his Piper were once fishing for pike. He hooked a very large one, but in leaning over the boat side to gaff, the piper let fall two large pistols from his belt—and both fish and pistols were lost in the lake. Two or three years afterwards the Duke was fishing in the same spot and took an enormous pike. It was sent up to the kitchen to be baked. It was put into the oven ; after a while the cook went to see how it was getting on, but had no sooner opened the oven door than—bang ! bang !—and the cook was shot dead. It was the pike who had swallowed the pistols two years ago ! "

The same Duke had invited a guest to stalk deer for one day. Said guest was in his bed awaiting sunrise when he heard a gillie creep along to the Duke's door and knock. " Well, what now ? " said his Grace. " Will I give him a walk or a shot, your Grace ? " " Give him a walk and be —— to him."

Landseer, it seems, once did an engraving of Kate Perry when she was twenty, and of this, she says in a letter to Mrs. Brookfield, " It is greatly flattered, but I can see it was a likeness of me when Landseer was a-wooing. How different my life might have been —my clothes always smelling of oil paint—but he is a delightful companion."

Kate Perry herself was also a " delightful

companion." She was a frail-looking creature who, in her young days, held her head on one side in a humble and deprecatory fashion, looking up through her lashes with admiration at everybody who interested her. But that simple-looking lady with her limpid eyes more than held her own in contests with better-known wits. She was hailed as a fellow by the conversationalists of her circle, and with her gay gossip, sprightly anecdotes, and appealing appearance was welcomed everywhere.

Many a dinner was arranged that she and Landseer might meet. At Landsdowne House they used to be placed side by side or opposite each other, and the people in their near neighbourhood were the lucky ones. She was interesting from her surroundings, but she was quite as interesting in herself.

Miss Kate Perry to Mr. Brookfield :

13 Chesham Place,
21*st September*, 1858.

My dear Mr. Brook—

I never paid a debt more willingly than I do in answering your letter, for I was very anxious to hear if Scotland were doing you good ; if it does not, it will be very ungrateful of it, for I am sure you will do good to Scotland. " At her old ways again," I hear you say, " always flattery ! " Yes, Mr. Mentor, you may rail,

" But e'en at times you men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit."

I am more honest and own to being very grateful for the smallest donation in that line,—but to return to Scotland, if you are not tempted to any great exertions

over heather, or ramble too much about with Loo McKenzie, I am sure the exhilarating air and freedom from all duties will set you up. I look upon a Hill as the best doctor on earth, and a mountain, Esculapius himself—and what pleasant people you seem to be meeting. The sight of Loo McKenzie is a tonic in itself—is she to be Lady A.? They would fit very well, though you who know Lord A. so intimately are a far better judge than I am, who don't know him at all.

After 10 days of West Court we returned to Chesham Place to scramble through the Autumn as well as we can, and having bought a pot of chrysanthemums, and being of a cheerful frame of mind, Jane and I think we shall not be very wretched; having always in mind that it is the undergrowth of small pleasures which is the real antidote to melancholy—perhaps this is the reason why Stephen Spring Rice and Frederick cultivate a beard. To-morrow, if fine, we go by an excursion train to spend 8 hours at Brighton, to see a friend of ours living at 31 Western Cottages, and our poor invalid Mrs. Lloyd, to whom your dear Jane has been all kindness. The only thing against these excursion trains is that they decant you sooner into the next world than one might desire—poor E. Crauford coming from Paris with Oswald the day before yesterday had a terrible fright—there was a collision, 3 carriages smashed, but none of the passengers hurt, as they were able to scramble out in time. Eleanor, like a female Julius Cæsar, secured Oswald's Government despatches, and rushed down a hill with them. Eleanor I called poor at the beginning of this paragraph; I will tell you why. When I asked her if she had made any pleasant acquaintances she said a curious curse attended her. One ball she was just beginning to dance with a charming German, when I. fainted; at another ball she sprained her ankle, and at Baden-Baden,

an old Italian Marquis, who knew everyone, and offered to introduce I. and T. to his friends, had what I would call an awkward *additamente* hanging on his arm—a Miss Walley, a stay-maker, who possessed possibly every stay "save innocence and Heaven," so E. has come home very much disenchanted with the Continent and expresses it in forcible language when she considers herself as cursed by an untoward fate.

Emily Wombwell is in town enjoying the absence of her family; she had a Plymouth brother calling on her yesterday. I made her laugh by telling her of some young lady who once said, meaning a Plymouth brother, that a Yarmouth bloater had just been to see her.

They will be charmed at Raith if you can go, I wonder if you will write to me again.

With love from

Yours affectionately,

KATE.

Miss Louisa Stewart Mackenzie, a great friend of the Brookfields, and a very attractive woman both mentally and physically, *was* to be the second Lady Ashburton, and the wedding took place a little later this same autumn.

Mrs. Brookfield, at Brighton with her children, writes just now:

31 WESTERN COTTAGES,
BRIGHTON,
Monday, 4th October, 1858.

My dearest William,

Henry Taylor arrived unexpectedly this morning, and had early dinner with us. I walked to the House

Agents with him and he tried to get a house with ten bedrooms in it for four pounds four shillings a week, which was not to be found, fourteen pounds being nearer the price, and so he went back to St. Leonards at three thirty with a disappointing account of his expedition. He enquired particularly after you, and will be going to take lodgings in or near London for himself alone from the eleventh October. After he was gone I went and called on Edith and Florence Procter, who were at home. They say their Mother and Adelaide are now working southwards and were at Edinburgh when they wrote last. I can't write more this evening, my hand is so tired.

Your ever-loving wife,
J. O. B.

In her next letter she tells him :

" Mr. Dean called here ; he was talking of your Report, and said it was generally rumoured that in consequence of that special report of yours the Inspectors were no longer to publish them, the authorities having considered you had been dangerously honest in showing up the ignorance and blunders you came across."

Mr. Brookfield to his daughter :

Birk Hall,
Ballater, N.B.,
Tuesday, 5 *Oct.*, '58.

My dear Magdalene,

I did not thank you for the letter with the partridge feathers, but I do now. It was a very nice letter and a great pleasure to me.

I daresay you will be amused with things about what they in this house call " the Children," meaning

the Queen's young folks. I drove with Sir James Clark on Saturday to Balmoral Castle (8 miles off) and the family being out we went about the house. In the room of the two youngest children things were very nearly as simple as if it were for you. Little iron bedsteads, etc., and in one corner of a sofa sate up a china doll exactly like one of yours, with crooked sawdust legs, and in the school room were Magnall's Questions, Markham's History, and Maunder's Treasury. On Sunday we went to the Church that the Queen goes to. There she sate in the gallery exactly opposite us, with Prince Consort, Lady Churchill, and Miss Stopford. Lady Churchill called here next day, while I was out with Lord Cranworth, but I got back just in time to speak to her as she mounted her horse to ride back with General Grey. Then came at the same time in a Carriage with their French and German Governesses Princess Louisa and Prince Arthur. Children with frank, intelligent, and good-natured faces. The little fellow (about eight) enquired who everybody was, and stood on the steps as I went in taking off his cap, very like a little gentleman, as I passed; and afterwards when Mrs. Clark took him into a yard to feed the turkeys, he handed the basket of bits of bread to me, asking me to amuse myself by giving them some also. I asked him when he intended to shoot a stag. I don't think he quite understood the question, for he answered immediately with that guttural "r" which they all have, "It has been a very lucky week the Prince Consort says," meaning that a great many stags had been shot. When they went away the Princess walked up to shake hands with me, just as you would have done, so I shook hands with a little smile and bow and said, "Good morning, Princess Louisa."

I heard nothing from any of you yesterday, but possibly I may to-day at half-past two. At present

it is only one. Prince Alfred (the Sailor) has just come to lunch with Colonel Ponsonby, Doctor Becker, and another. He is a very nice-looking boy of about fourteen, but little. He is gone out for a short walk before lunch, if there is anything to tell I will tell you afterwards.

Six p.m. Viper—Cow—Ape—Spider—Toad—Rat—Pig—Alligator—! Post has come in, and nothing, not even a feather from you.

We have been a little excursion to a waterfall, only four miles off. Prince Alfred drove Sir James Clark, Doctor Becker, and myself, in a dog cart, the rest went on ponies. There is a very narrow bridge made of four separate poles, about six yards long across the Waterfall with no railing, with "fearful Chasms" yawning below. The boy walked across. I was not going to be beaten by a Midshipman and followed. The poles rocked and danced very queerly beneath I must own, but we got over and back again all safe. Colonel Ponsonby followed, but half way across went down on his hands and knees, the rest declined, which I afterwards thought myself an old goose for not doing too. But here I am.

I don't leave this now till Thursday morning, pretty early, and reach Cortachy same evening if all be well.

Leaving this on Thursday morning I shall travel south and south, and by degrees shall reach London. It seems months since I left it. I hear that you have been very happy with your new friends. Good-bye, my dear. All this letter has been about princes and things. Well, I have not much to write about, and there are no princes or princesses I should like to see so much as you.

Ever your affectionate Papa,

W. H. Brookfield.

GLAMIS CASTLE

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

CORTACHY CASTLE,
KIRRIEMUIR, N.B.,
Friday, 8 *Oct.*, 1858.

My dear,

I have received here your letters of the fifth and sixth, and possibly there may be another to-morrow morning.

I got here yesterday evening. Lady Stanley and daughter Maude were here. Lady Airlie arrived soon after from a great wedding at some distance ; Lord Airlie is still in the Deer Forest not returning till Sunday, and I am the only visitor.

We have been to-day to see Glamis Castle, a show place, but the inhabitants there. While sitting in the drawing-room strangers were announced to see the place. I heard my name and it was the Stuart Wortleys. They come here to-morrow to luncheon. I go to Drummond Castle for two days on Wednesday.

I am a good deal tired and nothing has happened to relate. I am very sorry to learn that your hand has been giving you fresh pain ; but pain is perhaps a symptom that would give you less apprehension than numbness would.

Ever yours,
W. H. B.

Mrs. Brookfield was at this time so much absorbed in her young children that her letters—on the rare occasions on which she wrote—partook too much of the nursery to be of interest ; also her right hand was getting worse and worse, and the cramps so constant, that she was forced at last to give up trying to write with it. Realizing that she was in future not likely to be able to use

it much she at last bravely undertook to write with her left, and in a short time she succeeded admirably. She wrote all her books in this way, and continued so to write all her life.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

RAITH,
KIRKCALDY,
20 *Oct.*, 1858.

Dearest Jane,

I started a few minutes after I wrote yesterday with Mrs. Norton, who had resolved to visit Raith same time as myself, not having used an invitation of some weeks ago. We arrived at five, neither of us expected by the servants, for I had only written so that Miss F. would get my note at Camperdown (where they were visiting Lord Camperdown) day before, and they had not yet arrived. The servants, however, showed a well bred freedom from embarrassment, and rooms were presently ready, and host and hostess arrived at six and all was right. Only one visitor, Colonel Dixon, but to-day Sir William and Lady Milnes come. I knew her as Georgina Lumley twenty-three years ago in Yorkshire. She is Lord Scarbro's sister.

I cannot quite decide about going back to Keir (Stirling) for a day or two to-morrow. He is gone to meet Rajah Brooke at his Uncle's, and would very likely bring back the Rajah with him, whom I should like to see.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

KEIR, NEAR DUNBLANE, N.B.,
Saturday, 23 *October*, 1858.

My dear Jane,

I was kept out in a drive yesterday beyond post

time, and to-day I am told that it is no use writing till to-morrow as the letter will lose its time in London, but I risk that and send this line by early post to signify that I came here with Mrs. Norton Thursday afternoon, and found here the Airlies, and Captain and Mrs. Stuart. Yesterday (Friday) the Airlies and Mrs. N. took me to call on Lady Abercrombie, where we walked farther than was good for me, and I feel it to-day. Thence we called on the Episcopal Clergyman of Dunblane (Mr. Malcolm). I was congratulating myself on my name not being mentioned and was sitting silent while Lords and Ladies had the talk when the Clergyman, who appeared to know me very well, reminded me of our having met at Cambridge twenty-six years ago, and I afterwards recalled his person. To-day and yesterday are very fine October weather. Count and Madame and Mdlle. de Flahault arrive to-day, I suppose Lady Shelburne's parents and sister.

Jan. 6th, 1859. [Diary.]

At Uplands, East Sheen (the Taylors). Letters from home brought word of Mr. Hallam being attacked by his last illness. Jane started for Pickhurst.

8th.

Somebody said he had mentioned in Douglas Jerrold's company, "That air," naming one, "always carries me away." "Is there nobody here that can whistle it?" asked Jerrold.

10th.

I went to Pickhurst to-day and saw Mr. Hallam. His memory and speech were very lucid.

18*th*.

At seven to dine with B. Procter to keep his birthday (71 last November, when he could not have the dinner). Present: Procter and Wife, Charles Dickens and Forster, Gaskell, Wilkes, Sir E. Landseer and self. It was excessively pleasant.

Landseer told me it was not Sydney Smith who originated "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" (*i.e.*, sit for his portrait to Landseer). On the contrary, Landseer met Sydney one day lolling in his carriage, with the tips of his right and left fingers and thumbs together, when he beckoned him (L.) to the carriage side and told it him as a *mot* of Lockhart's, adding playfully, "I think I shall take it."

It was Horace Smith who when some one spoke plaintively of such a one having lost his wife, replied, "Lost, nonsense. He knows well enough where she is."

21*st*.

Mr. Hallam died. Jane was present.

27*th*.

At Clevedon for his funeral.

Sate up with Arthur and Julian Young in servants' hall with cigars till twelve, Julian Young relating stories, not so good in themselves, as made to appear by his exceedingly great histrionic skill.

28*th*.

Funeral of Mr. Hallam took place to-day at Clevedon Old Church, attended by Colonel J. F. Cator (afterwards Sir John Lennard, Bt.), Sir A. H. Elton, self, etc. One hearse and four, three mourning carriages, and

pairs. I read the service. Went down after into the grave. They lie thus :

North				South
	H. F. H.		Mr. H.	
	Ellen.	Mrs. H.	A. H. H.	

The will was read at Clevedon Court.

Henry Hallam, son of the Dean of Bristol, and one of England's most intellectual sons, was eighty-three when he died, full of honour and dignity. He was, as Lord Lyttelton says, "a strong and a great man." His mental grasp and his physical vigour were both unrivalled, and the one was perhaps the complement of the other. A sweet-natured man of much sociability, he never allowed the great tasks he engaged upon to interfere with the time he gave to his friends ; his life was so exquisitely regulated that when he left the study after accomplishing the amount of work he had set himself, he was always fresh, cheerful, and urbane. He had a charming humour, and was a handsome, courtly gentleman—fine in his intellect, his character, and his life.

31*st*. [Diary.]

Had a large dinner party. Pollocks, Wigans, Mrs. and Miss Procter, W. Harcourt, and R. Cholmondeley, Chorley, self, and wife, Mrs. B. and children having been to a Christmas Tree at the Thackerays' in the afternoon.

Mr. Brookfield was in the habit of giving in the course of every year several Shakespeare readings. These were remarkably popular, "four or five hundred in the audience," he would sometimes count, and however far away he gave them, it is noticeable that men as well as women friends all eagerly flocked to be present at them.

"Crosby Hall. Ducat scene from 'Shylock' (as he invariably called the Merchant of Venice). 'Bridge of Sighs,' 'Song of the Shirt.' Tremendous applause."

The Brookfields had long been recognised as social attractions, but invitations in '59 so crowded in upon them that they had to divide forces. "Jane to dine with the Thackerays. I to Lord Salisbury's." Generally they went from their big parties on to Mrs. Procter, where they would be sure to meet one or other of the "Set." Monteith, as well as Milnes, was often to be found there. At one dinner at Lansdowne House were "Lord L. and Mrs. Norton, R. Monckton Milnes, and Mrs., Lord and Lady Shelburne, Lord and Lady Edward Thynne, Self and Jane, Thackeray and William Harcourt, Sir Alexander Gordon." And these were the usual sort of gatherings, and there spirit and good humour never seemed to flag. Then there would come a series of meetings with "Alfred," while letters from Spring Rice showed that interest in the Poet was still to the fore in the minds of all his friends.

From S. Spring Rice to Mrs. Brookfield:

Tell me when you write again how you like this

particular vision of yourself. You are looking sad if not stern. It is not exactly the expression with which I should like you to look at me, but the other shown me was a profile, and I hold it the most precious thing in a friend's portrait—that you should be able to look into the eyes. I have carefully hidden away the old one on collodion, though I was glad enough to have it before I had this. . . .

Have you heard anything about the Tennysons lately? Tell me when you write again—though remember knowing what trouble and pain writing is to you, I shall not look to hear from you soon or often. I hear that McMillan has given Alfred £250 for a poem to come out in the next number of his new magazine. What a change! I sometimes feel a sort of amazed perplexity, reaching across a few years to pluck a fragment of the past to compare it with the present. It seems an unreality to recall old times at Cambridge when all the world was ready to laugh at us for our faith in Alfred and to compare it with his present popularity. It reminds one of one of Shelley's similes for the skylark invisible in the blue sky,

> Like a poet hidden
> In the light of thought,
> Singing hymns unbidden
> *Till the world is wrought*
> *To sympathy* with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Two widely different men, Wordsworth and Alfred have fought and won this uphill fight in a more striking way than often happens in a century.

SPRING RICE.

Aug. 16th, 1859. [Diary.]

Left London by three o'clock train with Alfred Tennyson and Palgrave. Found Jane and the children

at Bullar's, where I joined them at dinner. At nine thirty to Tennyson and Palgrave at Radley's for a couple of hours when they were joined by Grove who was going with them to Lisbon. *Alfred had entered his name E. Tennyson, Esq.*

Of this time Lord Tennyson says, "Brookfield kept up my spirits by his tales and his puns," etc., but the poet seems to have listened with deference to his travelled opinion, as well as to his humour, for he was delighted that "Brookfield should give him so good an account of the cleanliness of Seville."

While staying Oct. 15th at Bretton Hall with the Beaumonts, Mr. Brookfield says, "A large party set out for Wentworth Castle at twelve. I lunched alone with the Duc de Richelieu, who charged me with "*Bien des choses à Milnes.*" He went on from there to Fryston and, *en route*, met many *savants* from the Bradford Social Science meeting also going there; they seem to have joined forces.

"Sunday; Fryston Church full. I read, the Curate preached, evidently a pet sermon. I found out afterwards he fancied Lord Palmerston was there. Afternoon I preached—very thin auditory. The Cowpers, Miss Carpenter, Milnes and wife, Hastings and O. Farr. After dinner Milnes read poetry and then a very poor sermon of Sydney Smith's. *Mr.* Milnes read prayers very impressively."

The next evening he and Milnes and wife read

the trial scene from "Merchant of Venice," which "did not seem very effective except that Mrs. Milnes read very prettily indeed. I afterwards read story of Le Fevre, on which Mrs. Jameson complimented me very flatteringly."

Miss Kate Perry to Mr. Brookfield:

LOCH LUICHART,
DINGWALL, N.B.,
30*th Aug.*, 59.

My dear or rather hated Mr. Brookfield,

I have heard of a man without a shadow but a man without a heart is a more frightful distortion of nature; was it not partly by your fulsome descriptions of the charms of Brahan and Loch Luichart that excited my desire to push off from my native land and visit these wild parts. (I firmly believe you sent me here, that I might hear your praises knelled into my ears, for they are like funeral chimes on a defunct friend), and being cast on this desert but most lovely shore without my clothes—for were they not by a clod of earth (a Perth railway porter) sent back to Euston Square, one trunk going one way, and my own corporeal one another, and arriving like a piece of seaweed thrown on the hospitable hearth at Brahan, but where was the letter of tender inquiry from the promoter of this journey, and where, oh, heartless Mrs. Viper Jane! is the answer to my long letter to be? I believe your hearts have crept into empty cockle shells on the beach at Eastbourne, and if so Mrs. Taylor shall devour you with a *bon appetit* at breakfast.

I have been here a week thoroughly delighting in the place, but a weight like the Grampians is now sitting on my shoulders, for the neighbours are pouring in, Louisa

is ill in bed, and *I*—fancy the strangeness of the position and the *queer memories* and odd coincidences and the comicality of life's jest book—sitting in Loo's place before Lord A. entertaining his guests. I go to bed with trembling, I expect the wrathful spectacle of Venables stiffer in his neckcloth than ever he is in life, saying, "What are *you*, Kate Perry, doing here?" You must own it is all *very* strange, and the strangest thing is one gets so soon reconciled to the most wonderful combination of events. Lord A. and I have lived through many breakfasts and dinners together, and some day I will tell you my *theory* of him, I dare say very false, but I should be curious to know if it at all corresponds with yours who know him so much better. I don't think *I* suit him, but we talk on a good deal about everything. I go back to Brahan for another 10 days, and then to Mrs. Bontine.

Brahan I found very beautiful, but I like the wild outline of these hills better. The society part is just beginning; hitherto we have been quite alone taking long walks and drives. The Ashburtons were there all the time, the hand and glove fit capitally, and both seem as happy as people ought to be who are still gathering matrimonial honey. Loo finds new good qualities in him every day and she seems perfectly contented with her lottery ticket,—it certainly is not an 0!

Think of T. L. and W. H. Old Hymen thought he would invent a conundrum when he buckles those two together; if strong contrasts are successful theirs will be a happy knot. Write to me till the 10th at Brahan, after that to Finlaystone, Port Glasgow, but do write *somewhere*.

My dearest love to the dearest of women.

Yours affectionately,

K.

Miss Kate Perry to Mr. Brookfield :

FINLAYSTONE,
PORT GLASGOW,
16*th Sept.*, 59.

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

The first thing my eyes beheld to-day was a very clear and distinct direction written in very fair characters, and I was most delighted to see the said direction.

I left Brahan with a great deal of regret, not only for the place but for its very kind and hospitable inmates. Loch Luichart responds to a certain touch of the romantic which I believe you have detected in me,—the imagination may travel for ever among those barren hills and find no rest for the sole of its foot. What is beyond ? is the great question one is always asking oneself both in the temporal as well as the spiritual world. Why, Sutherland is beyond, you goose, I hear you say—" something still more arid and desolate than what you are looking at," and suppose from one's idle vacant useless life here there is a drearier Land hereafter. At all events at this moment I am in no purgatory, but very happy with Missie Bontine, and she enters into all my enthusiasm about lakes and waterfalls, though familiar with them for the last 7 years ; the Clyde is very lovely. Yesterday we went to Loch Lomond, a lovely day and everything made it one to remember. She is very charming and varied in her intellectual attainments, besides being very pretty, which you know I appreciate in my female friends—it is not many who can boast of having three such friends as Jane Brcokfield, Missie Bontine, Louisa Ashburton, three such women and *one man friend.*

Aubrey de Vere . . .
Hear. Hear. Hear . . .!!!

The Grange parties, under new conditions, now in

1859 began again; they were smaller than in former days, but still interesting, they still had their charm and a new peculiar *cachet*, for Louisa, Lady Ashburton had a sparkle and a geniality all her own.

The Brookfields joined the family group at Christmas, and early in the New Year came the Carlyles, as well as the Monckton Milnes. Mr. Brookfield says he read "Le Fevre" one night, "flat as a plate, no one seemed to like it." He also says, "Carlyle at my request wrote for Mrs. Sumner,

> 'Simon Brodie had a cow.
> He lost his cow and could na' find her;
> When he'd done all that man could do—
> The kuh cam hame wi' her tail behind her."

And asked about a person whom we both knew well. "Had he muckle intill him?" but answered himself, "Deal a muckle excep' what he slappit in wi' a spune."

Jan. 29th.

Fanshawe told me of a woman who speaking about money troubles said to him, "Ah, well! I think it will be all right now. We have the privilege of having employed an attorney who *makes it a matter of prayer*."

Venables said same time he could not understand what the Millennium meant unless it meant that every man would then possess a thousand a year.

Feb. 10th.

Millais said of another painter that "before he undertook to paint a scapegoat he should secure being able to paint a goat at all." So before a man calls himself High Church or Low Church he had better secure being of *the* Church.

April 28th.

Re-wrote sermon on "Little Children" for the Palace to-morrow, having concluded that "Conversion of St. Paul" was too rhetorical for a domestic congregation.

29th.

Preached at 12 at Buckingham Palace. Queen, Prince Consort, Princes Alfred and Arthur, Princesses Alice, Louise, and Helena.

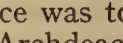
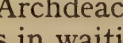
The Dean of Windsor spoke very good naturedly about it. Said in a shy sort of way that he was not in the habit of flattering, but that I had taken the measure of the congregation (meaning as including all conditions) very successfully, and he was sure the Queen would be very much pleased too. He also invited me to Windsor.

Mr. Brookfield to Lord Lyttelton ·

BAFFINSTOWN,
DIOCESE OF NORTH CAPE,
13th March, 1860.

My dear Lord,

I have received with sentiments which a mitred bosom only could appreciate a gift from so distinguished a member of your Lordship's house as that which I have the honour to address. It is true that as your Lordship condescends to intimate—the language in which it is composed is somewhat of the deader character ; and as we of the crozier have not, since the accession of the Shaftesbury dynasty, owed our preferment so much to recondite erudition as to personal excellence, I will not deny the possibility that some of the more delicate beauties of the opuscule may have failed to present

themselves so prominently to my appreciation as might have been the case with a person of more learning and less virtue. I submitted the work to a synod of our order this day, and so much controversy has arisen upon the title page that I fear it may be long before the general merits of the translation can be the subject of synodic decree. His Lordship of Nomansland considered that it referred to some Talmudic legend of an act of Cannibalism perpetrated upon a Patriarch of the Hebrew persuasion by the Moabites, and mentioned in Bar Tehel (Com. tal. Isr. trad. viz. temp. Psal. Gen. c. xiii. vi.), where they are called  or Lot eaters. The Bishop of the new Indian diocese, Chokin-bahd-at, however, opined that the reference was to  or Loot eaters. While the Archdeacon of Spoonsbury applied it to the few brokers in waiting at an Auction to buy up all the articles submitted to public competition. To myself it appears clear that they are all to seek in the matter. I remember Charles Merivale relating Fred Tennyson's first introduction of himself. It was in Hull, and after sitting mute and eating voraciously for twenty minutes Frederick exclaimed to Merivale, " Don't you find that you eat a deuce of a lot ? "

I think that nothing can be clearer than that the reference is to this member of that gifted family, to another member of which I have this day forwarded your Lordship's work.

Your Lordship will kindly be glad to learn that I get on in this remote and hyperborean diocese as profitably as could be expected. The population is not dense, nor the subordinate clergy numerous. But the preferment, though not so good as I could wish, is perhaps better than I deserve. Since my arrival here the sun has risen but once, and has set no oftener, and I can conscientiously say (what few of my order can)

that I have not lost more than a single day since I came.

With repeated thanks I have the honour to remain, My dear Lord,

Your affectionate servant,
W. F. Baffinstown and North Cape.

On this occasion Lord Lyttelton had been translating Tennyson's "Lotos Eaters" into particularly fine Greek, hence the above humorous allusions; but Mr. Brookfield, though prone to rally when in lighter mood, had beneath it all a great and true appreciation of the talents of his erudite friend. And then their friendship was one that allowed of such and similar liberties, for it was a truly remarkable attachment, one which lasted from early days until the end of their lives with absolutely no fluctuations.

Dinners and big parties again all this year, though sometimes now it was whispered that some were "wanting in vivacity," and that others were "too wise by half." They would sometimes too be merciless, and in high good spirits, say of some dear friend, "he tried his joke but he reserved the point."

June 20th.

To Court. Presented by Lord Granville. Went in an omnibus to top of St. James' Street, whence the boy took my things to the Oxford and Cambridge Club, whence with Garden to Vestry of Chapel Royal, where I dressed, paying a tip of five shillings to Mr. Lingard, Sergeant of the C. R. for attendance. Presented at about three. Home by 4.30.

The Brookfields saw so much of the Carlyles that there was not a great correspondence between them, but missing Mrs. Carlyle's presence at the Grange the Christmas of '60, Mr. Brookfield wrote and told her of his sentiments, on which she replied:

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea,
27 *December*, 1860.

Bless me! Dear Mr. Brookfield! Wonders will never cease! Again a letter "all out of your own head," *three years* after the one from Elba! I am struck—not dumb (as you see), but struck any other word you like—say foolish! And that will explain anything and everything that may follow; what will follow I have no more notion than you have, than that quadruped on the hearthrug has! I know I have got a pen in hand to write you a letter; a civil letter deserves a civil answer all the world over. But what about? "*God knows*," which means that nobody else does! The fact is, you see, you are *outside* my natural correspondence. A man who fires off a letter at one from the island of Elba, without rhyme or reason, and *three years* after fires off another from the same principle from the Grange, can't be called a *natural* correspondent, can he? Then for *unnatural* correspondence, Mrs. Ellis, my chosen guide, as you know, has given no rules. Perhaps her simple rules for making conversation might be applied with advantage to unnatural correspondence, "Be careful always to announce a fact, or inculcate a moral sentiment." But, oh, Mr. Brookfield! between man and man, if there be anything I detest more than an announced fact it is just an inculcated moral sentiment! So *that* line is *no go!* Suppose then I address you as "a man and a brother," "open my heart" to you (the woman

idea of making *friendship*). That were touching! and future biographers might make their own of it. But there is one insuperable objection the opening-one's-heart style of writing, that whatever you and I may be, neither of us are born spoonies!

What would you think now of just enquiring after your health, expressing a hope that you are not only *well*, but "*quite well*" (one might emphasise the *quite*, like the Bishop of Oxford)? That I see from your letter that you are flourishing there—*like the green bay tree*—need be no impediment to expressing the deepest interest in the actual state of your health. It is an understood thing that one doesn't feel the interest one expresses about another's health, so there's no humbug in saying "*How* are you, dear Mr. Brookfield? *Are* you well? *Quite* well?" and just see how much paper all that covers! and think what variations might be played on it! and what a harmless topic it is. There, I've written a long enough letter without having decided what to write. Is that very stupid or very clever? I hope the Miss Barings are to stay till we come; tell them. You can't think how good they were to me when I went to them with the strength of half a sparrow. I shall always think if Miss Baring had not taken me away then I should have died the death of Jenkins' hen alone here at Cheyne Row, England. I love them, and Miss Baring should have a Royal Humane Society's medal if she had her due.

Yours kindly,
JANE W. CARLYLE.

CHAPTER XIV

The living of Somerby. A candid friend. Sermon on the death of the Prince Consort. Death of Thackeray. Praise from Queen Victoria. Memories of Lord Macaulay. Mrs. Cameron. A Last Glimpse of Carlyle. Mrs. Brookfield's books. A dinner with Queen Victoria. The Canonry of Ealdland. Somerby. William Henry Brookfield. Mrs. Brookfield's closing years.

The Brookfields passed the Christmas of 1860 and New Year of 1861 at the Grange as well as that of the following year. It is rare to find friendships surviving such a test as the change in the Ashburton household: but these were all rare people. The attachment between them was as strong as ever, and the intercourse almost as frequent, while the Grange parties were practically just as attractive, which fact seems to prove that Lord Ashburton himself must have been an important factor in the friendships of both periods.

For whatever else the "Set" deserved praise the highest admiration must be given to them for their staunchness and their constancy. Most of the members of it had great friendships, true and leal, and some of these in their freshness and their strength as beautiful as any that the early poets have handed down to us.

The first thing Mr. Brookfield noted on reaching

London after the New Year's festivities was that Frederick Maurice told him of one who " thanked God that after thirty years of University sermons he was *still a Christian!*"

This Spring the Brookfields seem to have seen a good deal of Dickens. They invariably went to his readings, and always kept up with him a pleasant if not a particularly close friendship. Dickens consulted Brookfield about a tutor for his son, while Lord Lyttelton, too, craved advice about a school for his own boy.

About this time, Lord Willoughby D'Eresby sounded Mr. Brookfield as to whether he would care to have the living of Somerby, in Lincolnshire, and he, feeling that the perpetual going to and fro in his unsettled state of health, was beginning to grow irksome, was pleased with the offer, and probably accepted it then and there. His Inspectorship though continued on till about 1864-65. Country livings had been offered him before, but as long as he was able to travel about without seriously incapacitating himself he preferred to carry on school work.

On the 27th April, 1861, of a dinner at Lansdowne House, Mr. Brookfield says : " Lady Shelburne would not assign to each gentleman his lady to take into dinner, but said ' Oh, do get in somehow or other or we shall never get any dinner.' So each gentleman tucked up the lady nearest to him under his arm and went in. I, standing next Miss Thellusson, claimed her. She had seen me in public, but being very blind did not know who I was. We presently fell upon Fechter. She expressed her regret that he would go to improve

his English accent by hearing the Revd. T. Chippendale Montesquieu Bellew, and added, 'I wish he would go and hear Brookfield.' I made no answer, upon which she added, 'Did you never hear Brookfield—don't you know who he is?' 'Why,' I said, 'I don't know much about him, but the best I know of him is that he had the honour of bringing you in to dinner.' She turned scarlet, but I set her at ease, and she soon uttered this odd sentiment, 'Oh, I *have* prayed that I might never see you in private to dissipate the illusion of the pulpit.'"

May 22nd.

Dined at home. Went with Jane and Chorley and Mrs. Sartoris to hear Fechter, and from thence with Lady Molesworth to Chorley's to sup. Fechter there next to me and Costa, Leighton, Sartoris, and Mrs. Procter.

June 17th.

Preached at Buckingham Palace before the Queen the King of the Belgians, and the Court.

At the Palace this day Mr. Brookfield must have received the invitation from the Dean of Windsor which brought forth the following lines, written and dispatched to Lord Lyttelton, upon the same date:

17th June, 61.

Says to me the Dean of Windsor
"Come and see my snugsome Deanery
Soon as e'er the Queen begins her
Trip to Highland punch and scenery.

Then I quit this London Palace
With its pomp and its regalia
For what I more dearly values,
Rose and stock and pink and dahlia.

Pack your night shirt in a parcel
By a morning train come down;
You shall roam through court and castle
Dine—then sleep—or back to town."

To the Dean I says, says I, "Sir,
What you plan's uncommon nice;
And it only could be nicer
If you'd suffer my advice.

I'm acquainted with a person,
Which a Baron bold is he;
With him I make my first excursion,
Where—how—whenever that may be.

What if I should bring his Lordship
To revisit boyhood's scenes;
And after, as they say on boardship,
Splice the mainbrace' at the Dean's?"

Says the Dean, "I know the party
With the deepest of respects;
He shall have a welcome hearty
And a pot of double X."

Such verbatim were the phrases
Passed between the Dean and me;
And your Lordship how the case is
Sees as plain as plain can be.

Will you join, then, ere the yellow
Tints of a descending year,
An Autumnal kind of fellow
Over the Decanal beer?

W. H. B.

Mrs. Brookfield was present when a gentleman sitting next to Mrs. Carlyle at dinner insisted that he

had met her before. "It must have been my husband," said Mrs. C. And Mrs. Carlyle told her that night she one night returned late from an evening party when Mr. Carlyle himself opened the door to her. "Oh," I said to him, "we've had such a *happy* evening." I leave to imagination the tone of sepulchral gloom in which he repeated 'Happy!'"

Mr. Brookfield says in July, "I set a girl at school to write about the Comet. She wrote, 'Comets are very useful. They have long tails and are something to talk about. We should get on very badly without comets.'"

About this time he was told the following:

When Owen (Sir Richard, the anatomist) was in humble circumstances at Lancaster he wished to possess himself of the head of a black who was executed there, and repaired to the gaol to procure it after nightfall. Having secured his prize and placed it in a blue bag he was tripping with it down a street which descends somewhat steeply from the prison, and the night being frosty and slippery, and the bag imperfectly tied, Owen slipped, let fall the bag, on which the head fell out and went bounding and bouncing down the street till it arrived at a row of houses at right angles to this steep one, where was a door partly open. Against this door the head cannoned and leaped into the midst of a party of women drinking tea. . . . Owen followed it, secured the thing again and bolted. "I kept my own counsel," said he in relating it. "The woman of the house was the widow of a West India Planter who had been very cruel to his slaves. And she believed

for ever that I was her husband in the likeness of the Devil, compelled to chase negroes' heads in perpetuity—for his unkindness to them."

The first part of January, '62, found Brookfield reading Othello one night at the Grange, while Trench upon the next would be giving extracts from his mother's correspondence.

29*th*.

To P.C.O. Wrote letters. Amongst others one to Dean of Windsor, thanking him for the good office which had indirectly procured my appointment as Chaplain to the Queen. Called *en route* on Lord Chamberlain's office, where Mr. Ponsonby swore me in as Chaplain, and gave me my written appointment. He said it was all a mistake that I had not been made one before, for it had long been fixed, but the Prince's death had delayed it, etc.

30*th*.

Berkeley Chapel. "The Widow's Son of Nain." Called afterwards on Mrs. Norton, who had been a great deal affected by the sermon, which fitted to herself. I sate an hour with her and Mr. Heyward. Called then on the Wickhams, then on the Ashburtons, with whom was Landseer, then on Kate Perry, and so home. Found a note from the Dean of Windsor saying the Queen was extremely touched and pleased by my transcript. "She mentioned it herself to me as one of those from which she had derived the greatest pleasure."

The Queen had some little time before sent for a copy of Mr. Brookfield's sermon upon the death of the Prince Consort.

Rogers, although now drawing towards the end of a long and well amused life, was still to be seen out, and still found pleasure in receiving the selected few at his own house. Mrs. Brookfield was standing by him one day, when a lady came up and said, "You remember me, Mr. Rogers?" "Perfectly," he replied at once. "Who could ever forget you?" Then in an equally loud voice he asked Mrs. Brookfield, "Who is she? Never met her before in my life."

The year 1863 began in a particularly pleasant fashion, the Brookfields went out more than ever, and they saw something, too, of the exiled French princes who were then living at Sheen. Delightful luncheons were given for those princes and for themselves, at which Madame Mohl was usually also present. And there was no falling off at all in old friends, all met or made meetings as usual and with much the same spirit as of yore. "Meet me at breakfast alone" was still an invitation, which meant that the company would not be large but choice. Mrs. Tennyson was writing and urging them to go to Farringford. One time she said to them that "The Old Farmer" had been waiting for them for many days, "Now do be good and come and fetch him. Come any day you can but soon, for Lady Lilford is here, and I am told she is a great friend of yours, and though I say it, it is not an unpleasant place to meet a friend in."

June 17*th*. [Diary.]

Sat an hour with Carlyle, who was very good. Speaking of Ruskin, he said that the last lecture was a sort of set off against the breakdown which he had achieved in consequence of Mrs. M. going with a termagant of a woman called Lady E. to a former lecture on purpose to disconcert him.

26*th*.

Dinner at Milnes'. R. M. and wife, Duc D'Aumale, and Madame Mohl, Lord Dufferin, Lady Marion Alford, Self and Jane, Kinglake and Mrs. Burton. Sate between Madame Mohl and Mrs. Milnes.

Mrs. Brookfield was now writing assiduously and regularly, although her first book did not appear until 1864, but this did not interfere with gay dinners at the Prinseps', "where Tennyson, Mrs. Cameron, Watts, Self, and Jane."

This autumn was passed in preparations for Somerby, and Mr. Brookfield writes to Lord Lyttelton :

2nd October, 1863.

Dear L.L.,

Careering yesterday—I mean day before—and who knows of what importance the date may be when this immortal correspondence comes to be the daily bread of another century—careering on the top of a three-horse coach through the charming suburb of Dulwich, I recognised lanes down which I had strolled the only time before that I had ever been in that quarter in company with an individual of whom now there is scarcely any suburban quarter which would not remind

me. And I resolved to do violence to my habits (which limit themselves almost exclusively to official writing), and ask said individual "what and where he bees." Last time I had speech with him was, I think, in the saloons of the all-embracing many-counselled Willis; since which time—excepting a fortnight at Boulogne and a few days at Somerby—I have been for the most part alone in London. My family are now home again, and I am grinding at the mill as usual. I am one of the few who has been allowed an Inspector's assistant who begins the gin-horse circuit with me in a week. On the whole my employment is considerably more irksome than it was, but with assistant's help may in some degree relapse into its old character. The assistant is a schoolmaster of my own selection. And now where is the Satrap. In Church congress? on School commission? charging at the head of his Yeomanry? or translating Johnny Gilpin into Greek Hexameters.

Adieu,

W. H. B.

Miss C. Wynn here this morning—had seen Lord Houghton (which I find is to be pronounced Howton against analogy) in high spirits.

Miss Kate Perry to Mr. Brookfield:

CHESHAM PLACE,

18*th Sept.*

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

I am so glad to hear from you, that you are so soon coming home. I think you have all been away long enough, and I find all my friends and lovers standing very far off this year. Now and then a stray man or woman passing through London knocks at our door,

and very readily accepts an invitation to eat the family joint. Henry Taylor is our most frequent windfall. He is living in Willie Spring Rice's lodgings and wonders whether SOLITUDE will awaken his MUSE. He dined with us the night before last "all armed and plumed," but that iconoclast, Edward Elliot, (unaccustomed to the contemplation of the Henry Taylors of this earth) suggested to us afterwards that he thought him "rather vain and very affected." This subject naturally leads to poor dear Mrs. Cameron, who is in great trouble, the very day that H. T. came up to town, which was written down in red ink and to be kept as a feast. That same day she discovered her little boy Henry had lost the sight of one eye. Another *small* trouble: she has a nasty old maid staying with her who catechises her as to where she has been, who she has seen, why she is so late for dinner. "You might as well call a swallow to account for its erratic flight, or catch hold of the comet by its long tail and ask it whence it has come."

After a visit to the Horace Smiths I hear Arthur said, "I like the Miss Smith best with the *smallest* nose. How mercifully providence distributes his prepossessions and tastes. I met old Lady Morgan yesterday, who has been at death's door and come out of it in a round hat and feathers—she has taken a new lease of life—renewable 30 years hence.

I hear our friend Sterling is hated in India and was called Satan at the Crimea.

The Christmas of 1863, darkened by the overwhelming shock and sorrow of Thackeray's death, was a terrible one. It was known that he suffered occasionally, but full of success, of fine plans, and of high interests, it

had never been anticipated that the end would come in so awfully sudden a fashion.

This tragedy, which marked a loss for the whole world, was felt outside the great writer's own family, perhaps nowhere so acutely as in the Brookfield household: the friendship between them had been so long and so close, had been hallowed by sorrows and sweetened by joys, by loyal love and by unstinted admiration and appreciation—that grief was of necessity keen and deep.

Mr. Brookfield records the dreadful news simply. "Thackeray is dead," then no other word till a day or so later, when "Called on Mrs. Carmichael Smyth" appears, then again nothing till he "stood between Dickens and Sir James Colville" at the grave of his friend.

Thackeray was missed; and to a greater extent even than might have been expected of one of his high genius and great prominence, and this, not so much because he was loved, as he was loved by all who really knew him, but because with his big heart and "great mass of a soul," he could not help pouring out about him unmeasured draughts of splendid affection, giving copious return for all that was bestowed upon him. Singularly simple, a humble man in matters concerning himself, he paid high homage to his intimates and fitted them all most generously with laurels and with halos. And he not only exalted his chosen ones, but would go, and often went, out of his way to soothe wounds given to them by rougher spirits, always assuming such duties to be but part

of his daily task. Thackeray in all things was grand and staunch and faithful.

When, not so very long before the end, he was asked by his daughter which of his friends he had loved the most, he answered, "Why, dear old Fitz, to be sure—and Brookfield."

Mrs. Brookfield was with his mother and his daughters constantly during this sad time, giving what little there was to be given in the way of comfort, and taking what burdens it was possible to take upon herself. She wrote many a letter detailing the melancholy news to their friends, and Dr. John Brown "Rab and his friends" wrote back on hearing from her:

"This is truly kind. I am grateful to you, and grateful for the condition of these two children. They have the sweet, loving blood of their father, it is very touching what you say of them, meaning to try to be cheerful for his dear sake, who never could bear to see them unhappy, it is as if they still lived in his presence, as perhaps they do, who knows?

I recognised your hand, as the same in which some of his lectures were written. We shall never see such a man and such a friend again, never!"

While Miss Perry, writing to Mrs. Brookfield on this sad occasion, said that Thackeray had in his time told her that the women he loved were six: "His mother and his daughters, Mrs. Elliot, Mrs. Brookfield, and herself," and she goes on to say in the same letter "Ah! You knew him better than anybody else. And he was always so delightful in your presence; I think you have a magic effect upon every one. You, Jane

Brookfield, Jane Elliot, and I, were Thackeray's real friends, and, oh, the comfort he was to us all."

Richard Chevenix Trench (Archbishop of Dublin) wrote to Mr. Brookfield, as many people did, and said, 'I understand that the funeral of our departed friend is to be on Thursday. Can you tell me where, and if the presence of those who honoured and loved him though not bound to him by ties of blood, or of especial intimacy, would be welcome."

The great men of these days were wonderful, not merely in their works, but in their lives and in their friendships. It was not a pose of the time to stand alone in solitary grandeur, or to turn aside to centres where they perforce must shine; they preferred and they received the society of the talented: they lived surrounded by intellect and were plied and fed upon it, and if that in which they became steeped had not always the nature or the calibre of their own genius, it still had something in it that stimulated, and even sometimes assisted to polish their own thought.

Mr. Brookfield to his daughter:

30 Brompton Square, S.W.,
Monday, 11*th July*, 1864.

My Magdalene,

I received with much pleasure your letter from Twyford Moors as I lay in bed at the Windsor Deanery this morning. I had arrived there Saturday evening while Dean and Wife were out dining five miles off, and I went straight to bed. Sunday at about twelve thirty I preached to the Household. The Queen and

other Royalties being present. Sir George Grey and Sir James Clarke were also there. The Dean is rather a brusque, John Bull, veracious sort of man, who cannot grimace and pay compliments, or I should take as mere words, of course, his saying that the Queen had been very much pleased with, etc., etc., and had expressed herself about it in a manner unusual with her. She had engaged to go at six o'clock to inspect an old Chapel called the Wolsey Chapel, attached to St. George's Cathedral (it is not exactly a cathedral though), which she is restoring and decorating in memory of Prince Consort. She sent to desire that I would meet her there. I did so, and she came with Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louis of Hesse (Alice that was), &c. Princess Louis began with me at once, in the most good-natured way, "We were dining Saturday with some great friends of yours, M. Van de Weyer." The Queen said "You gave a most beautiful sermon, Mr. Brookfield, this morning, as also at Buckingham Palace some time ago." She proceeded to talk about one or two topics in the sermon, and then about the architecture of the Chapel, and the interview somehow came to an end by her turning to speak to some one else. It is the custom of the Queen to dine in private with the Royal family and only one or two very distinguished or very intimate friends. Yesterday only Sir George Grey and the Dean and his Wife dined with her. But I was informed that it was a marked distinction to be commanded to dine with the Servants, which I did at eight. They were

Footman	.. Lord Cremorne
Groom.. ..	.. General Seymour
Groom, second ..	.. Colonel Seymour
Valet	.. Hon. Major Harding
Apothecary ..	.. Sir James Clarke

Chambermaid	Lady Caledon
Chambermaid to Princess of Wales	Lady Carmarthen
Parlour Maid	Lady C. Barrington

I sate between the two last-mentioned menials. It was a very good dinner, much like any other in rich people's Houses.

Good-bye, my dear,
Yours most affectionately,
W. H. Brookfield.

Miss Kate Perry to Mr. Brookfield :

Minto House,
Hawick, N.B.

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

When the fine day came it did so in no niggardly manner—it was as smart as a Duchess, all airs and graces, and sunny smiles. Then we drove far and wide, and saw a great deal of beautiful wild scenery and saw " the banks and braes o' bonny Doon," which looked as bright and fair to me as it did to Burns' broken heart. I daresay Burns' heart would have mended itself if he had gone home and eaten the good dinners I did, for Clem has a great idea that however miserable one's soul may be, another less romantic portion of one's being is not to suffer. With this good air, good food, and many other good gifts, I quite recovered my lost strength and came away an able bodied woman. After Clem, I went to the E. Russell's, in Perthshire, also very pleasant, salmon-fishing, pearl-diving visit,—the Tay presenting sometimes with our first course (still harping, you see, on the lower part of my nature), sometimes a pearl not priceless, but really very pretty ones, *very rarely* amounting to the

value of £30. From thence I proceeded here, where I find a very beautiful place—an immense house and a very pleasant interior. Lady Minto is a charming hostess, and I really admire her the more that I could not do it, for entertaining a large company day after day, and never get aweary, and wishing herself hung to a door nail, as George Lewis once told me he should do had he to make people happy in his own house. I arrived here with William Harcourt, whom I found at the station, and we joined not our hands but our luggage and, to the great amusement of the world here, appeared Darby and Joan together; he was very pleasant and particularly good humoured. The servants, I believe, imagine we are privately married, for they have twice come to me to ask me to take possession of some articles he has left behind.

Give my dear love to your wife and May. The illness of poor Spring Rice grieves me deeply; how narrow becomes the circle of old friends. More than ever it makes me prize those who are left and none more than your dear selves.

Yours affectionately,
KATE.

Mr. Brookfield says:

"At the marriage of Lucy Lyttelton to Lord Frederick Cavendish—at which I officiated—we all had to defile into the Jerusalem chamber through a very low little arched door called the needle's eye. Lord Houghton was walking behind us. A good many eyes and ears having nothing better to do were upon us. Lord H. said to me, loud enough to be heard, 'Lord Overstone will never get through,' and being

a tall man he did in effect come in contact with the masonry, which caused a laugh. I said, 'You'll see I shall whip through easily enough.' But when another minute brought me to the test, miscalculating the height I bumped my head violently against the arch, for which I got no pity, only a laugh. 'Somebody,' said Lord H., 'has left you a legacy.'"

After a delightful visit to Hagley Mr. Brookfield wrote Lord Lyttelton the following :

30 Brompton Square, S.W.,
Thursday, 22nd December, 1864.

My Lord,

Will you kindly direct that search may be made in the chamber which I had recently the honour to occupy at Hagley for a Topaz stock-buckle—set in pale gold—value 173 guineas, an heirloom in our family, from Hugo Plantagenet, an imbecile brother of Geoffrey—entirely past over in History—but not the less my lineal ancestor.

Not that in any human probability such a jewel will be found, nor that (to be pedantically accurate) I ever lost or even possessed such a one, but I am not so old-fashioned as to write announcing safe arrival after a pleasant visit without some independent pretext—hence the Topaz stock-buckle.

It would not be politic, however, to confess to an over-pleasant visit, for it seems to be pretty well settled that " a pleasant visit " is merely a formula for a visit where one has had all or most of the talking to one's self. Whether this be true of myself—for even a single hour—either at Hagley or Stourbridge I leave it to the candid observer to decide.

Better, therefore, to complain that the sojourn has had its disagreeable results. It is disagreeable to feel one's self two feet shorter in consequence of sitting amidst Anakim for a week ; disagreeable never to be able to read aloud again for want of the Rector's cheering laugh, having once tasted that encouragement ; disagreeable to miss the —— of one ; the —— of another ; the —— of a third, and so on ; disagreeable, in short, to come away, but Mrs. Ellis was so very pressing that we may be looked for back again for a few months almost any day. Jane, I, and children reached home with rather fewer than the average number of collisions.

All to your lordship,
W. H. B.

At the end of 1864 Mr. Brookfield wrote in his diary :

" It is interesting to recall *the last word* which you can remember to have actually heard from remarkable people. The last time that I was in the same room with Macaulay was at a large dinner—perhaps of 20—at Lord Belper's. Old Lord Lansdowne and Macaulay were seated together at the lower end of the table. I was between two ladies at the opposite end of the diagonal. Macaulay had a wonderful power of hearing trivial things even at a dinner table—a more crucial experiment on the power of hearing than a 74 in a sea fight. I had rejected some curry which was handed round, and explained to my neighbours that I liked curry well enough, but knew that a man was regarded worse than a heathen or a publican who ate potato with curry, and I hated rice, and so as I could not

eat it like an Indian, must not eat it at all, upon which a somewhat formal and preaching voice, but distinctly audible and musically modulated and undulating with the due expression (characterised, too, by a slight lisp, which his sister, Lady Trevelyan, retains), 'the reason that the Indian eats rice with his curry is that rice is the vegetable of the country. Give the Indian the potato and he will eat potato with his curry.'

So at a dinner at Mr. Hallam's once I said to my neighbour in quite a low voice, 'I forget when Southcote died.' Instantly from the opposite side of the table came Macaulay's voice, forming a parenthesis—most likely very *irrelevant* to what he was saying to his neighbour, 'Johanna Southcote died in 1815.'

It was probably at the same dinner that there sate on my right the Rev. R. L——, incumbent of the church close by. He was incapable of vivacity, but he treated me with laborious affability all through dinner till about when cheese hove in sight, when he asked me something about India, to which I replied that I could only speak of it from hearsay. Upon which he asked, 'But am I not speaking to Major Richardson?'

'No,' I said, 'I lament that I can't present myself to you under any higher name than that of Brookfield, an Inspector of Schools.' He did not speak to me again the whole evening—nor afterwards when we met in the street.

At a Poulterer's in Southwark I lately saw a Board with the following advertisement in large written

letters: 'We have on sale fine live Ostend Rabbits. Parties desirous of one will be killed and trussed for roasting in less than 5 minutes.' Also in the same neighbourhood, 'No Popery. The Rev. Dr. Mangles will deliver a *curse* of Lectures on Popery at the Horns, Kennington, etc.'"

Mrs. Carlyle to Mr. Brookfield:

5 Cheyne Row,
Saturday, 25th Feb., 65.

Dear Mr. Brookfield,

You are very absurd,—a great merit, let me tell you, in these sensible times! But you must not come *to-night!* You must come to-morrow night or Monday night, because, you see, there are two "terrible blockheads" coming to-night by their own appointment, and Mr. C. says he "wouldn't for any consideration have Brookfield there along with such a pair of Jackasses!" I suggested that the very Jackassness of the people might amuse you. But he declared, "No! No! such a combination is not to be thought of!"

You *will* come to-morrow evening? Or Monday? We shall be going away presently to Seaton now the weather is auspicious. But Lady Ashburton was to fix the day.

Truly yours,
Jane Carlyle.

Lord Ashburton died very soon after this, but Lady Ashburton continued to keep up the intimacy with the Carlyles and Brookfields as long as they lived. Often she wrote and begged them all to go together to her at Mentone and Carlyle once went.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

28th April, 1865.

My dear,

The American tragedy (assassination of President Lincoln) is tremendous. I am very sorry. But beside an odd sort of regard for the somewhat likeable humourist, Lincoln, I mean, it comes at a moment when it may be of immeasureable mischief in exasperating North against the subdued South, and a much less well disposed chief-magistrate may succeed him.

Your friend,

W. H. B.

Early in the May of this year Stephen Spring Rice died, beloved and regretted. A charming companion, with a quaint and pleasant humour as well as a serious attractiveness all his own, he was worthy of his friends high regard and affection. Aubrey de Vere was his close companion, and he, it seems, was with him at the last.

Sir Henry Taylor, who had the task of breaking the sad news to Lord Monteagle, says to Mrs. Brookfield, " I doubted if I had been gradual enough, but it is difficult to find any way of communicating such a fact by degrees and generally speaking nature does all that can be done to break it, by making it to be slowly apprehended, however told."

Once, in the midst of an attack of illness, Stephen Spring Rice wrote to Mr. Brookfield, " I am as fond of your wife as if she were my sister, but the habits of society don't admit of my telling her so, and acting

according. You may think the habits of society rather infringed by my saying to you, what I could not say to her."

Miss Kate Perry to Mr. Brookfield :

33 Hans Place,
3rd Nov., 1865.

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

I ask and ask and ask, " Where is Mr. Brookfield ? " The answer is " Alone at Somerby." It seems to me dreary ; can I make it less so for 3 minutes, by writing and telling you all the crumbs of gossip that fall from the rich men's tables ; we ignore the poor, nor care for their ways, and can only write about such folk as Lady Ashburton and the Sturges—and even my brother Erskine and those whom I look upon as tremendous swells,—does not Erskine give dinners with a French cook to preside ? and then drive here a high-stepping horse and a groom with a cockade and white shining boots. In fact, I look out of the window of my humble retreat and wonder at the riches and splendour of my friends and relations. My own little home is very pretty—but better than pretty (as the nurses say to the children), it is good, it is warm, it does not smoke (except the kitchen now and then when the wind is in the east), it is cheerful, it is clean, and comfortable. Now, had I been like many other ladies of my mid period of life seeking for a husband, and found one with the attributes of this house, I should think I had drawn a prize,—a clean, comfortable, cheerful man, who only smoked when there was a North easter ! As I can't find the man, I rejoice in the house, and long to see you sitting in it ; as yet very few people have sat in it, and I have had time to read Carlyle, Lecky, Miss

34—(2315)

Berry's life, Buckle, and very much the *Times*, so as yet I have had no leisure but I wonder whether I shall get tired of myself. The only bore one can't cut. I pay your dear wife little visits, creep stealthily into the house, as I know there is no real danger of my infecting any one now.

Of our old set I have seen Kinglake, Edward Lear, Henry Taylor, Emily Wombwell, Mrs. Cameron, who came to town to nurse poor Julia, who has been very nearly leaving all who loved her, but is now recovering thank God! Mrs. Cameron looked wretchedly aged, and quite broken down were it not for Annie Thackeray getting Mr. Cole to put her photographs into the K. Museum, where she took me to see them. They are very beautiful, and as usual she treats the many-headed monster, the public, as her dear familiar and gossip, writing in large hand on these photographs, My Grandchild, Julia Margaret Norman, aged 6, with her nurse, and so on. She wanted a nurse back who had attended Julia, and was now with Lady Bury. She went off to her house armed with Photograph book, tells her tale to her servant and sends Photograph book up to the lady's chamber. Photograph book returns—Lady Bury does not want any photographs but does want her nurse. Luckily, Lord Bury comes out of the dining-room, and being of a more genial nature, she caught hold of him, and telling him that it was one soul addressing another soul, made him promise that he would exert his influence with Lady Bury to make her part with the nurse and presenting him 3 of her best photographs, retires in triumph.

I hear poor Lady Palmerston is quite inconsolable and has never left her bed since. I find the general belief is that Lord Russell will not keep the Premiership beyond a few months.

A COMPLIMENT FROM CARLYLE

Mrs. Cameron, a great friend of the Tennysons, the Taylors, and the Brookfields, was an attractive character ; an ardent enthusiastic nature, impulsive and energetic, she managed to inspire her friends when they were with her with her own enterprising spirit, and to gain this inspiration they often sought her company.

Mrs. Carlyle to Mr. Brookfield :

5 CHEYNE ROW,
Friday.

Dear Mr. Brookfield,

Would you like to know what Mr. Carlyle said on reading your letter ? What he said was this :

" Well ! Upwards of a bushel of letters,—I should say a bushel and a half have come within the last week to ' congratulate ' on this most deplorable event, and the only really pretty one of them all is Brookfield's ! a really, friendly, graceful letter as a man could wish to receive."

For me, as a solitary Individual, what I said was, " Oh, what a blessing if more people would write as *legibly* as *that !* " Can't you come in this evening, Miss — I have referred to your letter and perceive you are not in London), but as soon as you *can* come you know we are always glad to see *you*.

I am sadly afraid " Jock " is dying of the distemper.

Yours kindly,
THE RECTORIUM.

This was on the occasion of the Rectorship of Edinburgh University being offered to Carlyle, and it was one of the last letters that Mrs. Carlyle ever wrote to the Brookfields.

Mrs. Brookfield had by now finished her book.

"Only George" came out in 1864, and in the course of time went through three editions. It was gracefully written, with fine discernment and clever characterization, but, instead of breaking new ground, which she had more than sufficient talent to enable her to undertake—she preferred to follow in the beaten path. Possibly Mrs. Brookfield made no name for herself in fiction because of the incongruity of applying the worn-out methods to her fresh sentiments and expressions.

But she was greatly praised and encouraged and with good reason, for she knew well the society of which she undertook to write, while the moral tone of her books was unexceptionable. In 1866 Mrs. Brookfield sent Dickens one of her manuscripts, hoping it might be found suitable for the pages of "All the Year Round." Dickens took the pains to write her a sympathetically critical letter concerning it. He first pointed out that it had not the construction nor the characteristics necessary in serial stories, in fact, that it was not of a type to "express itself piecemeal." Then he praised its style and afterwards proceeded to give the best possible advice with regard to novel writing. He said, "Of the story itself I honestly say I think highly. The style is particularly easy and agreeable, infinitely above ordinary writing, and sometimes reminds me of Mrs. Inchbald at her best. The characters are remarkably well observed, and with a rare mixture of delicacy and truthfulness," and he ends his letter, "Now, don't hate me if you can help it. I can afford to be hated by some people, but I am not rich enough to put you in possession of that luxury."

Mrs. Procter to Mr. Brookfield:

26th Aug., 1866.

My dear Mr. Brookfield,

Thank you very much for your praise. I am not only very much gratified, but B. C. is also, and has read and re-read your note, with much gratification. At present we have had only praise—Carlyle has written to my husband a note that pleases us all—Dickens and W. Collins have both praised him.

I should have been very sorry if at the end of life B. C. should have had any annoyance from the Press. The *Pall Mall* has not praised him, but one reads P— and Prig in every line. I dare to say you find Curates, who only just ordained, fancy they know far more than you and their Bishop. We are here and all well. Edith, on whose account we came, is quite restored to health, and B. C. sits under the shade of some fine old trees and reads the reviews upon his book. It was to have been dedicated to John Forster, but Payne having had some angry words with him, has thought proper to suppress the dedication. We really must hang a bookseller, like Buonaparte.

Payne says, having bought the book, "I have a right to do as I like with my own," never mind, he must have lost a considerable sum by S. It's a pity he did not exercise his right on that book.

My husband desires me to thank you for your kind words.

Yours very gratefully,
ANNE B. PROCTER.

The Brookfields' friends kept them well interested and employed, for to their house, all following each other in quick succession, came copies of the works

they had accomplished, often works which made their name in the world. Sir Henry Taylor once said to Mr. Brookfield :

" You are very kind to my book, and if it should not be successful in life I hope I may rely upon you for a Charity Sermon in its behalf. If you had mentioned it in the Chapel on Sunday, you would have wakened up your people. One thing is certain, that no one will be so sensitive as you to whatsoever of dramatic life there may be in it."

This was probably about " St. Clement's Eve." While Charles (Tennyson) Turner, sending some sonnets, said :

" It is a long time since we shook hands to the roaring of the carnivorous dens. Poor Harry Hallam was there too, one of the very few times I had the good fortune to meet him. We two met, however, near to the same time—in Spedding's rooms at the Shakespearian reading, where I met, too, R. M. Milnes before tide and time threw him out of the reach of commoners as Lord Houghton ; however, he is still a very good, genial fellow, I hear. Venables says his parties are amongst the most delightful in London."

Mr. Brookfield to Lord Lyttelton :

6 Sydney Place,
Onslow Square, S.W.,
The morrow of All Mayors.

Arbiter,

On the 7th, at all events, I propose being in presence

and in readiness at Hagley, but for the 6th am even more than ordinarily in the hands of the three ladies to whom even the gods submit, being that I am on that day for the first time without a curate ; but if, meantime, one should alight upon this unworthy planet, I will endeavour to show on Saturday. Perhaps before the time you will graciously furnish me with some approximation to a programme, stating hour, etc. As, *e.g.*, " Overture to the three Taylors of Tooley Street," by Miss . . . . ; a song by Mr. Bullfinch of Hales Owen ; a recital by Mr. Watermeadow, " of London," etc. It is easier to get oneself into a proper tone with some prospect of what is before you as to scene and season.

I *entirely* sympathize with your bit of tenderness about " our good Richard,*" as poor Carlyle calls him.

I sat with Carlyle a couple of hours a few nights ago. He has very much recovered himself, and talks much as before, though it is plain his bereavement is seldom off his mind. But he can laugh as spasmodically as ever.

Farewell. The Beeves may browse upon the fat pastures of Leicester and Durham ; they may low for a few weeks longer in placid content. But there is a Smithfield, and there are Gridirons—and . . . but I pause.

W. H. Brookfield.

The bereavement mentioned above was the death of Mrs. Carlyle. Mr. Brookfield was very much in the company of Carlyle after that event, endeavouring to interest and console him—no easy task.

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* The good Richard was Monckton Milnes.

March 22nd, 1868. [Diary.]

At Windsor. Preached before the Queen and dined with her.

I had been warned beforehand that there was a chance the Queen might ask the preacher to dine at the Castle, and that, therefore, I had better be provided with suitable apparel. So on Saturday at five I left Chelsea station with a return ticket and arriving at Deanery at six forty-five, proceeded at once to my own room. At seven thirty we dined, Dean and lady, Lord Ebury, and Miss Grosvenor, and Mrs. Ellis (Lord Taunton's daughter). Lord Ebury, a great deal better than his public character in business and religious matters would lead one to expect, frank, easy, mealy-mouthed—in short, very pleasant.

We breakfasted at nine thirty, after which I asked the Dean if the Queen could stand thirty minutes' sermon. He would not be responsible, it *was* long, but some sermons would be spoiled by curtailment, which would never do. "Why, those presbyterian fellows are sometimes an hour." However, I went to my room and struck out what I thought would reduce it to twenty-five. At twelve to Chapel. They commenced with a "Mercer," which the Queen insisted should be played slow. On one occasion when the organist played rather jiggily she sent to chide him. I almost think this is German fashion. The Dean then commenced Litany at the desk, after which he came to Altar and I read all but Epistle. Then during the third hymn I retired, robed, and ascended the pulpit. The Chapel was nearly quite full, the Queen, Princes

Leopold and Arthur, Princesses Alice, Christian, Louise, Sir F. Biddulph, Lady Clifden, M. Van de Weyer, Madame and Miss, and others. In short, it was quite a congregation. Subject, "By faith Moses, etc." I saw the Queen give way at the part where Amram leaves the child in the bulrushes and retires to watch.

On reaching the Deanery I received a card of invitation, "The Lord Steward is commanded by the Queen to invite the Rev. W. H. Brookfield to dine at half-past eight. Frock dress." I took an hour's walk with the Dean on the flats, by the river; and then to St. George's, whither came Princess Alice and Princess Louise to stalls close to mine.

At eight thirty the Dean and Mrs. Wellesley drove me in carriage and pair the two hundred yards which lay between the Deanery and the Palace. We assembled round a fire in a grand curvilinear corridor. Van de Weyer and wife, Lady Clifden, Dean and lady, and self. Miss Van de Weyer had been remitted (though a visitor) to the second table, for the Queen will not have more than eight at the private table. At quarter to nine the Queen and Princess Louise came into the Corridor. She went up to Mrs. Wellesley and shook hands, made a low courtesy to the gentlemen generally, and then went in to dinner. Round table.

Queen at head; on her right Princess Louise, on her left Van de Weyer, next to him Mrs. Wellesley, then Mrs. Van de Weyer, and myself. Lady Clifden, on my left, then Dean, then Princess. Neither table, nor Octagon room where we were was at all decorated perhaps six dessert sweets of the customary kind.

The dishes handed round were two soups, two fishes, patés, cutlets, fricandeaux, stewed beef, something else, roast beef, roast chicken, snipe, plum pudding, creams or sweets, cheese with a glass of port wine. Then grace, as before dinner by the Dean; and the Queen then, the things remaining on the table, went up and down, and said a few words to each person present. I came last, but while the Queen talked to the Dean and Van de Weyer, the Princess Louise took pity on me and conversed a little, though on quite trivial topics.

The same with the Queen, a few words and she retired, when we joined the Lords and Ladies in waiting, who were playing a game which consisted in drawing a head on a piece of paper and creasing it down at the neck, another person drew a body or trunk down to hips and creased that down, and a third completed the figure. Home between eleven and twelve, much later, I understood, than usual. Cards were on the table for the people in waiting, if they chose to play. At dinner the waiting was done entirely by the giant Yager, a piper in highland dress, and four waiters out of livery. The wines were plentifully handed round. They were sherry, claret, and Champagne.

May 21*st*, 68.

Went to sup with Macready in Wellington Square, Cheltenham, Thursday. (I was expected.) He received me with great cordiality and exclaimed, from Henry IVth, "I never thought to hear you speak again." I replied "Well! I will not continue the quotation" (viz., "Thy wish was father, Harry, to

that thought"). He did not catch it at the first moment, but soon added, "No, that would not be true," He is not in the least a humourist.

July 11*th*, 68.

Seized with Lumbago, but went to Mrs. Tait's garden party, where the Bishop offered me the honorary Canonry of Ealdland, which I accepted, and Lord Crewe brought me home with Lord Houghton and Mr. Blackburn.

Mr. Brookfield to Lord Lyttelton:

6 Sydney Place,
Onslow Square,
12*th July*, 1868.

Dear L.L.

William Marshall told me this morning at the Rolls that you had been so amiable as to interest yourself on my behalf with the Bishop touching a vacant honorary stall in St. Paul, his cathedral. You kept it so successfully snug that I had not the slightest suspicion of any such proceeding being afoot, and was taken entirely by surprise yesterday when the energetic but judicious prelate who so ably, etc., etc., took me aside at Fulham and proffered me the decoration boon. Even if I had not liked the thing itself the Bishop's manner of proposing it would have made it welcome, and I accepted. A great many thanks to you for your advocacy, than which, I am sure, none would prevail more with our Diocesan.

One good at least it will do—it will put an end to the racking sleepless nights of perplexity through which I have debated within myself whether a Royal Chaplain or a Canon goes in to dinner first.

The practical wit of this family (youngest born, Charles Hallam Elton) had carefully removed every Lucifer match from every room which I frequent before I came down this morning.

Yours aye,

W. H. Brookfield.

Mr. Brookfield notes about this date :

The late Duchess of Sutherland (died October, 1868) said of Mrs. Norton, " She is so nice, what a pity she is not *quite* nice ; for if she were quite nice she would be so *very* nice." And that a pew was lately advertised capable of seating seven persons, and commanding a full view of the whole congregation.

Speaking of Carlyle, whom I asserted to be a profoundly religious man, Greig said to me, " Oh yes, that is very noticeable whenever you find a man with a religion without a creed."

At Dublin, in May, 1869, I attended the Court of Queen's Bench two or three times. Corporal Rumble was on trial for shooting a man (to death) in an election riot at Drogheda. A very anti-military witness was under examination. " How do you identify the prisoner as the man who fired the shot ? " " Well, then, I knew by the way they were placed that it could only be this man or another, so I gave this the preference." " Up to the firing were the mob quiet ? " " I don't know what you mane by quite—they seemed to me very quite." " On your oath, were they not pelting the Military all the time they were on the Bridge ? " " Oh sure, and there was no pelting

at all—there was just a few brick bats and broken bottles thrown, but quite in moderation." "Now, which mob did *you* join?" "Faith, and there were several mobs . . ." "Which side, I ask, were you on?" "Is it which *side* I was on?—faith, then, most part of the time I was on my back." "Again I ask you, what mob did you join?" "Faith, then, I surrounded the military."

They saw a great deal of Madame Mohl one time and another, and whenever Mr. Brookfield was in Paris she used to make little parties for him. "Come to breakfast with Renan and Monckton Milnes, no more," and "Come to dinner with Van de Weyer and M. Guizot," or "Mrs. Nassau Senior, promised to come Sunday night and bring a little music, if she don't change her mind; do come, and tell Lord Houghton if he has nothing to do to come. Perhaps I'll ask Renan and his wife—I would if I felt quite certain of you."

Now that his children were arriving at a companionable age Mr. Brookfield often took them with him to sit at the feet of his beloved Carlyle (though literally this was the other way about, for Carlyle in those days used to sit upon the floor at their feet, smoking as vigorously as he talked). Then when absent from them he would write.

Mr. Brookfield to his daughter:

10*th October*, 1871.

My dear Mab,

I arrived at Frome in great safety at six yesterday p.m., where I found a carriage awaiting Lord and

Lady Buckhurst, Sir Rob. Brownrigg, and myself. You are aware that in Railway usage the higher the figure the lower the rank indicated, as in public schools. Thus, first Class corresponds to first form ; second Class to second form, and so on ; I travelled by the second degree of superiority. I knew Lord B. as a super Clergyman ; but he inherited Knowle (the well-known antique near Sevenoaks) and a peerage somehow from his mother, Lady Delawarr, on assuming which he became a layman and, like all other proselytes, intensely a layman in every respect. A very good fellow though. Married Baillie Cochrane's daughter, very nice-looking, knows the Gallant Major and Maria Robbins. I found here the Duchess (dowager) of Cleveland, and Mr. Tomline, a clever, accomplished man, with whose natural history I am not yet familiar ; Mr. and Lady Catherine (de Burgh almost really this time, being Lady Margaret's sister) but wedded to Mr. Weyland.

An excursion to Storehead is in preparation for this p.m. (Sir H. Hoare's, you know), in which I am one of the " Riders," *i.e.*, I have bargained that I shall not walk, no, not if pretty Buckhurst and pretty Cork and Orrery are dropping with fatigue. To-morrow we drive in (to Frome only two miles off) to fetch Lady Craven. I don't know whether I have the honour to be acquainted with her or not. We shall take the opportunity of seeing Bennett's Church. Lord Buckhurst used to be all in that line when I first knew him, but is free to smile a little at its expense now.

" We are such stuff as dreams are made of." And this is a very pretty bit of one. I wish I could give you my share in it, at least the pleasant part of my share.

Your most affectionate

W. H. Brookfield.

Mr. Brookfield retained several preacherships in London, and also continued to do some work for the Education Department; which duties, together with the going to and fro to Somerby made constant movement for them.

One thing he enjoyed in his country life, and that the making of mead, for which he left many recipes. This brewing he would personally superintend; he also loved the society of the old people of his parish, and many a story he told of them. There was a certain farmer of whom he said:

"Farmer Andrews never said anything *less* than three times over, and often more, and generally with a fresh emphasis each time. I stood by him one day in a turnip field which was all leaves. 'Now these turnips,' he said, 'they *look* like nice turnips—*nice* turnips—they look nice *turnips;* but, bless you, when you come to look at them they've no *bottoms*—*no* bottoms they haven't—they *have* no bottoms. . . .' The rat catcher also, totally deaf, repeated everything twice, the second time shouting as if you had not heard the first. 'There's a ratten i' that ditch'—then louder, 'I say, there's a ratten i' that ditch.' When he had gone one day I remarked on this peculiarity to Andrews, who laughed heartily and said, 'Well, now ye name it, he *does* say everything twice over—*twice over*—he says everything; *everything* twice over he says.'

A half-witted old pauper worked on the roads at Somerby, and the overseer of roads having screwed him down to 6d. a day, he complained to me of it and

frankly owned: 'I know I'm not worth 9d. a day, *but I do think I'm worth 7½d.*'

Old Mary Moulds, probably upwards of 80, and patriarchess of Somerby, considered herself neglected by the Curate and his wife. I asked her one day, 'Have you seen much of Mrs. S.?' . . . 'I never set eyes on her once since she come into the Parish. Yet what a story I'm telling. I did see her once. May Meade was sitting in that there window seat and me opposite. "Why," says Mrs. Meade, "if there isn't Mrs. S. a-coming." "Well," I says, "I'll have a look at her for once." But just as she was coming down the street just opposite the window there came a gust of rain, and she set up her umbrella all on one side like which concealed her whole body as she passed, except her legs. I seed her legs, and that's all I ever did see of Mrs. S. from first to last.'"

Mrs. Brookfield continued to write, and by this time had published "Influence" and "Not a Heroine." But she was always journeying to town, where she was much in demand, and, in truth, they always kept a house there, for a country life suited neither of them; they felt the same yearning for London that Johnson and Lamb felt in their time; they missed the intellectual movement to which they were accustomed, and the society which was only too pleased to extend a welcome to the witty man with his brilliant flow of conversation as well as to his beautiful wife.

Mr. Brookfield especially loved London in August; he used to say, "With sunshine and without people it is the most delightful place in the world. He felt,

too, that in London he had the chance of meeting Carlyle, and of turning and walking and talking with a pleasure that to him was one entirely without alloy.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

ONSLOW SQUARE, S.W.,
Sunday, 13th July, 1873.

My dear Jane,

I know that it will throw you into such a placid, forbearing, allowance-making temper that I am sure you would not wish me to withhold the enclosed from your inspection. It was left here some time on Friday, without saying "for whom," it has no date, so I did not know whether yesterday and to-day were the days indicated for going up to her house to say "good-bye," at any rate I have not been.

Friday last I dined with my sister Emily and a few Goulds. I returned by Mrs. Simpson.

There was a crowd of the usual elements. Mrs. Mohl, Venables, Mrs. Clarke, oh, lots more. Thence we toddled down to the Martins. (Sir Theodore and Helen Faucit.) The usuals and a few beside. The George Smiths, Lehmanns, etc., home by one. Saturday I dined with the Robbinses to meet Sir A. and my Lady. It was my most dissipated day of the season. Lady Airlie's Garden Party, and Alfred and a good many people that I knew, but I left in quarter of an hour, wanting to get to the Wingfields', where not many that I knew. But both functions were exceedingly pretty. After dinner I looked in on Mrs. Bentinck, but left before the fatal chime of twelve.

35—(2315)

Mr. Brookfield to his son Charles:

CREWE HALL,
Friday, 12*th Dec.*, 1873.

My dear Charlie,

Much obliged by your letter received yesterday. Not the smallest use trying to persuade your Mother to bundle up her traps and go to Fryston proposing to advance upon London to-morrow, where I suppose she will find you. All the company is gone from here except Colonel and Mrs. Thomson (Archbishop's brother and sister-in-law) and the worm that presumes to address you. It has been a very pleasant visit, *i.e.*, a nice, good-natured lot of people, without the intrusion of a single discordant element. Yesterday and to-day have been white frosts lasting all day through and this morning by daybreak carts were passing to and from the ice house to the lake to secure ice for the coming year. Colonel Thomson is a capital fellow, tall, good-looking, and cultivated. And his wife, your mama went crazy about, so good-natured and "amenable." The party being reduced yesterday from twenty to eight, we were cut off from our champagne, and were allowed only Port, Sherry, and Claret. To-day we shall be but seven, and shall probably be limited to Ginger Beer.... Aren't you sorry for Marshal Bazaine whether he has been to blame or not. But I hardly think they will execute him. I hope you are all right by this time.

Yours most affectionately,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

The Brookfields were frequent visitors at Crewe Hall for many years, and once Mr. Brookfield noted "Old Twopenny at Crewe would not come to the

Drawing room window to look at an Eclipse of the Moon which I had discovered to be proceeding (a little touch of spleen against me for attracting the notice of the company). "No, I don't care about an Eclipse, *excepting its annular*." Almost as impossible to render, as C. Lamb's Elliston's "Counting fish nothing," or Leighton's on Mrs. Sartoris saying at dinner, "Oh, there were yourself, and two or three other good-looking men." "*Oh, Mrs. S. . . .*"

Mr. Brookfield to his son Charles:

16 Hereford Square, S.W.,
Tuesday, 24th March, 1874.

My dear Charlie,

Some men are born in advance of their Age (*siecle*) as Bacon, Shakespere, Milton, etc., and some a little behind it, as the Bishop of Lincoln and C. H. E. B. . . . Now if you had luckily been born in Pharaoh's Palace, on the frog day you would have made more than Whittington by his cats, you would have eaten of those reptiles till not one was to be had for love or money, you would have cleared the nation of an intolerable pest, and would have been exalted to the Premier's stool and desk, which your ancestor Joseph occupied . . . hundred years ago. I hope you will enlarge your experience by masticating every nasty thing that the *Commune* has left uncooked. I hope you continue to enjoy the brilliant city. Don't be in any hurry to come back before the appointed time. I am very tired with Sunday's work. Full service at Humby, the like at Somerby p.m., and Churching and funeral besides. And the Curate had left all unfixed expecting

to be able to do it himself or possibly looking for extraneous aid, neither of which positions were realized, and there would have been no service if I had not gone down on Saturday. I send you a *Daily News*. I go up to the Simpson's to dine (*en famille*) and afterward read "Twelfth Night."

So good-bye, Ranifex.

His son Charles was in Paris for the first time and he there had been eating frogs.

On July 12th, 1874, Mr. Brookfield died at the age of sixty-three. His peculiar brightness a little dimmed during his later months owing to the nature of the malady by which he was attacked. He suffered greatly towards the end, but bore it all with acceptance and meek patience. His last words were to his wife, "Good-bye, dear Jane, and God bless you."

Of the trend of his spiritual thought it is difficult to speak in these days when the point of view has so widely changed. Perhaps it should be said of him as of many others of that date, "He had his Newmanic time, then became something of broad Church." The natural question which arises though, is, why a man of so excellent a life, hard-working, and reliable in his duties, and of such undoubted brilliant attainments . . . was not marked early for some preferment.

However, a delightful personality died with him. Of strong and marked character, his rectitude and steadfastness was on the one side as remarkable as his gay wit and his humour on the other. If he amused in public, it is only fair to say he left a mass of

evidence behind to prove his equal aptitude in giving serious and solid comfort to those who desired it.

His friends paid him fine tribute. After testifying to his power of making and keeping friends, they each one added something concerning his talents. Spedding said, " He was a handsome youth, when I first met him, with a remarkably attractive countenance and manner, and on that day a new and original genius was revealed to me. . . . If he had a fancy to impersonate Lord Brougham in a character he would have found himself gifted for the occasion with the power of rolling forth long periods of complicated structure and elaborate melody to clear and grammatical conclusions! If his part had required him to appear as one of the wise men of Greece I have no doubt that he would have improvised a sentence as wise as any of the Seven. . . . He was studious and learned in his way, for he was a reader of men. . . ."

Garden said : " Brookfield's humour was the richest and most creative I ever encountered and which nothing I ever heard or read or in those celebrated for the gift has ever seemed to me to approach."

Miss Perry : " His wit and his humour were so blended that it was difficult to say where one began and the other ended. This was exemplified in his inimitable powers of mimicry ; he could imitate not only a trick of manner or voice but for the time become imbued with the very spirit of the person he pourtrayed ; and this so free from malice that no one's self love could ever be wounded by it."

Lord Lyttelton, who, though himself drawing near to the end of his life, undertook the task of compiling his friend's memoir—a feat which he accomplished in a particularly affectionate fashion, says: "what struck him most in Brookfield was the mixture of wit and humour with solid and serious good sense."

F. Lushington said: "The charm of his company was so peculiar and so vivid," and Sir Henry Taylor, that "his social charm could in no way be transcribed." This gentleman also said "Brookfield's talents masked his abilities."

Mrs. Procter wrote: "I loved him and admired him; no society was so pleasant to me as his, from his great sympathy and kindness. I trust that he knew how much and truly I liked him, but in that I am not alone. All his friends valued him highly. I am outliving all those I most loved, Lady Houghton, Lady Lyttelton, C. Collins, and now your dear husband. I dare not think of Mr. Venables, I am so sorry for him. We make new acquaintances and call them friends but they have never the old subtle flavour that old friends have. 'Those days that are no more.' I have very poorly expressed what I feel, and I have not at all done justice to my sorrow or my regret."

Venables, his very dear friend, said: "His temperament was serious and almost sad, and he was only aroused into the exercise of his special faculty by his genial sympathy with the pleasure he had the power to cause."

Sir Arthur Elton, Bart. (his brother-in-law), the accomplished author of several interesting novels, as

well as of a book of verse, said : " What appreciation for all that was beautiful, all that was quaint, all that was out of the common ! How his swift and humourous fancy would suddenly place some common object, thought, or incident in the most curiously amusing position and aspect."

Charles Turner (C. Tennyson) said : " He was one of my dearest friends, though we met so seldom after our College days. We, *i.e.*, all old college friends, survive in each other's memories, though circumstances so often keep us apart. But disuse of each other's society (not being voluntary) perhaps intensifies the more the early morning freshness of recollection. How often did we meet in the days of our mutual friend, Arthur Hallam ! And how all comes back again now that both are gone, one so long ago, and the other so late. I am glad to think that William retained to the last his affection for me—I did not distrust him on this score."

While Tennyson wrote the affecting and appreciative sonnet

> Brooks, for they call'd you so that knew you best,
> Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth my rhymes,
> How oft we two have heard St. Mary's chimes !
> How oft the Cantab supper, host and guest,
> Would echo helpless laughter to your jest !
> How oft with him we paced that walk of limes,
> Him, the lost light of those dawn-golden times,
> Who loved you well ! Now both are gone to rest.
> You man of humorous-melancholy mark,
> Dead of some inward agony—is it so ?
> Our kindlier, trustier Jacques, past away !
> I cannot laud this life, it looks so dark :
> Σκιᾶς ὄναρ—dream of a shadow, go—
> God bless you. I shall join you in a day.

Lady Buckhurst, Sir Rob. Brownrigg, and myself. You are aware that in Railway usage the higher the figure the lower the rank indicated, as in public schools. Thus, first Class corresponds to first form ; second Class to second form, and so on ; I travelled by the second degree of superiority. I knew Lord B. as a super Clergyman ; but he inherited Knowle (the well-known antique near Sevenoaks) and a peerage somehow from his mother, Lady Delawarr, on assuming which he became a layman and, like all other proselytes, intensely a layman in every respect. A very good fellow though. Married Baillie Cochrane's daughter, very nice-looking, knows the Gallant Major and Maria Robbins. I found here the Duchess (dowager) of Cleveland, and Mr. Tomline, a clever, accomplished man, with whose natural history I am not yet familiar ; Mr. and Lady Catherine (de Burgh almost really this time, being Lady Margaret's sister) but wedded to Mr. Weyland.

An excursion to Storehead is in preparation for this p.m. (Sir H. Hoare's, you know), in which I am one of the " Riders," *i.e.*, I have bargained that I shall not walk, no, not if pretty Buckhurst and pretty Cork and Orrery are dropping with fatigue. To-morrow we drive in (to Frome only two miles off) to fetch Lady Craven. I don't know whether I have the honour to be acquainted with her or not. We shall take the opportunity of seeing Bennett's Church. Lord Buckhurst used to be all in that line when I first knew him, but is free to smile a little at its expense now.

" We are such stuff as dreams are made of." And this is a very pretty bit of one. I wish I could give you my share in it, at least the pleasant part of my share.

Your most affectionate

W. H. Brookfield.

Mr. Brookfield retained several preacherships in London, and also continued to do some work for the Education Department; which duties, together with the going to and fro to Somerby made constant movement for them.

One thing he enjoyed in his country life, and that the making of mead, for which he left many recipes. This brewing he would personally superintend; he also loved the society of the old people of his parish, and many a story he told of them. There was a certain farmer of whom he said:

"Farmer Andrews never said anything *less* than three times over, and often more, and generally with a fresh emphasis each time. I stood by him one day in a turnip field which was all leaves. 'Now these turnips,' he said, 'they *look* like nice turnips—*nice* turnips—they look nice *turnips;* but, bless you, when you come to look at them they've no *bottoms*—*no* bottoms they haven't—they *have* no bottoms. . . .' The rat catcher also, totally deaf, repeated everything twice, the second time shouting as if you had not heard the first. 'There's a ratten i' that ditch'—then louder, 'I say, there's a ratten i' that ditch.' When he had gone one day I remarked on this peculiarity to Andrews, who laughed heartily and said, 'Well, now ye name it, he *does* say everything twice over—*twice over*—he says everything; *everything* twice over he says.'

A half-witted old pauper worked on the roads at Somerby, and the overseer of roads having screwed him down to 6d. a day, he complained to me of it and

frankly owned: 'I know I'm not worth 9d. a day, *but I do think I'm worth 7½d.*'

Old Mary Moulds, probably upwards of 80, and patriarchess of Somerby, considered herself neglected by the Curate and his wife. I asked her one day, 'Have you seen much of Mrs. S.?' . . . 'I never set eyes on her once since she come into the Parish. Yet what a story I'm telling. I did see her once. May Meade was sitting in that there window seat and me opposite. "Why," says Mrs. Meade, "if there isn't Mrs. S. a-coming." "Well," I says, "I'll have a look at her for once." But just as she was coming down the street just opposite the window there came a gust of rain, and she set up her umbrella all on one side like which concealed her whole body as she passed, except her legs. I seed her legs, and that's all I ever did see of Mrs. S. from first to last.'"

Mrs. Brookfield continued to write, and by this time had published "Influence" and "Not a Heroine." But she was always journeying to town, where she was much in demand, and, in truth, they always kept a house there, for a country life suited neither of them; they felt the same yearning for London that Johnson and Lamb felt in their time; they missed the intellectual movement to which they were accustomed, and the society which was only too pleased to extend a welcome to the witty man with his brilliant flow of conversation as well as to his beautiful wife.

Mr. Brookfield especially loved London in August; he used to say, "With sunshine and without people it is the most delightful place in the world. He felt,

too, that in London he had the chance of meeting Carlyle, and of turning and walking and talking with a pleasure that to him was one entirely without alloy.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

ONSLOW SQUARE, S.W.,
Sunday, 13th July, 1873.

My dear Jane,

I know that it will throw you into such a placid, forbearing, allowance-making temper that I am sure you would not wish me to withhold the enclosed from your inspection. It was left here some time on Friday, without saying " for whom," it has no date, so I did not know whether yesterday and to-day were the days indicated for going up to her house to say " good-bye," at any rate I have not been.

Friday last I dined with my sister Emily and a few Goulds. I returned by Mrs. Simpson.

There was a crowd of the usual elements. Mrs. Mohl, Venables, Mrs. Clarke, oh, lots more. Thence we toddled down to the Martins. (Sir Theodore and Helen Faucit.) The usuals and a few beside. The George Smiths, Lehmanns, etc., home by one. Saturday I dined with the Robbinses to meet Sir A. and my Lady. It was my most dissipated day of the season. Lady Airlie's Garden Party, and Alfred and a good many people that I knew, but I left in quarter of an hour, wanting to get to the Wingfields', where not many that I knew. But both functions were exceedingly pretty. After dinner I looked in on Mrs. Bentinck, but left before the fatal chime of twelve.

35—(2315)

Mr. Brookfield to his son Charles:

CREWE HALL,
Friday, 12*th Dec.*, 1873.

My dear Charlie,

Much obliged by your letter received yesterday. Not the smallest use trying to persuade your Mother to bundle up her traps and go to Fryston proposing to advance upon London to-morrow, where I suppose she will find you. All the company is gone from here except Colonel and Mrs. Thomson (Archbishop's brother and sister-in-law) and the worm that presumes to address you. It has been a very pleasant visit, *i.e.*, a nice, good-natured lot of people, without the intrusion of a single discordant element. Yesterday and to-day have been white frosts lasting all day through and this morning by daybreak carts were passing to and from the ice house to the lake to secure ice for the coming year. Colonel Thomson is a capital fellow, tall, good-looking, and cultivated. And his wife, your mama went crazy about, so good-natured and "amenable." The party being reduced yesterday from twenty to eight, we were cut off from our champagne, and were allowed only Port, Sherry, and Claret. To-day we shall be but seven, and shall probably be limited to Ginger Beer. . . . Aren't you sorry for Marshal Bazaine whether he has been to blame or not. But I hardly think they will execute him. I hope you are all right by this time.

Yours most affectionately,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

The Brookfields were frequent visitors at Crewe Hall for many years, and once Mr. Brookfield noted "Old Twopenny at Crewe would not come to the

Drawing room window to look at an Eclipse of the Moon which I had discovered to be proceeding (a little touch of spleen against me for attracting the notice of the company). " No, I don't care about an Eclipse, *excepting its annular*." Almost as impossible to render, as C. Lamb's Elliston's " Counting fish nothing," or Leighton's on Mrs. Sartoris saying at dinner, " Oh, there were yourself, and two or three other good-looking men." " *Oh, Mrs. S. . . .*"

Mr. Brookfield to his son Charles :

16 Hereford Square, S.W.,
Tuesday, 24th March, 1874.

My dear Charlie,

Some men are born in advance of their Age (*siecle*) as Bacon, Shakespere, Milton, etc., and some a little behind it, as the Bishop of Lincoln and C. H. E. B. . . . Now if you had luckily been born in Pharaoh's Palace, on the frog day you would have made more than Whittington by his cats, you would have eaten of those reptiles till not one was to be had for love or money, you would have cleared the nation of an intolerable pest, and would have been exalted to the Premier's stool and desk, which your ancestor Joseph occupied . . . hundred years ago. I hope you will enlarge your experience by masticating every nasty thing that the *Commune* has left uncooked. I hope you continue to enjoy the brilliant city. Don't be in any hurry to come back before the appointed time. I am very tired with Sunday's work. Full service at Humby, the like at Somerby p.m., and Churching and funeral besides. And the Curate had left all unfixed expecting

to be able to do it himself or possibly looking for extraneous aid, neither of which positions were realized, and there would have been no service if I had not gone down on Saturday. I send you a *Daily News*. I go up to the Simpson's to dine (*en famille*) and afterward read " Twelfth Night."

So good-bye, Ranifex.

His son Charles was in Paris for the first time and he there had been eating frogs.

On July 12th, 1874, Mr. Brookfield died at the age of sixty-three. His peculiar brightness a little dimmed during his later months owing to the nature of the malady by which he was attacked. He suffered greatly towards the end, but bore it all with acceptance and meek patience. His last words were to his wife, " Good-bye, dear Jane, and God bless you."

Of the trend of his spiritual thought it is difficult to speak in these days when the point of view has so widely changed. Perhaps it should be said of him as of many others of that date, " He had his Newmanic time, then became something of broad Church." The natural question which arises though, is, why a man of so excellent a life, hard-working, and reliable in his duties, and of such undoubted brilliant attainments . . . was not marked early for some preferment.

However, a delightful personality died with him. Of strong and marked character, his rectitude and steadfastness was on the one side as remarkable as his gay wit and his humour on the other. If he amused in public, it is only fair to say he left a mass of

evidence behind to prove his equal aptitude in giving serious and solid comfort to those who desired it.

His friends paid him fine tribute. After testifying to his power of making and keeping friends, they each one added something concerning his talents. Spedding said, " He was a handsome youth, when I first met him, with a remarkably attractive countenance and manner, and on that day a new and original genius was revealed to me. . . . If he had a fancy to impersonate Lord Brougham in a character he would have found himself gifted for the occasion with the power of rolling forth long periods of complicated structure and elaborate melody to clear and grammatical conclusions! If his part had required him to appear as one of the wise men of Greece I have no doubt that he would have improvised a sentence as wise as any of the Seven. . . . He was studious and learned in his way, for he was a reader of men. . . ."

Garden said: " Brookfield's humour was the richest and most creative I ever encountered and which nothing I ever heard or read or in those celebrated for the gift has ever seemed to me to approach."

Miss Perry: " His wit and his humour were so blended that it was difficult to say where one began and the other ended. This was exemplified in his inimitable powers of mimicry; he could imitate not only a trick of manner or voice but for the time become imbued with the very spirit of the person he pourtrayed; and this so free from malice that no one's self love could ever be wounded by it."

Lord Lyttelton, who, though himself drawing near to the end of his life, undertook the task of compiling his friend's memoir—a feat which he accomplished in a particularly affectionate fashion, says: "what struck him most in Brookfield was the mixture of wit and humour with solid and serious good sense."

F. Lushington said: "The charm of his company was so peculiar and so vivid," and Sir Henry Taylor, that "his social charm could in no way be transcribed." This gentleman also said "Brookfield's talents masked his abilities."

Mrs. Procter wrote: "I loved him and admired him; no society was so pleasant to me as his, from his great sympathy and kindness. I trust that he knew how much and truly I liked him, but in that I am not alone. All his friends valued him highly. I am outliving all those I most loved, Lady Houghton, Lady Lyttelton, C. Collins, and now your dear husband. I dare not think of Mr. Venables, I am so sorry for him. We make new acquaintances and call them friends but they have never the old subtle flavour that old friends have. 'Those days that are no more.' I have very poorly expressed what I feel, and I have not at all done justice to my sorrow or my regret."

Venables, his very dear friend, said: "His temperament was serious and almost sad, and he was only aroused into the exercise of his special faculty by his genial sympathy with the pleasure he had the power to cause."

Sir Arthur Elton, Bart. (his brother-in-law), the accomplished author of several interesting novels, as

well as of a book of verse, said : " What appreciation for all that was beautiful, all that was quaint, all that was out of the common ! How his swift and humourous fancy would suddenly place some common object, thought, or incident in the most curiously amusing position and aspect."

Charles Turner (C. Tennyson) said : " He was one of my dearest friends, though we met so seldom after our College days. We, *i.e.*, all old college friends, survive in each other's memories, though circumstances so often keep us apart. But disuse of each other's society (not being voluntary) perhaps intensifies the more the early morning freshness of recollection. How often did we meet in the days of our mutual friend, Arthur Hallam ! And how all comes back again now that both are gone, one so long ago, and the other so late. I am glad to think that William retained to the last his affection for me—I did not distrust him on this score."

While Tennyson wrote the affecting and appreciative sonnet

> Brooks, for they call'd you so that knew you best,
> Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth my rhymes,
> How oft we two have heard St. Mary's chimes !
> How oft the Cantab supper, host and guest,
> Would echo helpless laughter to your jest !
> How oft with him we paced that walk of limes,
> Him, the lost light of those dawn-golden times,
> Who loved you well ! Now both are gone to rest.
> You man of humorous-melancholy mark,
> Dead of some inward agony—is it so ?
> Our kindlier, trustier Jacques, past away !
> I cannot laud this life, it looks so dark :
> Σκιᾶς ὄναρ—dream of a shadow, go—
> God bless you. I shall join you in a day.

Mrs. Brookfield, her husband's junior by twelve years, survived him by twenty. Had she been inclined to change her state and move in a higher and more exclusive sphere, she had several opportunities for re-marrying, but her love for her children made her consider them, and she concluded to devote the rest of her life to them. She did not as a widow remain in retirement, nor in a much narrower circle, for all her old friends kept by her and when in the natural course of things " the band of youthful friends " commenced to grow smaller, others, interesting in themselves, and to the fore in their time took the places of those gone, and surrounded and admired and gave her homage. But they did not fill those places ; they had not the magic and glamour of the older, stronger spirits, they did not bear comparison . . . in her eyes ; though with her usual gracious urbanity she accepted with gratitude what they gave of attention and admiration, always surprised and pleased that she was still sought out and noticed.

To have had and to have retained the affection and confidence of such a set of men and women for fully forty years—and none are likely to deny that those Victorians were in their mental grasp, their charm of manner, and their quickness of wit, a rare and a wondrous race—was an unique exception and a triumph, an unprecedented reign for any woman, however queenly and fascinating, in any age.

Her influence over people arose, not so much perhaps from her actual beauty, though it is sure that in some degree assisted, but from her noble presence and

winning sympathy. Gifted with a fine wit and admirable powers of expression, she possessed also a charming faculty which enabled her to listen with engaging interest to others. Having graduated in the best possible school of conversation, and having also had a rich experience of men and things, her fund of anecdote never failed her. No one could tell a story better, for she possessed the clearest memory for details, as well as an exquisite choice of words.

Spedding, Kinglake, Venables, and Tennyson all remained her true friends till their deaths, and Kate Perry, who survived her, once said to her, " You have covered my heart as if you were beautiful green ivy and I an old porous stone, grey with age, and yet with many crevices for such affection to take root in, and so I feel clothed with you more and more, and when you said you had my picture and it was before you, *being alone*, I allowed two or three tears to well down my cheeks and I think others are dimming my eyes at this moment." When Kinglake died that lady wrote : " What a mercy you were so continually with him until the last. You especially, who had the charm of soothing him as had no one else. He never spoke to me about you without using some tender word of admiration, and telling the perfect appreciation he had of your character and sweetness." Later on in this letter she says, " I have so much to live over in my past life, and whose face is the frontispiece, can you guess ? with her lovely eyes and delicious voice."

Mrs. Brookfield survived until 1896, and retained to the last her lustrous eyes, her beautiful voice, and her

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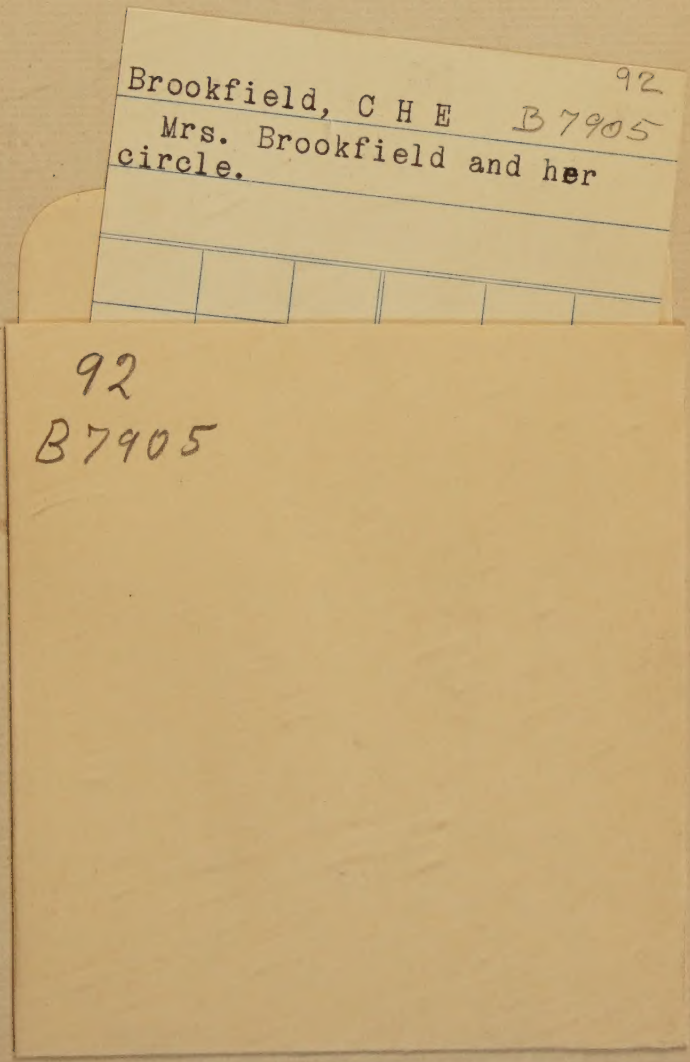
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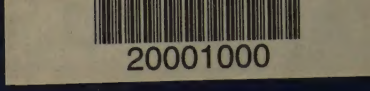
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